

# *The* YOUTH'S COMPANION

September  
1927



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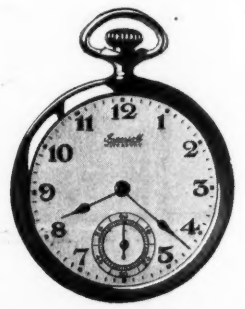
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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*Eight or nine wild-looking fellows burst from the forest and ran toward the schooner, shouting and discharging their weapons as they came*

## ANDROS ISLAND

A Full-length Book Complete in This Issue

By C. A. Stephens

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

**W**HEN a boy stands up to his schoolmaster and wants to fight, and the schoolmaster trounces him so severely that there is no fight left in him, several things may happen immediately to the boy. My Uncle Covell did this when he was fifteen.

This is why his father and mother, the Old Squire and Grandmother Ruth, thought the best thing for Covell would be to make a voyage as supercargo on the small schooner Yankee, owned by our family. They thought that, if Covell were given some responsibility and made to keep the small accounts of sales and purchases, this would sober him and teach him reliable habits.

The voyage sobered Covell—but not in the way that his parents expected. During the eight months when he disappeared from all human knowledge, and was reported dead, Covell had the responsibility of saving his own life and the lives of women and children. Which proves, perhaps, that all the fight was not knocked out of him by the schoolmaster. There were times, later, when Covell faced perils so much greater than any pair of human fists that we must now conclude that the Old Squire's plan for making a man out of him was a singularly effective one.

Have you ever heard of Andros Island? I knew nothing about it, and no information seemed to be available in books. I wrote, therefore, to the Coast and Geodetic Survey

office at Washington. They answered that little or nothing is known about its interior. The island lies just across the ship channel off Florida and is about a hundred miles long and forty miles broad, with an area of toward two thousand square miles.

It seemed astonishing that such a large island could exist right at our front door, and be so little known. I learned that Andros Island has no good harbors, and that its shores are made difficult of access by many outlying cays—little islets of coral. Birds abound, and sea-serpents are fabled to have their shore haunts in the mangrove marshes.

But I learned that neither Uncle Sam nor anyone he knows has exact information about the interior of Andros Island. A few negroes, mostly sponge fishermen, make temporary camps along its shores, but they are not believed to adventure inland. Therefore I think Covell's story is worth preserving, for he spent eight months in this unknown wilderness, under circumstances as strange as any I ever heard.

The Yankee was a small schooner of

about one hundred tons. She was built somewhere on the Connecticut River for Capt. Edmund Pepperill, who made forty voyages in her to Cuba before he died from yellow fever at Matanzas. He took pipe staves, hoops and other Connecticut products to Cienfuegos, mainly, and brought back molasses and rum. Cienfuegos was then the great molasses-boiling place of Cuba. In those days they boiled the raw cane juice in open kettles out of doors, much as New England people boiled maple sap. People aboard a vessel sailing off Cienfuegos at night could count a hundred fires blazing at once and catch glimpses of the negroes tending them, and even hear the overseers' whips crack. That is what the name Cienfuegos signifies—a hundred fires.

After Captain Pepperill's death the old schooner became the property of his widow, known in our family annals as Mother Pepperill. She gave it at last to "my good Joe," as she affectionately called her son-in-law, who became the Old Squire of our later years.

Though he was not a seafaring man himself, the Old Squire used the schooner to ship cargoes of red-oak shooks, ash hoops, salt codfish, and apples to Cuba, and to bring back molasses to Portland. Her captain was Simon Kidder, an experienced seaman; and the mate on her last voyage was Lemuel Orr, of Orr's Island, now generally spelled Orr's Island, though the old version was used at that time.

Covell no doubt went aboard the Yankee light-heartedly enough. Nobody heads for the Spanish Main without a quickening of the pulse; and so long as the names of Henry Morgan and Captain Kidd are remembered in the world there will be glamour in such journeys. Covell, the scapegrace, had never been from home before. He was proud of his tiny bunk aboard the Yankee. Her short masts looked tall to his eyes; her few square feet of quarter-deck seemed spacious to him. It was only a trading voyage, of course, but Covell undoubtedly thought about pirates and expected some excitement in outmaneuvering them or in beating them off. Little did he imagine that he was going to be attacked by them in a tropical jungle, and captured by them, too.

**T**HE voyage of the Yankee down the coast to Cuba was uneventful. Like most people aboard ship for the first time, Covell was almost disappointed that storms did not rage, and that the days were

so monotonous. Captain Kidder had almost no work for him to do. His best friend on board was the young cook, a Creole boy of nineteen. The five men of the crew were quiet men from Maine and New Brunswick, who had little to talk about. But Pote, the cook, was a never failing joy.

"Haven't you any other name?" asked Covel, one afternoon.

The boy held up his arm, and there was the word "Castro" marked on its inside surface in India ink pricked into the skin.

"I don't know what it means," he grinned. "But I guess it's my name."

Pote had a slight curvature of the spine, which prevented him from standing erect. As if in compensation for this defect, nature had endowed him with a good mind, calmness in danger, and an odd, philosophical turn of mind.

"You are like Æsop," Covel said to him. "They say Æsop was sold as a slave, but afterwards became his master's master."

Pote only smiled and said he hoped his time would come. He told Covel about his early life in New Orleans. He did not remember his father or mother, but he remembered working at odd jobs and then learning to cook as kitchen boy aboard the Mississippi steamer Helen MacGregor.

"Those boats blow up!" he said to Covel. "Our turn came near Memphis, one night. The boiler went up in one grand explosion, and people were thrown high as the sky. Then we fell back and got scalded—that's where I got these white marks on my arms."

After this experience, Pote traveled as servant to a showman, from whom he learned a number of sleight-of-hand tricks, and he became a startling ventriloquist. He picked up, in one way or another, quite a bit of money, which he exchanged for gold coins—among them a good many sovereigns and several doubloons. This little store of wealth he carried about with him, in a strong leather belt worn next to his skin.

"My master died in Cuba," said Pote. "I cooked for a planter; and then Yellow Jack—what you call yellow fever—killed him and most of his family. I went to Cienfuegos, and Captain Kidder gave me this job. He was glad to get some one, too. Yellow Jack kills so many men that not many ships enter Havana, Matanzas or Cienfuegos without losing some of the crew. I have seen ships there at anchor. Nobody on board. All dead—Yellow Jack killed them all."

"I'm not scared," said Covel, stoutly. "You have not seen it yet," replied Pote, with his flashing smile.

But the talks between the boys were not often about death. They were looking forward to pleasure and adventure on shore, Covel with keener anticipation than his more experienced friend. But Pote was warmed by Covel's friendship, and all the more so because he had been thrown among men rather than boys. The voyage was a fast one; twenty-nine days out of Portland the Yankee was at Cienfuegos. The loading of molasses hogsheads and rum barrels was quickly accomplished, and the Yankee soon headed for home. There was something that appealed to Covel's whole nature in this fast run before south and southwesterly breezes. He was sorry when the wind dropped, off the Florida coast, and the weather turned hot and sultry, with a reddish glare in the sky.

The storm that hit the Yankee, after she had lain becalmed for thirty-six hours, was one of those hurricanes so dreaded by all mariners, past and present, in the West Indies. The reddish glare increased, and Captain Kidder paced the deck with an anxious frown. All sail was taken in. Then low black clouds suddenly filled the sky, and drenching sheets of rain fell, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning.

The wind that came with the electrical storm was stronger than anything Covel had known. The main boom broke from its lashings and knocked one of the sailors overboard, and he was lost. There was no possible control of the vessel. It drove on before the gusts, and seemed, all through the long black night that followed, to be as helpless as a log in the rapids of a swift river. The mainmast snapped off. All hope was lost of weathering the storm, and the officers and crew tied themselves to lines on deck, hoping at least to survive for a few minutes or hours before the Yankee should roll over and sink.

Toward morning, quite by accident, the schooner was hurled by the seas between two of the cays on the west shore of Andros Island. Nothing could be seen, but in the lee of the outlying cays the waves were

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less violent. The wind still whooped and screamed in the foremast rigging, and it was almost with a sense of relief that the men and boys on the Yankee felt the battered little schooner smashed down on hard bottom.

The torrents of rain abated after an hour, and there was light enough to show them that the Yankee had been borne through a narrow gap of water, and was ashore on a beach of coarse white coral sand. They had no idea of their position. The country, as far as it could be seen from the foremast rigging, was a green wilderness.

"One of the Bahama Islands," said Captain Kidder, coming out of the cabin after a few moments' inspection of his chart. He had a loaded gun in his hands.

"What's the gun for?" asked Covel. "There don't seem to be any people here."

"You can't tell," said the captain, shortly.

After sweeping the deserted shore for a long time with his eyes, Captain Kidder gave a long look to seaward—and he grunted with surprise when he saw the Yankee's boat, a dory, ashore on one of the neighboring cays.

The scenes on shore were so fascinating to Covel that he surveyed them for a long time. Much of the forest had been demolished by the hurricane. Now that the storm had lulled, hundreds of ducks, pelicans and other aquatic birds were coming out from the deeper recesses of the woods where they had been blown. Great numbers of beautiful abalone shells had washed ashore, and heaps of slimy gray sponges. Two porpoises lay out of water, quite dead, and another large creature, perhaps a manatee, lay thrashing about, overcome by injuries.

Without haste, but without any loss of



"I met a woman," he panted. "A big, tall woman wearing a red coat and gray trousers." "A flamingo," suggested Mate Horr

time whatever, Captain Kidder set about saving his ship, if such a thing were possible.

"Here's my plan," he said. "We're ashore stern first. There's deep water under the bow. By unloading the cargo, digging away the sand under the keel, and warping her off with the anchor at high tide, there's a good chance. Then we'll make sail on the foremast, and see if we can work her to Nassau, on New Providence Island."

The crew, although weary from the night's exposure and peril, seemed cheered by the prospect of action. They set to work at once with block and tackle, hoisting out the eighty heavy hogsheads and the barrels. This proved a tremendous task for so few men, especially as the sun now shone on the beach, blazing hot. But they worked steadily, and Covel too, and by the third afternoon all the cargo was landed.

The next day, however, was harder still. They spent it in digging sand under the keel, working in water knee-deep and sometimes waist-deep. Then the mate took the anchor into deeper water and dropped it there, and the crew strained to haul on the cable and so work the schooner off the beach.

This was a well-nigh forlorn hope, one might say, and yet, by racking the hull first to one side and then the other, they actually moved it several feet.

More sand had now to be dug away. While they were thus engaged, on the fourth day, a fatal accident occurred. One of the sailors—Canwell, a New Brunswick man—ventured too far under the hull. He was caught and held down when the vessel started unexpectedly to move again. He drowned in four feet of water, before his fellow toilers could drag him free.

This fatality greatly disheartened them. The poor man was buried on the beach, a few hundred yards from the wreck, Captain Kidder reading the burial service.

A GALE now set in outside the cays, sending in such waves that much of the sand they had dug away was quickly washed back under the hull. Nothing remained but to set to work again, and this Captain Kidder did with his sadly reduced crew. Covel's hands blistered so badly that he was useless, at last, for either digging or hauling on the tackles; and he was sent on trips up and down the beach to reconnoiter. A gun was put into his hands, and he was allowed to shoot ducks for food.

He came back, running at full speed, from one of these trips.

"I met a woman," he panted. "A big, tall woman wearing a red coat and gray trousers."

"A flamingo," suggested Mate Horr. "These birds often stand on their high nests and fool you."

"It was so, a woman!" exclaimed Covel, indignantly. "Guess I know a woman when I see one. She was very tall. She had a palm-leaf hat on her head and—"

"What did you run for? Are you scared of women?"

"She had a big, sharp knife in her hand. And she saw me, too. She signed to me with her hand to come to her."

"How far off was she?"

"Not more than twice the length of this schooner," answered Covel.

The mate was incredulous and inclined to scoff at the boy's story. "How d'ye know the knife was sharp, and how d'ye know it was a woman if she had on trousers?"

"It shone sharp, and she had long red hair," declared Covel.

"Was she black or white?"

"No," Covel hesitated. "She was kind of yellor-like, as if she was tanned."

"Well," said the captain, "I don't wholly credit your story—but maybe there's somebody here. Pote, take a gun and go with Covel back to the place where he came from. Don't be gone long, though. Come back before sunset."

They set off, Covel clutching his own gun, and Pote with a broad grin. And this was the last they saw of those who remained on the wreck.

Meantime, Captain Kidder and his men resumed work. Suddenly, without a word of warning, a volley of shots was fired from the shore.

One sailor, McKay, working on the starboard side of the schooner, fell on his back, as if shot. The other two, after alarmed glances around, plunged into the sea and waded out toward the dory. Captain Kidder whirled around, picked up his gun, and looked in vain for his assailants. Seeing a movement in the undergrowth, he fired. At the same moment, eight or nine wild-looking fellows burst from the forest and ran toward



the schooner, shouting and discharging their weapons as they came.

Captain Kidder had fired his gun. The mate, who was in the dory, was wholly unarmed. He shouted for the captain to jump into the dory. The two sailors were clambering over its sides; and the third sailor was evidently past help. Shots continued to be fired. Mr. Horr rowed away from the schooner as fast as he could. Shots continued to be fired. The mate was struck by a ball which penetrated his scalp. Other bullets ripped through the sides of the dory, and it was not until after several minutes of hard rowing that the survivors were out of range, sheltered by a neighboring cay. The attack had been wholly unprovoked. Even savages would hardly have assailed shipwrecked people in so murderous a manner.

"Pirates," said Captain Kidder. "They've got the two boys, no doubt at all."

## CHAPTER TWO

IT is certain that the assailants of the Yankee must have watched Covell and Pote leave the schooner; and why they did not blow their brains out at that moment is a matter of conjecture. Perhaps they feared that the sound of these premature shots would alarm Captain Kidder and rob the forthcoming attack of surprise. Their program must have been to capture the schooner first, kill or drive off the crew, and then deal with the boys at leisure.

Unaware of the deadly peril in the forest, Covell and Pote walked along the shore for a mile, coming to the place on a bayou where Covell had seen the tall woman dressed in a red coat and gray trousers.

She was no longer there. But Pote began looking for tracks and ere long discovered numerous impressions of human feet along a faint trail on the bank of the bayou. They followed this trail for a considerable distance into the thick green forest.

By and by they heard the distant report of many guns. They could not tell from what direction the sounds came, but were much alarmed.

"We'd better hurry back," Pote cried, and they made all haste to the beach. The schooner seemed to be deserted as they approached it. Believing that the crew was at supper in the galley, they hurried past the cargo on the beach to a short ladder set against the vessel's side. Then they stopped short, for at the foot of the ladder lay a man's body with arms outspread, and they saw at once it was the sailor, McKay.

Instantly Pote divined that the schooner had been attacked. He caught Covell's hand and tried to draw him back behind the cargo, having in mind to escape to the woods. But at the same moment they were hailed from the deck and saw guns pointed at them by swarthy, bareheaded, long-haired men who shouted so savagely that Covell tried to run. But Pote, who understood their words, held fast to his wrist and put up his other hand in token of surrender.

Immediately four or five of the rough fellows sprang down and rushed them, one ruffian snatching the gun away from Covell and seizing him painfully by the shoulder. Pote was also seized and held fast.

Their captors appeared to be in doubt what to do with them. Twice guns were raised and levelled at them. An excited argument about this went on for some time, at length cut short by some one shouting a command from the deck. This, Pote understood, was an order to fetch the boys there, and they were accordingly hustled up the ladder. Here they saw a huge negro, dressed in blue jeans, who stared hard at them awhile, muttering to himself, then pushed them into the galley and shut them up there.

Covell's surprise turned to agonizing fright.

"Will they kill us?" he whispered.

"They are talking of it," replied Pote.

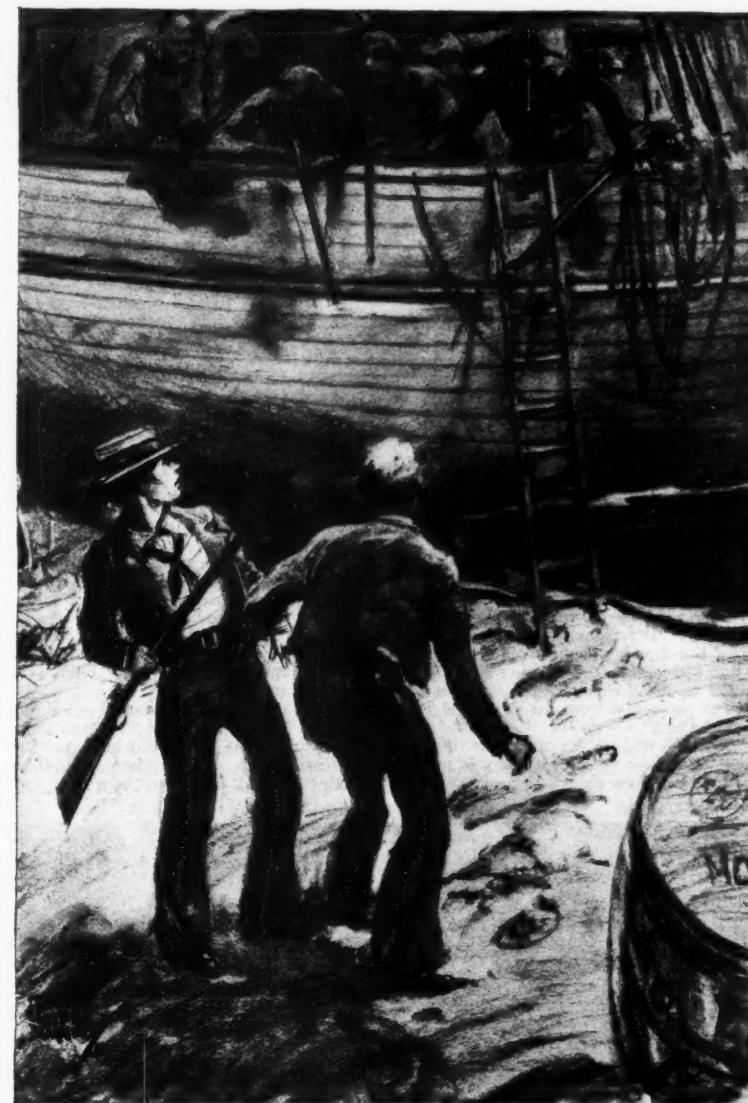
From the sounds aboard and from all about, it was plain that the hull was being ransacked for booty. The barrels of rum, lying under a heap of hogheads on the beach outside, were soon discovered. One of them was broached and the contents sampled. Afterward, till long after dark, the boys could hear the ruffians going and coming on deck. They also kindled a fire on the beach so close up to the hull that the side of the schooner caught fire and had to be extinguished with pails of sea water.

Pote meantime got out his flint, steel and tow, lighted a candle, and proceeded to get something to eat from what he had previously been preparing for supper. Covell,

however, was too greatly alarmed to think of such a thing, even after Pote had set out a plate of corn cake and cold meat for him. "You may as well eat," Pote told him. "No use to die hungry."

"But d'ye think they mean to kill us?" the boy exclaimed again.

"Well, that is what that big black says," Pote replied, munching steadily at his repast. "He says the 'Old One' will have us put out of the way. But perhaps he won't."



*They were hailed from the deck and saw guns pointed at them by swarthy, bareheaded, long-haired men, who shouted so savagely that Covell tried to run. But Pote, who understood their words, held fast to his wrist*

I've been in as hard spots as this before—and I'm alive yet," he added with much sang froid.

But poor Covell was far from cool. "Oh, I wish I'd stayed at home and gone to school!" he lamented.

"Yes, a feller is apt to say things like that when he finds he has played the fool and got in a tight place," Pote remarked carelessly. "I have done that more'n once in my life. Trouble is, it don't do no good then. Only makes ye feel worse. So I say, don't fret. Ye won't die till your time comes."

Covell had no heart for such cold consolation. As the evening and night wore on, he repeatedly urged Pote to help him break out of the galley and try to escape. The latter had lain down, however, and refused to make the attempt.

"They've locked us in here," said he. "I reckon they'd hear us and shoot. Besides, there's nowhere to go. This is a desert island. We would wander round and maybe starve to death. No, I'm going to stay here and see it through, and you'd better."

Covell's instinct was to escape if possible, but he durst not go off alone, and finally he lay down beside Pote on the galley floor. He remembered hearing a great deal of shouting and hooting, with singing at times—due doubtless to the rum the robbers

were imbibing. Sleep was the last thing he thought would come to him, but later in the night he actually slumbered, as did Pote.

Next morning their captors unlocked the galley door, drew the boys forth and tied one end of a rope about ten feet long to Pote's left ankle and the other end to Covell's, evidently to prevent them from running away. The big negro did the tying, making elaborate knots. Pote did not allow them to see or know that he understood

small line. One of them had possessed himself of all the guns and a canister of powder. Another had a machete, or cleaver, and, going ahead, cleared a path with it through the thick green undergrowth and vines. The big negro brought up the rear.

Progress for a time was slow, till they gained higher ground inland, where they entered heavy timber, many of the trees being very large and tall.

The day was hot, and my Uncle Covell grew very tired. His arms ached from carrying the pail of rum. To do so without spilling it proved exceedingly difficult, the more so because his ankle was connected by the rope with Pote's. The rope was about ten feet in length, but he was obliged to keep pace with Pote, who walked ahead of him. If he lagged even for one step, his ankle received a jerk. Often the rope caught in the brush. Rum slopped from the bucket, and after a while he stumbled, his foot catching, and he spilled nearly half of it.

Observing this, the negro came up and gave him several hard slaps. The lad had no idea what were the threats which accompanied the chastisement; but Pote understood and charged him to be careful. Afterward Pote told him their captor had said that he would have his throat cut if he spilled any more rum. Pote was so concerned for him that he now made him go ahead, and adapted his own pace to that of his companion.

Covell thought they walked as much as twenty miles that day, but he may have, of course, overestimated it on account of the heat and the weight of his load. They traveled nearly all day, and it was near sunset before they reached the pirates' refuge, which stood among hummocks and consisted of a long, low structure made of logs, with numerous smaller cabins about it. An opening of several acres' extent had here been cleared in the forest, and in places they saw bananas, sugar cane, yams and other tropical food plants growing luxuriantly. Before they came in sight of the place, however, they heard a babel of youthful voices, and immediately half a dozen scantily-clad black picaninies came running to meet them, followed by a handsome white boy wearing a frock of green cloth. The latter approached Covell and stared hard at him for some time. Greatly fatigued, Covell handed him the bucket of rum, which, after an instant of hesitation, the lad took and bore toward the long log house. Before he reached it, however, the door or gate opened, and a tall woman appeared, wearing a red coat.

Covell recognized her at once as the one he had seen the previous day at the beach. It was a scarlet coat with brass buttons, like the coats then worn by British soldiers. She carried the bucket indoors but reappeared after a few minutes and, coming directly where Covell and Pote were standing, surveyed them for a moment or two in silence.

"Shure, but Oi'm sorry for yez," she said and went away without further word.

Tired out and nearly famished—for they had eaten nothing since the previous evening—the two boys sat down on a log and waited for what might follow. Pote had grown despondent and scarcely spoke; Covell was too weary to care much what happened. The negro, with their other captors, had now disappeared in the long house. Save for the picaninies, staring at them from a safe distance, the boys were quite alone for a time—ominously alone.

"D'ye think they will kill us?" Covell asked again, after a while.

Pote did not reply at first; finally he spoke. "I suppose they will think that, if they let us live, we may get away sometime and tell where they are and what they've done. But you are so young, they may let you live," he added reflectively.

It was now growing dark, and after a time Pote reached carefully under his open shirt front and, drawing forth eight or ten of his long-haired gold sovereigns, put them into Covell's hand, saying, "You keep them. They may do you good sometime—if they should kill me."

All the while they heard voices and boisterous laughter inside the log fortalice. Evidently the liquor from the Yankee was being enjoyed.

Not much later the big negro came suddenly forth with a torch in one hand and, grabbing Pote by the collar, drew him roughly along to the gateway and indoors, Covell following perforce, jerked after them by the rope round his ankle. They passed through two large rooms, in one of which Covell saw a small brass cannon, mounted



on two odd-looking wheels, also many muskets and cutlasses hanging against the walls.

Farther on they came into a still larger room having a long table across it, on which stood buckets and platters of cooked food. A number of black women were coming and going here; but the attention of the boys was at once attracted to a white-bearded and apparently infirm old man, sitting in a rude arm-chair near the head of the table. He was talking loudly to several of their late captors who stood about him; and they were all drinking from cups often replenished from one of the buckets of rum set on the table.

The negro drew the boys after him near where the old man sat and said something in Spanish, at which the attention of the pirates at once turned to them. What was afterward described as a "horrible grin" overspread the face of the veteran ruffian. He emptied his cup and then regarded them stolidly for some moments. At length he drank again, scowled, and growled an order to the negro, whom the boys now heard addressed as "Pepe." The other outlaws were also conferring in low tones, and Pote gathered that several of them favored sparing the lives of the captives, for a time at least, in order to have them draw the rum barrels and some of the molasses hogsheads up from the wreck.

This saving proposition the Old One rejected with a jocosely allusion to their size and strength. "No bueno," he growled and cut the confab short with a curt wave of his hairy hand, to Pepe, to take them away.

Thereupon the negro laid hold of Pote's collar again and hauled them out of the room with as little ceremony as they had been ushered into it. Two of the pirates followed after, and in the outer room Covell saw them take guns from the wall and look to the priming.

Considerable delay occurred in this outer room while fresh torches were procured and lighted at a fire which had now been kindled in the yard near the gateway. Other faces not previously seen were peering at them from dark places about the cabins, faces of children and colored women. They perceived the white boy following them; and the woman in the red coat appeared in a doorway as they passed. Recollecting that she had spoken words he understood, Covell in his terror cried out, imploring her not to let them shoot him; but she stood still and watched them go, in silence.

From his own confession it is clear that Covell shed tears and sobbed wildly. The idea of death, death by shooting, was very terrible to him. He was so frightened that he attempted to break away and run into the woods; but the rope brought him up short, and he fell headlong, at which the tipsy ruffians laughed heartlessly.

They went what seemed a long way, following a path in the tangled green forest, past several of the large, shadowy hummocks, and came finally where the path ended on the brink of a black pool that gleamed darkling in the torchlight. Pepe stopped here and said something in low tones to the two pirates behind them, who came up closer and cocked their muskets. It was then that Pote made a supreme last effort at self-preservation. Thus far, during that dismal walk, he had not spoken or looked around.

But now the negro, Pepe, let go his hold on their collars and stepped aside, to enable the two ruffians behind them to fire. Suddenly a thin, wailing voice came out of nowhere—perhaps out of the black pool. "Malo!" it cried. "Malísimo! Cuidado! Ten cuidado!" (Wicked! Most wicked! Take care! Take care what you do!)

At the same moment some water animal, perhaps startled by the torches, plunged off the farther bank into the water. The splash, following such sepulchral words of warning, made an interruption so appalling that one of the would-be executioners beat a hasty retreat. The negro and the other one drew back, muttering.

"Don't speak," whispered Pote to the trembling Covell. "Don't speak or move."

And then again, apparently from thin air, the warning word "Malo!" was repeated.

Covell realized that this was only one of Pote's tricks of ventriloquism. Coming as it did in the night, and amid such wild surroundings, it no doubt temporarily saved the boys' lives. For the tall woman in the red coat came hastening along the darkened path and said something in low tones to the negro. He seemed to hesitate, while the woman argued with him. Then he took Pote by the shoulder and conducted

him, with Covell stumbling behind, to a hollow mound of limestone, which was used as a kind of storehouse and had a rough door set slantingly into its side. The boys were thrust roughly into this, and the door slammed behind them. A prop was set against it from the outside.

NOT a ray of light penetrated the darkness in which they found themselves. For a while they durst not move, for fear of falling into some subterranean abyss; and they scarcely dared at first to speak.

"What do you think they put us here for?" Covell whispered.

Pote replied that he did not know, but guessed they were afraid to shoot them after, apparently, hearing an alligator pronounce a warning at the lagoon.

"It scared me too," said Covell. "When you showed me that trick on the Yankee, I didn't know how dreadful it would sound when I wasn't expecting it."

Pote said nothing. His keen mind was concerning itself, not with past escapes, but with plans to avoid future dangers. But he could think of no plan. He felt his way to the door and tried to force it open.

But the door was fast propped from the outside. It appeared to be of thick hewn planks and resisted all their attempts to push it open. Out of breath from their exertions, they finally sat down there with their backs to it and were so fatigued from all their toils and fears that after a time both dropped off in sound sleep.

A tapping at the door at last waked Pote, who started up and covertly shook Covell awake. The tapping continued, and Pote at length said, "Que es?"

"Speak English?" a woman's voice said outside.

"I speak English," Pote replied. "Who are you?"

"Courra McCarty is me name," replied the voice. "It's from auld Oirland that I coom, but I was taken by pirates and had to live wid 'em, more's the pity!"

"Let us out of this dark hole and show us how to get away from here!" Covell then implored her.

"Shure Oi will let yez out," the voice replied. "But how ye can git away is more'n I can tell ye. Niver cud Oi git away, mesilf."

"Pull away that prop then," Pote adjured her.

"That indade Oi will, an' wid good will," the woman agreed. "But ye wud better be leary. The Auld One's orders was to make away wid ye, and that big black Pepe is the devil's own son!"

They heard her removing the prop from against the door.

"Beloike ye'd better rist quiet for a toime, till they be all in their coops," the woman continued.

"You mean till they are asleep?" Pote asked her.

"Slape! Niver do they slape!" she exclaimed. "But 'tis droonk they are loike to be, now all that rum has coom to 'em!"

"But we're hungry! We're starved!" Covell cried. "We've had nothing to eat or drink all day!"

"The pity av ut!" the woman's sympathetic voice was heard to mutter. "Rist quiet, an' Oi'll see what Oi can do fer yez!"

They heard her going away and were so famished that they determined to await the result of her promise before pushing open the door.

They waited a long while, an hour perhaps, though it seemed much longer, shut up in that black hole. At last there was a step outside and another tap at the door, which Pote pushed open. The night was moonless. Only the stars shone; but their eyes, dilated in the blackness of their prison, at once discerned a tall form—the one Covell had twice before seen in a red coat. Behind her stood a colored woman with a platter in her hands.

"Oi've made yesommat to eat," the tall one said. "And here be two spoons to ate it wid."

The platter contained a savory mass which emitted an appetizing odor, made apparently of eggs—turtles' eggs perhaps. Whatever its origin, the two half-starved boys needed no second invitation to fall to with the spoons, each seeking to obtain his full share. Meantime the colored woman, who had not uttered a word, departed silently, but returned ere long, fetching a crock of water.

"Now thin, this is the best Oi can do fer yez," the Irish woman said. "If ye think ye can git away, the good Lord hilp yez! But it's mesilf that dunno where to! Oi've heard the Auld One say there's a place

called Nassau, far oop to the northard o' here; but it's on anither oiland than this. No one lives on this oiland, and that's why the pirates—bad cess to 'em!—is here. It's all thick woods an' a bad shore to foller; but ef ye iver hopes to git away alive ye had mayhap better try it an' be goin', fer ef the Auld One finds ye be still alive he moight coom hisself, goon in hand, fer yez!"

Pote offered the woman one of his cherished gold sovereigns in return for her kindness, but she cried, "No, indade! Kape it. Ye may yit escape to soom place where goold can be spint. But such luck is not fer the loikes o' me! Oi've me b'y to care fer here, and here Oi shay."

It occurred to Covell to ask the woman about the white boy he had seen following them; but Pote was now begging her to show them the trail back to the wreck.

"Show us the trail back to the beach, and our schooner," he begged.

THE woman hesitated, being evidently afraid that she would be discovered aiding the fugitives. But she complied, leading the boys to a point on the west side of the cleared tract. On the way she told them in whispers that their captor was an ex-convict from Cuba named Pedro Sanchez, also known as Pedro el Diablo, or as El Viejo (the Old One). In ferocity and cunning, he was a true successor of the notorious buccaneers who infested West Indian waters until the warships of England put an end to their two centuries of rapine.

In the early years of the nineteenth century there was a fresh outbreak of piracy, perhaps winked at by the Spanish authorities at Havana, Matanzas and Santiago de Cuba. The miscreants who engaged in it were even more murderous than the early buccaneers, often butchering their captives with the remark that "dead men tell no tales," and with another saying popular among them; namely, "They will hang us for killing one of ye, so we might as well kill all of ye." During eleven years, more than three thousand vessels, mostly English and American, were pillaged, and many of the crews and passengers were put to death.

Our government sent five cruisers to the West Indies to ferret out these marauders, and England's cruisers were also active in the good work. When taken, the scoundrels were given short shrift. The curse of open piracy was thereby ended, a hundred years ago, and only the more crafty rascals escaped, to pass their lives under assumed names, and to lurk in spots where the cruisers did not come. Pedro Sanchez, more sagacious than many of the brutal and drunken ruffians in his profession, appears to have foreseen the time when piracy would be suppressed. He looked out a retreat for himself in the unknown wilds of Andros Island, finding an anchorage for his sloop in an uncharted cove protected by cays.

When the pursuit grew sharp, Sanchez burned his vessel and retired to a fastness among the limestone hillocks, twelve or fifteen miles in the interior. Here a covered fortalice was built of logs, and a great store of booty deposited, including clothing, guns, a small cannon, ammunition, food supplies, and a large sum in silver money and jewelry, taken from the many vessels his men had robbed.

There were a number of women as well, mostly colored women who served the men; and among them was the tall Irishwoman, whom Sanchez had taken off an emigrant brig which he overhauled on its way to Jamaica. He forced her at the pistol's point to marry him, and thereafter—with no chance of escape—she had lived wretchedly in his retreat.

All these details she whispered into Covell's ear in her broken English. He pitied her, wanted to help her escape if it were possible. But she shook her head. The difficulty of ever leaving Andros Island was only too well known to her. She led the boys to a dimly marked trail, leading to the shore, telling them to keep the moon on the left hand. And then, with a murmured "Hiven guide yez!" she left them.

They were free for the moment, but with unknown dangers ahead of them as well as the known perils which lurked in the rear.

"Oh, Pote, can we ever find the place she calls Nassau?" Covell questioned.

"Not much use to try for that," answered Pote. "But maybe we can find our way back to the schooner, and maybe Captain Kidder is still alive and has some plan for getting away."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 589]



The path ended on the brink of a black pool that gleamed darkling in the torch-light. . . . Suddenly a thin wailing voice came out of nowhere—perhaps out of the black pool. "Malo!" it cried. "Malísimo! Cuidado! Ten cuidado!"



Bursting suddenly into Mr. Allison's private office, Jimmy discovered Jones, the colored man, in the act of picking up the papers

## RAILROADING

By Jonathan Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

**D**EAR LES:—This thing of learning to be a railroad man is not what it is cracked up to be. Instead of working where I can hear the engines heave and pant, and see the smoke, and count the loaded freight cars and empties, I'm stuck away in a skyscraper about as far from a railroad as you can get and still be on Manhattan Island. My job is assistant to President Allison, who is running the Old Stony system, and all I do is go around with him, carry his portfolio, put in telephone calls for him, and so on. Of course, he talks to me about railroad problems, but it is just as if he were talking to himself.

"However, he pays me twenty-five per week, and is awful nice to me, and the money lets me live, even at New York prices—if you can call what I am doing living. Ride the L to town, with a walk at each end of the line for exercise, to keep out of the subway's bad air. Have half an hour for lunch. Evenings, I read or take a walk. Saturday noons, I go out to Billy's house in Westchester, and we fool around with the football Coach gave me.

"Wish you'd write me a letter when you get time. New York is a lonesome place for a guy without a lot of money to spend. Wish I could go back, right now, to Jordan, with you and Bill, but then maybe September will hurry. So long."

Thus Jimmy Byers, of the almost famous firm of the three musketeers, Moore, Armstrong and Byers, late of Lockerbie Hall and now of Jordan University. Summer vacation after his freshman year at Jordan found him working in the New York offices of a great railroad system, on a job that seemed to him a cross between office boy and confidential secretary to the road's president. Keeping his ears open and his mouth shut, except when asking questions, young Byers really learned a great deal about railroad operation from the administrative standpoint.

His fingers itched to get hold of a shovel to ladle coal from a swaying bin into a jolting, rocking furnace, or to check freight shipments, or to handle an order book in the traffic department. But he always managed to remember that Mr. Allison, his friend from the early days at Jordan, probably knew what he was doing when he assigned the office job. If muscle-straining, back-bending labor were necessary to a mastery of railroad work, President Allison would see that he got it.

Therefore Jimmy took out his desire for active effort in long walks and in Saturday football workouts with Billy Armstrong, on the great Westchester estate of the Armstrong family. Letters to Les Moore and his

distant relatives in Wisconsin, with some reading, occupied his spare time and gave him relief from his loneliness that companionship with Billy hardly afforded.

"I'm just like a fish out of water when I'm at Billy's house," Jim wrote to Les on one occasion. "Have a good time Saturday afternoon, with the football, and part of Sunday. But the rest of the time, we don't talk the same language. Billy trains with a swell lot of cake-eaters, I'll tell the world. Most of 'em fat, girls or boys. Wear clothes that would put me through college. Drive cars that would support me the rest of my life. Stay up all hours. What a life!"

**J**IMMY," said President Allison to him one July morning, as he leaned back in his chair between table and desk, hands folded behind his head, "what was the first thing you learned in geometry?"

"A straight line is the shortest distance between two points," Jimmy replied, wondering at the question.

"Right the first time," smiled Mr. Allison. "Now, then, Jimmy, that is the first principle of railroading, too; but you'd be surprised how many high-up railroad men forget it. I've mentioned it to some of our people in connection with an idea I've got about transcontinental freight, but they won't see it. So what do you suppose I've got to do?"

"The same thing we did in mathematics," said Jimmy. "Every time we learned a new thing, we reviewed it, to be sure we'd learned it."

"Correct again, but the trouble is, reviewing is going to be a big job," said Mr. Allison, thoughtfully. "I'll have to organize a committee of traffic, operating and financial men, surveyors and draftsmen and have them go to work and set up the lesson. Then I'll have to persuade our executive committee to study the lesson. Tough luck, because it will take a month. No, by George, I'll make it in two weeks. Ask Smithers to get out a letter for my signature, calling the executive committee together two weeks from this morning, ten o'clock; important business. Then you hunt up Adkins, Wilkie, Morganross, Jones and Hunter and have them all in here at three o'clock. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Jimmy said. "On your way, then," snapped President Allison. "And you come in at three o'clock, yourself, remembering that nothing you

hear is to be mentioned outside the office, without my permission."

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy, and hurried out of the office, glad of something important to do, even if his connection with the task was a mere running of errands. He knew, by reason of his familiarity with President Allison's ways, that, despite his chief's jocular manner, the idea in his mind was of vital concern to the railroad. He resolved to listen closely at the afternoon conference.

"Men," began President Allison when the committee of five was grouped around his table that afternoon, with Jimmy sitting at his right hand, slightly back of him, "we need your help. Old Stony is working at capacity with present lines and equipment. Capacity is not enough to make a profit. We've got to increase capacity, even if we have to invest some new money to do it. Now then, we're not getting all the transcontinental, through freight we should get. We have no advantage in time or rates over any competitor."

"All right. Get these facts. We have a branch from the main line to Grundy. Grundy's on the P. M. and B., trunk north and south. P. M. and B. has a switch or feeder, virtually abandoned, west out of Grundy to Adamson, eighteen miles. Adamson is nine miles from Keyport, on the Scogis line, with no road between Adamson and Keyport. Now then, Scogis handles little transcontinental. Suppose we could buy the branch from Grundy to Adamson, of the P. M. and B., and build between Adamson and Keyport. We'd have a twenty-seven mile link between Scogis and our main line. What do you see?"

"Scogis out hustling with us for long distance shipments east and west," spoke up Adkins, traffic chief, enthusiastically.

"Seventy-four miles less haulage than we now get," muttered Wilkie, superintendent of operation.

"But more business," interjected Adkins. "And less operating expense," added Morganross.

"Great stuff, chief," exclaimed Adkins. "Let's go to it!"

"We will," said President Allison. "I figure, roughly, we can double the freight we handle between Kansas City and New York, save perhaps twenty-four hours in time, a great deal of operating expense, and perhaps attract even more business. Here's what I want. Each of you tackle this idea

from your own angle. Have the route from Adamson to Keyport surveyed, and preliminary estimates on cost of construction made. Keep every move secret."

"Good enough; let's go," exclaimed the quick-acting Adkins.

"When do you want this stuff?" asked Wilkie, bluffly.

"Two weeks from this morning, at nine o'clock," said Mr. Allison.

"Gee whiz, chief, that's not much time," Wilkie protested.

"Plenty, plenty," Adkins rejoined. "Come on, let's move. I see a lot of business ahead on that tie-up."

"Two weeks from this morning, nine o'clock," repeated Mr. Allison. "I've called a meeting of the executive committee for ten o'clock to consider this thing."

The meeting adjourned, only Morganross remaining behind for a moment's conversation.

"Chief," Morganross asked, "you know, I suppose, of the P. M. and B. alliance with the White Way?" As Allison nodded, Morganross continued: "Have you any reason to think we can get this branch line from the P. M. and B. when, with our new tie-up complete, we will go into competition with the White Way?"

"That is the tough spot in this schedule," said Mr. Allison. "And it is the job over which I'm losing sleep. But I hope I can find some way of separating this little junk line from the P. M. and B., without their knowing why we want it, or indeed even who wants it."

Morganross volunteered to study the same problem, and then went out, leaving only Jimmy with the president of the road.

"And there you are, Jimmy," Mr. Allison smiled, with a wave of his head. "They'll work two weeks and dump in here on my table whole volumes of information and arguments. They'll prove my case for me with reams and reams of stuff, and maps, and graphs, and financial set-ups, and what-not; and then maybe I can show the executive committee. All the time, I merely wish to prove geometry's first principle, which is—"

"A straight railroad hauls the most freight between two points," grinned Jimmy.

**T**AKING the train at noon to the Armstrongs' Westchester place, Jimmy encountered Mr. Armstrong, Billy's father. The great metal magnate, hurrying into the car as the train pulled out of the Grand Central Station, slumped into a seat near Jimmy. Preparing to open a newspaper, he looked about him casually and saw his son's chum and week-end guest.

"Why, hello, Jim," he exclaimed. And



moved over to sit down beside the boy.

"How's the railroad business?"

"Punk," said Jimmy. "Anyhow, if it is any good, I'd never know it."

"Well, neither would I," rejoined Mr. Armstrong. "I'm a director in a railroad, and I can't find out anything about it."

"Is that so? What railroad?" asked Jimmy, surprised at this new revelation of the metal millionaire's interests.

"The P. M. and B.," Mr. Armstrong explained. "Our company has a big plant at a little town called Adamson, on a branch line of the P. M. and B. We can't afford to move the plant, but we couldn't get good freight service there, so I bought P. M. and B. shares enough to get on the board, thinking I'd be able in that way to get some service."

"Didn't you have any luck?" queried Jim, all ears now.

"Not a bit," said Mr. Armstrong. "As near as I can figure it, the P. M. and B. has a traffic agreement with the White Way, which is an east and west system, and carries stuff roundabout so that the White Way will get all the east and west haul. That takes a lot of time, and time is money."

"Well, you'd think a man's own railroad would serve him, if no other did," Jimmy commented. "Does your freight business at Adamson amount to much?"

"Metals from the west and finished products east and west from Adamson," said Mr. Armstrong, thoughtfully, "cost us about a quarter million a year in freight."

"Wheew!" whistled Jimmy. "I didn't know all the freight business in the country amounted to that much."

"Freight is the best part of the railroad business," said Mr. Armstrong.

"I did know that much," Jimmy grinned, "but I haven't found out much more than that."

"Well, cheer up, keep your ears and eyes open, and you'll learn," Mr. Armstrong advised. "Week-ending with Billy, hey?" And without waiting for a reply he turned to his newspaper, to study market reports. Jimmy, smiling out the window, realized that he had accidentally learned a great deal of value to the Old Stony system by this chance conversation with the head of the Universal Metal Corporation. He pondered the best way in which, without embarrassing Mr. Armstrong, he might use this information for the benefit of the Old Stony lines.

HE worked out with Billy that afternoon, ducked a party in the evening to go to bed early, and took a walk on Sunday with his buddy. Monday at the office he was anxious to talk with Mr. Allison, but the president was unusually, even feverishly, busy. Most of the time for the next two weeks, indeed, he was out of the office, hinting only to young Byers that he was seeking ways and means of putting through his idea, once the executive committee had approved it. In short, he was trying to find a way of financing the purchase of the P. M. and B. branch and building the new line to connect with the Scogis system, without letting the P. M. and B. or White Way know what he was doing. Meantime, Adkins, Morganross and the rest were busily compiling their memoranda. Jimmy thought of telling Adkins or Morganross what he had learned about Mr. Armstrong's freight situation, but wisely decided it would not be best. He would save his news for the chief.

Early in the second week a Mr. Munson, an oily looking individual who announced himself as an attorney, called to see Mr. Allison. The president was out, and Munson was referred to Jimmy. The boy instinctively mistrusted the man, but greeted him civilly enough. Munson endeavored to be friendly and paused to pass the time of day. If the truth were known, he probably was glad Mr. Allison was out, because after chatting for a moment he tried to pump Jimmy.

"Funny how things get rumored around," Jimmy commented, drily. He feared to talk at all with this wily individual, and said no more. Munson presently left, saying he would return. Jimmy reported on the visit

and told Mr. Allison of his suspicion that Munson was a spy.

"You bet your boots he is," exclaimed Mr. Allison. "If he comes back, don't tell him anything. Somebody in our organization has talked too much, but I haven't time to find out who it is, or stop him. The damage seems to be done. I'm blocked everywhere I go."

"Then we can't put it over?" asked Jimmy, unconsciously using the "we," although he had not forgotten he was a mere combination assistant and office boy.

"I've got to find some way," muttered President Allison.

Jimmy thought to tell him then of Mr. Armstrong's interest, but remembered he could hardly explain how he had picked up



Mr. Munson was an oily individual who announced himself as an attorney

the information from Mr. Armstrong without seeming to have blabbed on the Old Stony plans to the metal magnate. Therefore, he bided his time. Munson came back two or three times more. On one occasion, Jimmy saw him gossiping with a colored man, one Jones, who worked as general flunky around the offices. He thought little of it at the moment, but on Saturday morning, before the conference with the executive committee, he again saw Munson in the hall, once more talking with Jones. This made him suspicious.

Each of the five department heads had submitted his memorandum at nine o'clock, and each, despite himself, was enthusiastic over the prospect for success once the new tie-up was made. Morganross advised Mr. Allison he saw no way in which the scheme could be worked. The president seemed gloomy, although pleased to find the five reports in detail backing up his early judgment.

The executive committee met at ten o'clock, a group of busy, alert business and financial men. Jimmy once more sat at President Allison's right hand and watched the wheels within wheels move. Mr. Allison proposed his idea in brief and met an absolute frost.

"Mr. Allison," said Adam Parsons, chairman of the board and chairman of the executive committee, "it is not necessary to take a vote. The committee, I believe, is for you and your idea. If I am wrong, gentlemen, please interrupt me, any of you. We thought you were crazy, but we now believe you are right. But, I am sorry to say, we also think you are butting against a stone wall. Even if the P. M. and B. were willing to sell us that eighteen miles, the White Way would not stand for it. They've got a hold on the P. M. and B. Now then, you've proposed this thing. Put it over if you can. We're for you, but we don't see how you can do it."

"In other words—tag, I'm it?"

"You're it," rejoined Mr. Parsons, while other members of the committee nodded.

"All right," said Mr. Allison, grimly, "I'll catch somebody."

"But don't let the P. M. and B. crowd know what you're doing," warned Mr. Parsons, as the committee adjourned. "Call us back when you've anything to report."

"A week from this morning, same hour?" queried Allison, aggressively.

"Will you have anything then?" asked Parsons, in surprise.

"Yes," Allison replied, adding, under his breath, "somehow."

When the committee had finally filed out, it was noon, and the office employees were scurrying about in a rush to leave for the August Saturday half-holiday. Jimmy sought a word with Mr. Allison, resolved to tell him, now, of his information about the Universal Metal plant at Adamson.

But Mr. Allison, in a hurry to catch a train, asked him to wait until Monday. Reluctantly, Jimmy took his hat and started toward the Grand Central for his weekly pilgrimage to the Armstrongs in Westchester. As he left, he noticed Jones hanging about, but thought nothing of it. Downstairs, as he left the building and started toward Forty-second Street in the noonday crowd, he encountered Mr. Munson, walking toward the railroad building. He passed the oily lawyer and was half a block down the street before his resentment of Munson turned into active suspicion. Munson, Jones, Jones, Munson—he turned sharply about and fairly ran back to the building.

An elevator shot up to the office floors with him, and he burst out to run down the corridor to the entrance of the railroad suite. Munson, as he suspected, sat waiting in the outer office and started in guilty surprise as Jimmy entered. But Jimmy did not pause. He flung through his own little anteroom and into President Allison's private office.

As he recalled, Mr. Allison had gone away leaving the stack of reports on the Adamson-Grundy-Scogis hook-up on his desk. And, hulking over the desk, his hands on the reports in the act of picking them up, stood the colored man, Jones. Outside, in the reception-room, Munson waited. Jimmy acted quickly.

"Give me those reports, Jones," he commanded.

"Ah's, Ah's jus' gona put 'em away, suh," stammered the negro.

"Give them to me," ordered Jimmy.

"Whut right y'all got, huh?" snorted the darky, suddenly stubborn.

Jimmy sprang at the bigger fellow sharply, snatched the papers away from him and retreated quickly around the table. "Jones," he said, "I know what you're up to. Get out, before I brain you with a chair. You'll not sell out these papers to that man Munson, see? Get out—no, wait! Sit down. Sit down, I tell you!"

Jimmy watched while the cowardly negro slumped down in a chair. "Now then," said Jimmy, "you sit there five minutes, do you hear? Or I'll report you to Mr. Allison Monday, and he'll fire you. I'm going. And I'm taking these reports with me, see? You tell Munson to come back some other time."

So saying, Jimmy tightened his grip on the papers under his arm, backed out of a side door into an adjoining office, hurried through it and two other rooms and finally got out into the outer corridor without passing Munson. He did not wish to be followed, and he was sure all the office safes were locked so that he could not deposit the reports. He must take them with him to Westchester.

AT the Westchester station where he left the train, he found, not Billy, but Mr. Armstrong himself, apologetic in Billy's absence, awaiting him.

"Bill's gone off on a picnic," said Mr. Armstrong. "Told him that was a shabby thing to do, but he said I could run you around to the place in my car and take your things to the house afterward," he added.

"Never mind," exclaimed Jimmy, suddenly resolved to take a bold step. "I want to talk business with you, anyhow."

"Saturday afternoon?" queried Mr. Armstrong, as they got into the back of his luxurious motor.

"Got to act quick," said Jimmy. "Mr. Armstrong, what would you say if I told you Old Stony can save you twelve hours freight time between Adamson and New York, and twenty-four between Adamson and the mines out west?"

"I'd say I'd take off my shirt and give it to Old Stony," laughed Mr. Armstrong. "Why? Kidding me?"

"No, you may have to deliver the shirt," Jimmy grinned. "Wait till we get to the house, and I'll show you something."

They spent the whole afternoon together in Mr. Armstrong's library.

"Jimmy," said the older man, as dinner time approached, "you're a stem-winder. You've sold me on something that is worth a fortune to Universal Metal. We could move two other plants to Adamson and consolidate. In three years' time, this thing would be saving us half a million freight a year, more time than I can estimate, and bring your road and Scogis, combined, a million dollars' worth of tonnage every twelve months."

"Well, there's the rub," remarked Jimmy, glumly. "We don't see how we're going to do it."

"Going to do it?" echoed Mr. Armstrong. "Son, you won't have to do it." He overlooked Jimmy's unconsciously proud "we." "I'll see it's done myself, or Universal will. We spend money to save more money. Here, you make a date for me with Allison for lunch Monday, see? It'll be done. That's that."

Jimmy, thrilling with pride and with thoughts only for the work he had boldly entered, was lost to the world the rest of the day and Sunday. But, back in the office on Monday, he recovered his snap and dash.

"Mr. Allison," he said, "those papers—"

"Where are they?" demanded the president. "I remembered at home Saturday I'd left them on the desk and came all the way into town, to find them gone."

"In my desk, now," said Jimmy. And he told the whole story, up to but not including his interview with Mr. Armstrong. Mr. Allison, grateful, listened, with eyes wide open. "And now then, Mr. Allison, I'd like to make a luncheon date for you," he concluded.

"With whom?" asked the chief, absently, thinking of the risk Jimmy had run in attacking the big negro to save the reports.

"Mr. Armstrong, of Universal Metal," Jimmy replied. "They have an enormous plant at Adamson, and he's interested—"

"Say no more, say no more; of course I'll meet him," snapped President Allison. "Get him on the wire."

LATE that afternoon Mr. Allison was back in his office, a tremendous load off his shoulders, a new fighting gleam in his eyes, as Jimmy saw when, in response to a call, he entered the president's room.

"Jimmy, you've done it!" he exclaimed. "I'm proud of you, and grateful to you, and—oh, hang it, it beats the dickens how you happened on to this thing in the nick of time, when I'd apparently been beaten, and the committee thought I was whipped, and Morganross saw no way out. But Armstrong has agreed either to buy that branch line of P. M. and B., and re-sell to us, or, failing that, to finance half the cost of an entire new line to hook us up with Scogis, by way of Adamson—and give us a raft of freight, to boot. Boy, boy, you're good! A stem-winder—"

"Oh, it wasn't anything," began Jimmy, blushing like a schoolgirl.

"Armstrong was telling me all about you," added Allison, presently. "You are at Jordan on a railroad scholarship, in the School of Commerce."

"Yes, sir," Jimmy replied.

"It pays most of your expenses?"

"Yes, sir—all except my board."

"What are you going to do about that?" asked Mr. Allison.

"Well, I'm figuring on waiting on table to pay my board, sir," said Jim.

"You won't have to," exclaimed Mr. Allison. "From September first till June first, you'll be on leave of absence from Old Stony, on full pay. You've done a big day's work for us, and this may be a fairly decent day's work for us to do for you. What do you say?"

"Oh, gosh, Mr. Allison," said Jimmy, no longer the man of affairs, the user of "we" in railroad talk. "That's a big year's work for me. No table job. Time to play football! Oh, gosh, Mr. Allison!"



Byrd's Fokker plane  
America

Keystone Photo

# "WHIRLWIND" LAWRENCE

## His Motor Drove Lindbergh to France

By *Barklie Henry*

**T**EA-TIME on May 21. A comfortable, tastefully furnished house on Long Island, twenty miles from New York. Four people sitting at a table, playing a quiet family game. One of the four is a stocky, square-shouldered man, powerful as an ox, with bright eyes that take in everything. He looks like any commuter, just home from the office, enjoying himself in the company of his family and friends. To look at the man with the square shoulders, you would never know that at any moment he may hear the news that not only brings success or a failure to many years of grueling work but also tells him whether a human life intrusted to the keeping of his skill and thoroughness will survive. The man is Charles Lanier Lawrence, president of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, who designed and manufactured the motor which sped the Spirit of St. Louis across the Atlantic. One slight flaw, one fragment of faulty metal—and Lindbergh's plane would be a mass of wreckage, slowly settling in the ocean. Mr. Lawrence had something to think about on the afternoon of May 21.

Lindbergh had already been sighted over Ireland, over England. If nothing went wrong—well, lots of things could go wrong up to the moment the plane jolted down safely to a halt at its destination, on the bright-lit field at Le Bourget. But Mr. Lawrence just sat there in his house on Long Island and played the game he was playing and joked with Mrs. Lawrence and his two friends.

About six-thirty, the butler entered the room and said to the four people sitting there: "Lindbergh has landed at Le Bourget." All Mr. Lawrence said was: "Finish the game." The four people played on. When the game was finished, Mr. Lawrence laughed. Then he allowed himself to talk about the great news, on which Lindbergh's life and his own reputation had depended. But not until the game was finished.

A man who can be cool in a case like that is a real man.

### An Amazing Boyhood Prophecy

In 1896, Mr. Lawrence was a student at Groton School, in Massachusetts. In the Christmas celebrations at Groton in those days they used to appoint somebody to write a funny prophetic poem about various members of the school. That year Mr. W. Amory Gardner wrote the annual prophecy. It was a poem that was as clever as it could be, and so funny that everybody laughed

All the more astounding this poem becomes when you consider that flying in those days was still a dream of the future, no less impossible than Jules Verne's idea of going to the moon in a big cannon ball. Yet thirty-one years later Mr. Gardner's poem came absolutely true. The Wright Whirlwind motor is not a perpetual-motion machine, it is true, but recent events have proved pretty well that it can run without stopping just as long as there is gas to feed it.

Throughout those thirty-one years Mr. Lawrence's friends have continued to say of him: "Some day, Charlie Lawrence is going to do something big." And he has certainly done it. Byrd used Lawrence motors to fly over the pole and in his recent flight to Europe. Chamberlin used one to fly to Germany. Maitland and Hegenberger flew to Hawaii behind a Lawrence motor. And, of course, Lindbergh. In the five heroic flights of the past two years every plane has been equipped with one of Mr. Lawrence's motors. And not a single one of them has ever been the cause of an accident.

### Mr. Lawrence's Career

Mr. Lawrence is a descendant of one of the first families that came to Lenox, Mass., in the seventeenth century. After attending Groton School, he went to Yale. Here he spent much of his time tinkering with engines and learning all he could about automotive engineering. While at Yale he built, at various times, three complete automobiles. When he graduated from Yale he entered the automobile industry in partnership with two friends and built twenty cars for the Vanderbilt Cup Race. But the business went on the rocks, just the same. He then went to Paris, where he studied for three years at the Beaux Arts. He has been working ever since in automotive engineering. At the outbreak of the war he organized the Lawrence Aero Engine Corporation, which was later combined with the Wright Aeronautical Corporation.

There is nothing sudden in Mr. Lawrence's success. It is the result of long days and nights, and months, and years, of the most strenuous kind of hard work and the most exacting kind of clear thought. He deserves what he has won so far. His career is a good model for the young Y.C. Lab Member, tinkering in his workshop; it shows what can be accomplished by sheer energy and patience.

Aviation, like Mr. Lawrence, is still young. What success Mr. Lawrence has met so far is nothing to what the future appears to hold for him.

Mr. Lawrence is a man of wide culture and broad sympathies. He isn't at all the crabbed, eccentric inventor. He is forty-five years old, and he looks about thirty. He plays tennis with the same bounding energy with which he does everything else. He takes an interest in the people he talks to. He does not take it for granted that everybody he talks to is interested in him and his affairs. Aviation is not the only thing he talks about. He is one of those men who seem to have a vast fund of interesting and curious information. More—he has a knack of telling little incidents amusingly. You would expect him to be able to write a good novel, if he ever sat down to it, for he has the gift of expressing himself with vigor, originality, and colorful brevity. When he laughs, it is a real laugh, booming from somewhere under the top button of his coat.

### Before the Take-Off

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence have three children. Their son, Frank, is twelve years old. On the night before Lindbergh hopped off, Mr.



Charles A. Lawrence and the Wright Whirlwind motor which he developed. Motors of the same model, type J-5, drove Lindbergh, Chamberlin and Byrd to Europe, and Maitland and Hegenberger to Hawaii

and Mrs. Lawrence hurried out to the field, and Frank was allowed to accompany them. Before Lindy went to bed, he sat with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence and a few other close friends and associates in the venture. On that long night, Lindy was silent, unsmiling, a brave man on the eve of a great moment. The little group of men and women who were with him will never forget that night as long as they live. It was a grand night for young Frank Lawrence.

None the less, Frank got rather sleepy. Anybody would have, sitting up all night. He had an examination scheduled for the next day, but he hadn't told his father and mother. He reported at school next morning on time, yawning, and barely able to keep his eyes open. The principal of the school caught him yawning and said: "This is no way to come to an examination. What do you mean by coming to the school in this condition?" Or words to that effect. Frank Lawrence hemmed and hawed. Finally he explained, still yawning, that he had sat up all night with his father to see Captain Lindbergh start off for France. The headmaster broke into a broad grin and told Frank to go back home, sleep as long as he liked, and not come back to school until he felt like it.

### History of the Wright Whirlwind

The whole country smiled when it read in the papers that Lindbergh had taken letters of introduction with him to France and presented them when he landed. One of those letters was written by Mr. Lawrence, who has many friends abroad, to Myron T. Herrick, our Ambassador to France. Here is the answer which Mr. Herrick cabled to Mr. Lawrence. So far as we know, it has never before been published.

"Dear Charlie: Charlie presented your letter: one of

the three first to come across the Atlantic in an aeroplane, due to supreme personal courage and the efficiency of your engine. Myron T. Herrick"

In this message, the first Charlie is Charles Lanier Lawrence. The second refers to Charles Augustus Lindbergh. They have more in common than their first names.

What is the peculiar secret of this motor which has received such wide praise? It is a nine-cylinder, radial air-cooled motor, capable of developing more than two hundred horsepower, and weighing slightly more than five hundred pounds. It is the lightest motor for its power that has ever been developed, and is the result of long experimenting. The first design of this type of engine was made in 1920. Since then, four other improved models have been perfected, each better than the last. The J-5 model, used by Lindbergh, was tested for fifty hours at full speed in the laboratory on one of the hottest summer days. It was a test far more rigid than would ever be met in the air, and it came through perfectly.

Wright Whirlwind motors flew more than 1,700,000 miles in 1926 in commercial and private planes without a single accident. Not content with its

present record, the Wright Company is putting out a new airplane engine which, it is believed, will eclipse even the Whirlwind. It is to be called the Wright Cyclone. Mr. Lawrence predicts that a non-stop flight of six thousand miles will be possible in the very near future.

Mr. Lawrence has long believed in the possibilities of air-cooled motors in aviation, as compared with water-cooled motors.

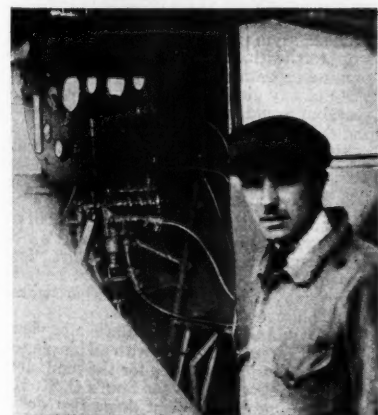
Up to a few years ago, not many of his colleagues agreed with him. Now, after the magnificent performance of the Whirlwind type, the heavier water-cooled motors for airplanes may well become obsolete.

### G. A. L. and C. L. L.

When Charles Augustus Lindbergh came back to New York after receiving every honor that France, Belgium, and England could shower on a young foreigner, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph Company, invited him to a reception at his Long Island home.

Mr. Mackay asked Lindbergh whom he wanted him to invite to the dinner preceding the reception. Lindbergh is said to have named but two people. One was the chief builder of the Spirit of St. Louis. The other was Charles Lanier Lawrence.

Many factors entered into Lindbergh's success. But few of those factors were so important as the brains behind the wonderful motor that drove his plane to France.

Keystone Photo  
The interior of the Spirit of St. Louis, showing control board and gasoline lines

over it for a long time. In particular, there was one verse about little Charlie Lawrence which sent the school into fits of laughter. It was so funny, so delightfully impossible. Here it is:

"When Charlie Lawrence seems to work  
With singular devotion,  
It's not his Latin nor his French—  
Oh, no, he's got a notion.  
He's busy with the last details  
For crossing land and ocean  
On his new patent flying car,  
Run by perpetual motion."

Keystone Photo  
Lindbergh (bareheaded) examining his Whirlwind motor in England



# THE PARLOR SNAKE

By Harford Powel, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. LASSELL



The amusing word formed by the first three initials of Algernon Sidney Samuel Coot became his nickname from the very first moment we saw him

**D**O you know a boy who is too much interested in girls?

This story is about this very delicate subject, and I warn you to skip it now, unless you feel very strongly about the right kind of wholesome, jolly friendships between boys and girls. These are Doctor Dupee's words. He is our principal, at Middletown Academy, and he says that he encourages the right attitude because it improves our manners and implants the spirit of chivalry. But he says that he abhors a boy who pays immoderate attention to girls, thus distracting himself from manly interest in studies and athletics.

No boy in our school could have been more abhorred by the doctor than Algernon Sidney Samuel Coot. This boy with the four-barreled name was girl-crazy; there is no other way to describe him. The amusing word formed by his first three initials became his nickname from the very first moment we saw him and noted his light yellow hair, and pink cheeks, and trousers with wide, floppy legs, and too well polished finger nails. On his bureau, moreover, he placed so many framed pictures of girls that you couldn't see the brush and comb.

By senior year, Ass Coot had so greatly enlarged his photograph collection that he had recourse to a fish net, which he tacked to the wall and filled with more pictures, principally snapshots. These included views of rafts at bathing beaches, with Ass surrounded by his girl playmates, and automobile picnics, and snaps of Ass playing mixed doubles. One of the automobiles belonged to him, and, although it was a small and ancient touring car without a top, he painted "Spirit of Scarsdale, N. Y.," on its hood in compliment to Lindbergh, whose airplane is the Spirit of St. Louis.

You never hear of a busy man like Lindbergh wasting time to amass a collection of girls' pictures; but our little companion had plenty of time for all this. It made him far

from popular among us, although we knew he had abilities if he only cared to use them.

"In my dim and distant day," said old Barker Johnson, our favorite teacher, "that Coot boy would have been called a fusser. Now the word, I believe, is sheik. His mail is full of pink envelopes. He parts his hair in the middle and wears such a high collar that he looks like his namesake, the jackass, peeping over a whitewashed wall. These things are not crimes. The authorities cannot take action, but I wish that you would."

"Anything to oblige you, sir," said Stan Biddle, "but we fear that he is a desperate case. He despises our activities. He is only lukewarm toward football, and Jack here can't get him to write stories for the Thumb Tack. He herds by himself, thinking about girls all the time; and I am afraid he encourages them to think about him."

"You state the case far too mildly," Barker answered. "But I have relied on your discretion before, and I do so again."

It was typical of Sparrow Doon, who was also present, to try to take matters

into his own hands. Sparrow was a monitor, like Stan and myself; he was also in charge of our newest enterprise, the Hobby Contest.

This contest was the result of a speech made by one of our visiting lecturers, a man of vast prominence in educational affairs. Doctor Dupee introduced him to us as a member of the Federated National Council of Child Development Through Free Psychological Expression. This man said that the "Three R's" were all very well in their way, but that the usual "classroom lockstep" had a deadening effect upon the mind. He was a little hard to follow in this part of his speech, but he grew more eloquent toward the close and urged us to cultivate hobbies. "Express your true selves," he said, "by forming collections. The boy who gathers shells on the shore today may become the great conchologist of tomorrow. Be your own teachers in some worthy branch of learning; master it and make it your own."

With these ringing words he sat down. And Doctor Dupee, who had looked very much annoyed while the lecturer was casting suspicion on the multiplication table, now brightened up and said that he would offer a prize of fifteen dollars for the best hobby collection formed by any boy.

We filed into Barker Johnson's classroom next morning in lockstep, like convicts. He was sensible enough to laugh, which spoiled the joke for us. But some of the other teachers were much less sensible; and Tommy Moore fairly exploded with wrath when Bill King tried to get excused from football practice, saying that he preferred to gather shells on the shore and thus become the great conchologist of tomorrow.

"If you aren't dressed to play at two sharp," snapped Mr. Moore, "I will make you the great sockdologist of the second team and run twenty consecutive plays over your writhing carcass."

And that was that! But a great many boys offered collections of different things

for the prize. These were put into a vacant classroom and carefully locked up by Sparrow until the last evening before the Christmas vacation, when they were to be exhibited and the prize awarded.

A boy called the Red-Headed Woodpecker, much interested in birds, sent in his noteworthy collection of eggs, embracing all varieties from the tiny hummingbird to the enormous ostrich. Stan Biddle submitted more than a hundred pictures of broncho-busting at his father's ranch in Texas. But these two collections, fine as they were, seemed woefully small beside that of Sam Waxby, who had collected paper matches for years. These come, as you know, in small cardboard cases, and Waxby had over seven hundred specimens, with no duplicates. Some of the advertisements printed upon them were most curious and interesting, including medicines, hotels and resorts.

But Doctor Dupee was not pleased by this collection, calling it a sad waste of time; and he was still more displeased by Henry Tollefsen's collection of automobile radiator caps. In fact, he almost boiled when he saw them and demanded to know where Henry had got them. Henry explained that he had haunted the dumps called "auto graveyards" all his life, often collecting a rare specimen in this way, and that he used these for traders, bargaining with mechanics and private owners, and with junk dealers too.

But the doctor was not interested in Henry's explanations and said that his hobby too was a waste of time. It looked as if the Woodpecker or Stan Biddle would win the prize without doubt, until Sparrow Doon sprang his great practical joke.

He went secretly to Ass Coot's room, an hour before the exhibition was to open, and took down the fish net full of snapshots and the framed pictures on the bureau. These he added, also without detection, to the other collections in the exhibition room, making it look exactly as if Coot had submitted them in competition for the prize.

We were all at supper when this happened, and if you have any idea of Doctor Dupee's nature you will imagine what he said when the doors were opened. He did not see the girls' photographs at first, but walked around the room commenting favorably on the birds' eggs, the broncho-busters, and a few other collections. Then he came to Coot's amazing collection of the photographs of girls.

"I am thunderstruck," began Doctor Dupee, "that any boy should have the effrontery to present such pictures as these. Words almost fail me," he continued, clearing his throat, "when I attempt to say how much I abominate any undue interest in girls. Can it be that one of our boys has put forward such pictures as his hobby? Let this deluded boy come forward at once. I demand to know his name."

There was dead silence, and then Ass Coot held up his hand. "These are my pictures," he said, "but I did not bring them to this room; and if I ever find the boy who did I—"

"Be silent," commanded the doctor. But there was no silence; there was the loudest roar of laughter I have ever heard. Meanwhile Algy furiously pulled down his fish net and wrapped it around the framed pictures. With this huge bundle in his arms he escaped from the room.

**H**ALF of senior year went by, and Coot remained a person of no importance at all. The only school office he received was chairman of the reception committee at our annual play—and this, you might say, was a sinecure. There was really nothing to do. But, lo and behold, Coot took it very seriously; he started by having programs printed, for the first time in our history.

The play was "Twelfth Night," by Shakespeare, in abridged form. When the actors found that Ass Coot had decorated the gymnasium with evergreen branches and Japanese lanterns, and had placed a canopy over the door like a regular theatre, they bestirred themselves and gave a far better performance than they had ever done in the rehearsals. There was a far bigger audience than usual, too; Coot had issued invitations to all the people in Middletown, on account of the strongly educational and classic value of the play.

After the performance, Coot caused his assistants to get supper from the buffet for everybody; and he was here, there and everywhere himself. When he saw an unpopular girl, or a hungry looking old man, he sent an usher to them with chicken salad; and he went and talked to them himself and said how particularly glad he was that they had come. Such a man is truly the life of a party, far more than one who has a selfish good time for himself, probably by telling his own stories and jokes.

In our room afterward, still wearing his costume as Orsino, Duke of Illyria, Stan Biddle said to me that he now saw Ass Coot in a different light, and a much more pleasing one. Little Mike Van Tassel was there, too, dressed in his gown as Viola; but we made him wash the rouge off his face before we let him sit down. The remaining person present was Bill King, and you can imagine what an imposing figure he presented as Sir Toby Belch, with a sofa pillow under his belt, and a big false nose as red as fire.

"We'll make a man of Ass yet," said Stan. "I've got a plan to direct his excellent abilities into a useful groove."

"Can't be done," grunted Bill King. "Ass is a parlor snake, first, last and all the time."

The term parlor snake was new to us, and we laughed.

"He's a sheik," added Bill. "A rug jumper, if you know what I mean. A jelly bean, a bean, a lounge lizard, a dude."

"Wait a minute," said Stan, "and I'll tell you what I propose."

We heard it, and it took our breath away. But we knew that Stan's plans generally came out all right, however queer they looked in the beginning. And the long and the short of it was that we had a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association, then and there, and appointed Ass Coot manager of the baseball team. There was a vacancy—Fred Gruger had had trouble with his eyes and was to leave school for a year.

"Not a word of this now," said Stan. "Mum's the word. Wait till I tell the gentle Ass that there's a string tied to our offer."

It must have been a very terrible interview. Stan can be very cold and impressive when he likes—he has known cow-men all his life, and he can talk just like them. You know how I mean: very soft and low, but with heavy emphasis on every word. He told me afterwards that Ass Coot turned scarlet with happiness when he heard about the offer and then cried with shame and rage when he heard about the string.

The string was that Ass Coot must return each and every one of his pictures to the girls themselves, and must also write short letters to them, saying that all correspondence must stop forthwith. Finally, he was asked to promise on oath that he would not speak or write to any girl until the end of the school year, but would devote himself to the difficult and delicate duties of baseball manager.

"It took the best part of an hour," said Stan to me afterward. "I had to make him see what a man's work in the world really is. He wriggled and he begged, and he said that a lot of his little playmates would never speak to him again. But he wanted the manager's job, and he wanted to be one of the boys. The reason he likes girls so much is that he feels he's a lemon among us. Well, here's his chance. I made him see it at last."

In the morning after this painful interview, Ass Coot came to our room with all his photographs tied up in packages for the mail, and with a bundle of letters for Stan's O. K. He had sat up nearly all night doing this work. Stan had given him a model for the letters, which was certainly brief and to the point, as a good letter should be.

"I changed some of the letters a little," said Coot, with a glance at me.

"Jim's my friend," said Stan, in his Texas voice. "If you can't talk to him, you can't talk to me."

So Coot read one of the altered letters, and when I tell you how it was written you will be as surprised as we were. He had written:

"Hello, Loretta, old friend; I've got some bad news for you, but will be so busy I must be brief. No more letters just now; it's a secret, and I can't tell you the reason, but I will be thinking about you all the time, and I just know you will think about me. So no



more at present, from yours truly and regretfully, Algyboy."

"What?" shouted Stan. "What was that last word?"

"Just—just a little private name she had for me," murmured Coot.

"Well, it won't do. It is pernicious in the highest degree. Tear it up and write the 'Dear Miss Smith' letter, just as I told you."

Coot did so, groaning a good deal. I shouldn't wonder if this Loretta was among his best girl friends. But he did the work, while Stan glared at him, meanwhile winking at me. And then Coot left our room to assume his duties as manager of the team.

"Poor little parlor snake," I said. "I don't envy him the mess he has ahead of him."

"He's an ex-snake now," replied Stan, grinning. "I have got him out of more trouble than he can possibly get into here."

These were prophetic words. I cannot relate in detail all Coot's adventures that spring; Fred Gruger had left things in a mess, and Coot had to clear it all up, rearrange the schedule, and make two overnight trips with the squad. And I cannot say that he had much help from either Tommy Moore, the coach, or Bill King, the captain. Bill got into a mysterious batting slump, and his temper grew so bad that he needed a scapegoat to blame everything on; and Ass Coot was the goat.

"My own view," said Coot one day, "is that Bill has esophoria. His eyes don't focus, if you know what I mean. Last year he was a slugger, and this year he can't hit a balloon. Look at his throwing hand, and you'll see how he is misjudging the balls. He needs glasses. But to tell him that would be like a red rag to a bull, in his present state of mind."

With the exception of Bill King, the players came around to liking Coot quite well. Several of them even stopped calling him "Ass" and called him Sid.

Our traditional athletic rival is Weston School. We had been regarding them as deadly enemies for years, and they returned the compliment. They had a song about us entitled: "We'll Sink Middletown to the Bottom of the Sea." We used to sing the Yale Undertaker Song at them, and it drove them frantic. For a week before the annual

games, we used to think up humorous cheers and other jokes; and when we won a game, which was not very often, we had a celebration that almost raised the roof.

A week before this crucial game, Coot went to Doctor Dupee and said that our exaggerated hatred was merely childishness, and that Weston School was at least theoretically a place for gentlemen, and that it would be a good idea to ask their players to lunch with us before the game. The doctor agreed, and an invitation was sent; and we got a surprisingly grateful letter accepting it.

Coot met their team with an omnibus at the station; and, although the lunch proposition had been viewed with alarm by conservatives at both schools, the Weston team seemed extremely pleased not to have to eat as usual at the Middletown Inn. They lunched at a long table with our players, and, while they did not put their arms around each other or greet our boys like long-lost brothers, they were nevertheless civil and orderly. The players sat together according to their positions. For instance, our pitcher, Sam Clark, sat next to their pitcher, Stevens. Little did they know the duel they were to wage that afternoon!

For this game proved to be one described as "a school baseball classic" in the Official Baseball Guide. It will never be forgotten. The score was tied, 3 to 3, in the eighth, and they played *thirteen* extra innings after that!

Our games usually come out 14 to 9, or something like that, with plenty of errors and many hits. But in this long game our team couldn't hit Stevens, and they couldn't hit Clark. Stevens was a great big fellow, with an arm like steel; I wondered that their catcher could hold him, for he had a speed ball that smoked. Clark had all his fancy curves breaking that day, and perfect control too. He mixed in a lot of slow balls, and the batters were swinging too soon.

Bill's batting average for the season was .033 at the start of this game, and it sank steadily every time he came to bat. Stevens threw the ball right by him, and Bill's prodigious swings only fanned the air. Once he hit the highest fly I ever saw, and we all yelled, but the Weston right fielder backed out and camped under it.

Score in the twenty-second, still 3 to 3.

And both Stevens and Clark looked strong as ever, especially Stevens. For in their half of the inning Weston managed to squeeze over a run. On the scoreboard it was the biggest run you ever saw.

**S**AUNDERS batted for Middletown, and struck out. Then Rogers came to bat. He hit the first pitch straight back at Stevens, and Stevens did not field it cleanly, though he quickly picked it up and threw Rogers out at first. Then Clark came up; it was the weak end of our batting list, and you will know how badly Bill King was hitting that year when I say that he was last on the list, below the pitcher. But Clark was a pretty good hitter, better than any substitute we had. He knocked a clean hit.

Then it was Bill's turn; and just before he walked to the plate I saw Sid Coot hurry to Tommy Moore, on the end of the bench. Sid whispered to him for some time, and then Tommy Moore called to Bill King and spoke to him earnestly. I saw Bill shake his head. Then Tommy spoke some more, and at last Bill went up to bat. And somebody behind me in the stand said distinctly: "This is our last chance; this is the break of the game."

I know Bill felt that way. Here he was, captain of the team, a mighty slugger in past years and as helpless as a child all season. If there was one last home run in his system, this was the time and place for it. I knew how hard he would try.

To the stupefaction of everyone in our stands, Bill stood there with the bat on his shoulder, while Stevens threw two perfect strikes over the plate. Stevens looked as surprised as we were. He hesitated, shook his head twice at the catcher's signals, and then wasted a ball. Then he threw a high, fast one. Bill ducked. Ball two.

Then Stevens wound up just as if there was nobody on base, and pitched the very wildest wild ball I ever saw; it hit the top of the backstop. Ball three, and Clark went down to second base.

Two out, two strikes and three balls, and two runs needed to win. "This pitch will tell the tale," came the voice behind me; I looked back, and there was old Barker Johnson gripping his walking stick until his knuckles showed white.

The next pitch was a ball, and Bill dropped his bat and ran to first. And then a dependable batter came up, Mike Van Tassel, with his two bats waving and his cap jammed down over his eyes. He waved the bats, and tossed one away; he knocked the dirt carefully out of his spikes. All this was for moral effect. But it wasn't necessary. Stevens uncorked another wild pitch, putting Clark on third and Bill on second. Then the next pitch came over, and Mike hit it on a line just over third base. And Bill trotted home with the winning run, while we swarmed over the field and tried to decide how it all happened—5 to 4 for Middletown, and a classic of schoolboy baseball.

The bonfire burned down at last, and everybody made a speech—Bill last of all. But it was the most surprising speech you ever heard.

"If Sid Coot hadn't won his letter as manager," he said, "I'd give him mine as a player. He won the game for us. Regular Middletown cheer for Sid Coot, now! One, two, three!"

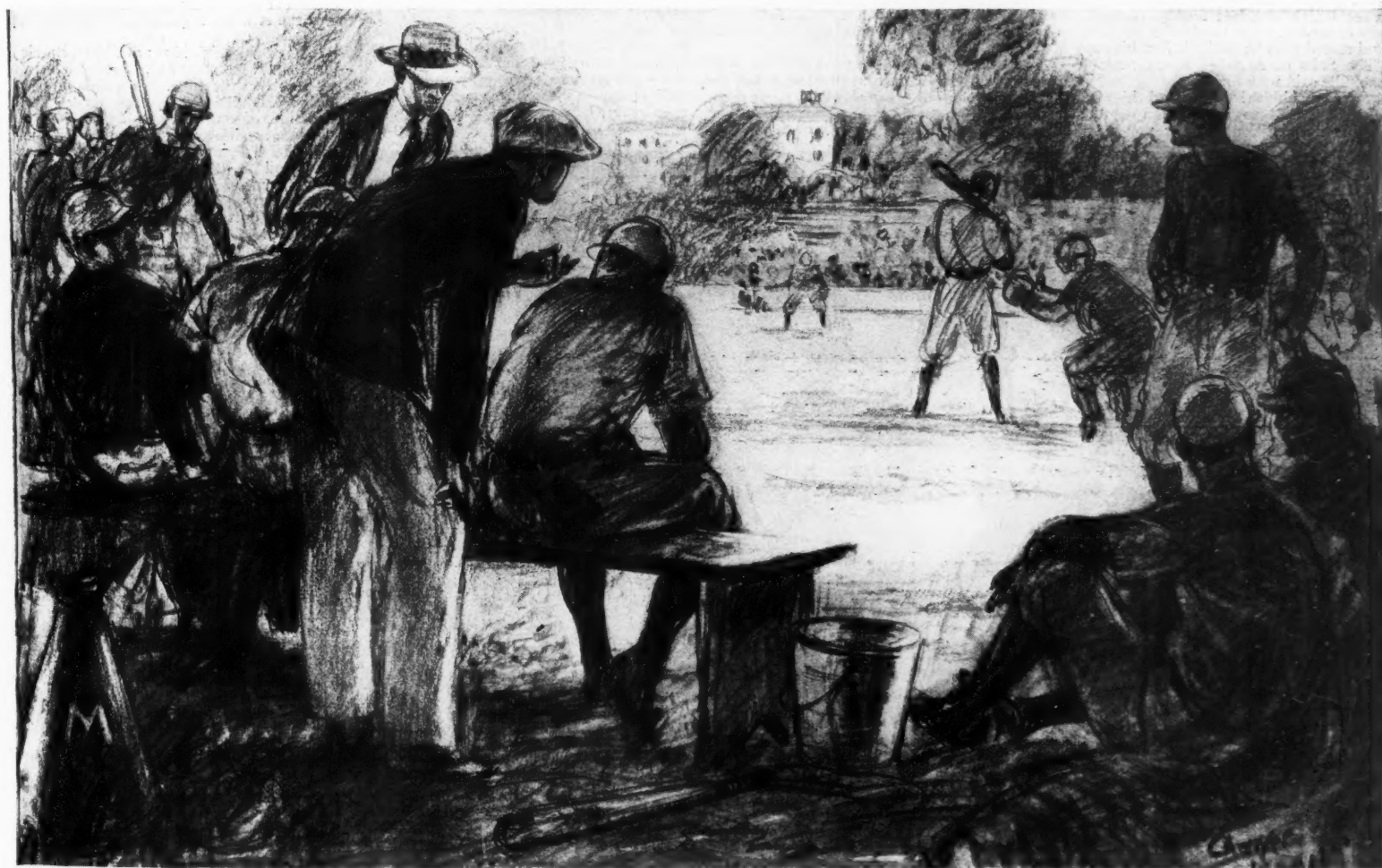
The cheer came with a roar, surprised as we were. And afterwards Bill explained. He said that Coot's sharp eyes watched Stevens, and in the last inning the ball hit by Rogers had hit Stevens, not on the glove, but on the kneecap. You probably know how that feels, if you have ever been hit hard on the knee.

Stevens threw the ball to first base, retiring Rogers; and, while everybody except Coot was watching the play at first base, Stevens stooped and rubbed his knee.

"That was all Coot needed to know," said Bill. "If I'd had my way, I'd have struck out—for the umpteenth time. My eyes are bad, I guess. But Coot told Moore, and Moore told me, and so I just waited. Stevens had nerve—he pitched two perfect strikes, though his knee hurt like fire. But he couldn't pitch one more. He only needed one to win the game. But you saw what happened, fellows. Hats off to Sid Coot."

Stan slapped Coot on the back so hard he nearly knocked him down.

"You've got some friends among boys now," he said to him. "And I'll say that Yale will have some baseball manager when you go there!"



Sid whispered to Tommy Moore for some time, . . . and at last Bill King went up to bat. And somebody behind me said distinctly: "This is our last chance; this is the break of the game"



# SHIP OF DREAMS

By Edith Ballinger Price

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

## THIS WILL REMIND YOU OF WHAT HAS OCCURRED IN EARLIER CHAPTERS

GARTH PEMBERLEY, sea-loving at sixteen, notices the window-shades of a queer little house hidden in New York, painted with blue ships. Fascinated, he knocks on the door and wanders in, finding Captain Fergus Ferguson, a fine old Scotch shipmaster, tinkering with a wonderful model of a sailing ship he once commanded. Garth and the captain take to each other at once.

Garth returns home and tells his uncle, Robert Sinclair, a painter, all about the captain. The captain comes to tea soon after, and delights the whole Sinclair family. Garth shows the captain the Ship of Dreams, a painting his uncle did for him when he was small. Garth's whole ambition is reflected in that picture of a beautiful ship.

Captain Ferguson is about to set sail on the steamer Tarca, bound for the coast of Portuguese West Africa. Liking Garth, he offers to take him as far as Hampton Roads, where Garth's parents are. Garth's father has been a writer and a light-house keeper, but is now commanding a destroyer.

Garth and the captain steam out of New York on the Tarca. Garth eats in the officers' mess. There is Gleason, the red-faced first officer; Dunkirk, the second, a lean, quiet-looking man; Crope, the chief engineer, a disagreeable, sullen fellow with queer eyes; and Barclay, the third officer, young, whimsical, and friendly. Like Garth, Captain Ferguson has never seen any of these men before.

The Tarca reaches Hampton Roads safely. Garth's father jokes with Garth about shipping for Africa—and Garth takes him seriously. Garth's father and mother discuss the matter with Captain Ferguson. Garth is entered for Tech next year, but he is almost too young to get the most out of college. Highly excited, he enters the room where his parents and Captain Ferguson are talking it over.

"We sail for Africa at noon tomorrow," the captain says. "The Tarca's papers require a supercargo. I request you to sign on."

## CHAPTER THREE

WHAT remained of that afternoon, and the next morning, were filled with incredulous preparation. The captain returned to the Tarca; Jim went with him to the waterfront, and they talked. Elspeth, needle and button-thread in hand, made a hasty survey of the clothes Garth had brought from New York. Garth himself, speechless, fled downtown to buy what additional gear he thought a supercargo of the Tarca might need. He pulled everything out of his bags and repacked them, and wasted some time in gazing raptly at the sun-helmet the captain had advised him to buy.

"Going to the tropics! Actually going to need a thing like that!" He put it on and looked furtively at himself in the glass, rather ashamed to see how well it became him. The last bag was about to be strapped when Garth searched hastily through the pile of books he had tumbled upon the floor and stated that he couldn't find his copy of "The Sails of Argo"—"And I must have one," he said with finality.

"What rubbish!" remarked his father, who happened to be the author of the volume in question. "Can't you take up

your limited book space with worthier reading matter?"

"It's the only pleasure I'm allowing myself," Garth contended. "All the others are trig and celestial navigation and the marine manual, and so forth. 'The Sails of Argo' takes up no room at all, as you know very well."

"Here, here, take my own copy, then," said Jim, privately gratified, and he fetched it from the corner of the living-room that did duty as his study when he was ashore.

The Tarca did sail at noon, sure enough, her decks again grimed with a film of coal dust. Elspeth and Jim went aboard to see their son's quarters and look about the ship. Barclay, into whom they bumped in the passage, was both astounded and delighted to hear that Garth was going on.

"I was feeling such an infant after you cleared out," he explained, "so awfully junior, you know. And nobody much to talk to. Imagine trying to take that turtle-eyed boiler-plate into your confidence." In this disrespectful manner did Mr. Barclay refer to the chief engineer.

Elspeth was still dazed when the 078's launch drew away from the Tarca and the freighter herself began slowly to move down harbor. She stood up, Jim's arm about her, and waved mechanically. Garth's handker-

chief, a dwindling flicker of white, flapped still from the bridge. The Tarca swung and, stern on, grew less and less distinct as the haze enveloped her.

"Bad luck to watch her out of sight," said Jim, trying to draw his wife within the launch's canopy. But Elspeth waved still, though Garth's eyes were by this time turned seaward. Jim could not bring himself yet to tell her that he had that morning received his own orders, and that within a few days the sea would take both her men away from her.

THE Tarca quickly settled to the routine of a ship at sea. Garth, whose duties as supercargo were practically nonexistent except in port, set himself to find out what they would be, and pored over bills of lading. Sprawled on a canvas hatch cover, he also gave his attention to prime verticals, altitudes, azimuths and other points of navigation. At noon he presented himself on the bridge and looked on wistfully while Captain Ferguson and Mr. Gleason "shot the sun." Oftenest Garth abandoned text-books and gazed at the sea itself—the deep-sea blue that he had always tried to imagine and found now that he had never imagined correctly. The Tarca was far out of sight of land, taking a great diagonal course towards the African coast. The long waves seemed solid, there in that infinite depth of water—like huge sapphires with changing facets. Where the Tarca's bows splintered their masses, or where their crests curved and broke and merged again into the deep, the blue changed to a coldly beautiful pattern of aquamarine, cool, clear, extraordinarily pure, but utterly without soul or warmth. Garth understood now why the gem was so called—aquamarine, sea water. Never before had he seen any sea water that looked exactly like the stone. Deep, deep—frighteningly deep. Nothing at all but the sea. Garth, despite lifelong dreaming of it, had not realized how huge it would actually seem. A little squall of rain—the great sea-space gray and vague—a rift of sun—a sheet of silver on the horizon; then again the vast, deep-blue pattern shot with lines of foam. At night it was inky



The chief engineer had a dark and evil eye

black, curiously black, with the foam crests traced in unreal pallor; the moon still ahead—the dark bow of the ship flinging aside masses of pale water that vanished at once into the strange, impenetrable blackness of the sea.

"If you think it's blue now," Mr. Barclay remarked a few days out, "just wait till we get down to the Line. It's quintessence of blueness. By the way—you've never crossed the Line, of course. There's that little experience awaiting you, when Pop Neptune and Ma Trident come aboard and man-handle all the lubbers."

"Sure enough," Garth said. "And then do we see the Southern Cross?"

"I've known 'em to be so rough you see all kinds of stars, afterwards," Barclay said.

"No, no," Garth cut in, as he assimilated this; "I mean the real one."

"Oh, yes, you'll see it, all right. Not much to look at—always leaning over on its side as if it were too tired to stand up. Like all the rest of us when we get down there."

But Garth was certain there must be more of magic about those southern stars. Taking the hot afternoon watch below on his bunk beside the swinging picture that the porthole made, he sought to recapture that magic in his father's verses. He opened "The Sails of Argo" at "First Night Out" with confident anticipation.

We dropped the tug at the harbor light, and she scurried home; but we, We left the land on our quarter and slanted out to sea; And the stars came, and the wind rose, and the ship was running free.

And then the sheet-blocks thumped the mast and the sheets began to clack, And some of us climbed the futtock-shrouds to stow the royals' slack, For there's no playing with ships at sea, and no turning back.

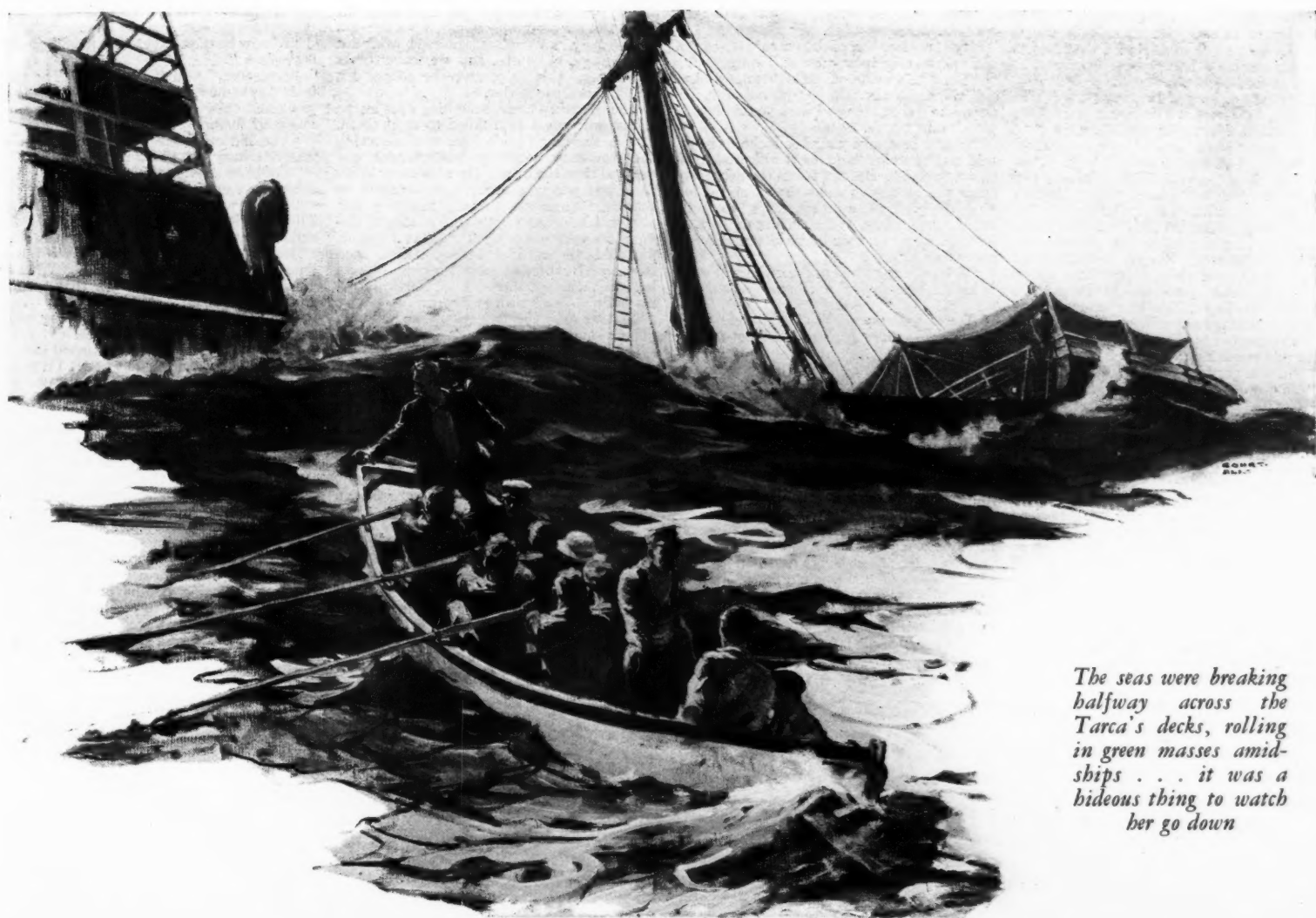
We double-reefed the tops'ls, and we snugged her down for the night, And she bucked the climbing rollers with their hairy foreheads white Till the wind dropped and the seas fell with the coming of the light.

She's left the dirty squall behind, and we set her kites in the dawn— For she's sniffed the South in the rising day, and she leaps to get her gone To tramp the wide blue-water place where the soul of her is drawn.

To thrash her way through the empty seas to the tune of her booming sails;



Garth's light illuminated a little oasis in the cargo, discovering the startled figure of a young man with a weak but handsome dark face



*The seas were breaking  
halfway across the  
Tarca's decks, rolling  
in green masses amid-  
ships . . . it was a  
hideous thing to watch  
her go down*

For we're out, hull-down from Marblehead,—  
the last gray shore-line fails,—  
And she's rap-full and steady-foot, and the  
dawn star pales!

That was it! The Tarca was doing her best, but she was steam, after all. She wasn't the beautiful, living, superhuman thing that a great sailing vessel must be—the ship that still filled Garth's imaginings. Few and few were the square yards now to be seen upon the waters; perhaps he would never find her. As he turned a page in the little volume, two bits of paper slid out from between the leaves—something of his father's, Garth fancied, for they were in Jim's small, swift, decorative hand. "To a Small Boy: September 8, 1911." That caught Garth's eye, for it was the date of his own second birthday. He read, curiously.

Four and twenty circling moons have lit you on  
your way  
Up the rose-engirdled path where you walk  
today;  
The sun-dial on the hill-top, with a shadow  
clear,  
Marks the dawning hours of another year.  
Birds there be to sing for you, every day and  
all;  
Flowers for your feet, hearth-fire in the hall;  
All that love can win you, all that life can  
give—  
My heart within your hands as long as I shall  
live!

So his father had felt like that—about a baby of two! What had he been like, then, he wondered. It was before the wretched illness that had left him helpless. What difference had that made? It burst over him suddenly, this new wonder—and fear. That his parents loved him exceedingly he could not fail to know; but that little secret birthday rhyme—it told of a pride, a confident looking ahead, that must all have been shattered a year later. To Garth, his lameness had been a lifelong matter of course; he had known nothing else. That it must have come as a grave disappointment and sorrow to his parents he had never before acutely realized. What had it done to his father's love and pride? The other bit of paper was soon to tell him. He raised it guiltily as he saw its title: "To My Son: September 8, 1912."

There is a noble fellowship  
Of those whose task it is to bear  
The thankless world's allotted share  
Of pain, yet deem the world is fair.

And are you set apart, my own,  
To follow out that task, alone?  
You, for whose eyes the good sun shone,  
For whom the lily flower was made  
In garden shade?  
You, whose ever-dancing feet  
Were light as sun-gleams, and as fleet?  
Is it all over, then? Bird song,  
Roses the upward path along?  
Has the road ended in the dark abyss?  
Is there no other recompense for this  
But the scant comfort of your mother's  
kiss?

Not over! For among the dreaming trees  
Adown the world still wakes the evening  
breeze;  
Behind the windy hemlock's shifting bough  
Still burns the silver pattern of the Plough.  
Your window holds, between imprisoning bars,  
An ageless company of splendid stars;  
And there are candles for the daylight's end,  
With gusty saffron tongues that sway and bend,  
And flowers that will bloom for you again,  
And the high sun, and the gray-footed rain—  
And far away, where you have yet to be,  
The vast and misty reaches of the sea,  
With winds that beckon and with gulls that cry,  
And stately sweeping clouds that plough the  
sky,  
And, where the sea line to the world's end pales,  
The fleeting golden glint of fearless sails.

It is not over! For the whole world gleams  
As fair before you as a place of dreams;  
And there is work and yet work to be done  
By every man who lives beneath the sun.  
Such is my faith in you, I have no fear!  
The steep and frowning way lies strait and  
clear,  
And from its crest you, unafraid and brave,  
Will find yourself fate's master—not her  
slave!

It was like a challenge! Garth could hear it ring out in his father's clear voice as he had heard many a sound word of courage and common sense.

"By glory, I shan't disappoint him!" shouted the supercargo of the Tarca, leaping down upon far more useful legs than anyone had once expected he would ever have. It wasn't everybody who had a father like

that—not by a good deal! Garth was consumed with an immediate desire to justify his existence. The only thing he could think of to busy him instantly was to descend to that cargo towards which he was responsible, meet it in person, and check up what he could see of it. He gathered up his lists and bills of lading, pulled off his coat, and made his way—not through the cargo hatch, but through a small bulkhead door leading to the hold.

It was fearsomely hot down there, and reeking with the mingled smells of bilge and a general cargo. There was very little light, for Garth had neglected to find out where the electric switch was. He had his flashlight in his pocket, however, and turned its small beam on labels and cargo marks, peering and frowning at his lists. He crawled over cases of sewing-machines, great bales of cotton cloth, boxes of drugs and medicines, barrels and crates. He soon saw that it would be impossible to check even a small part of the cargo, as only the upper strata were to be got at. He was climbing and crawling in the general direction of the door, when his light caught a slight movement in the shadow.

"A rat, I expect," thought Garth, though it had seemed rather too big. He hesitated, and then moved quietly in the dark towards the place where he had seen the shifting shadow. He felt himself perched on the edge of a sort of hole or clearing among the cargo, and stopped, again uncertain. There was no sound but the sea rushing by across the Tarca's Plimsoll line without, and the rumble and swirl of her screw astern. Then Garth snapped on his light and directed it downwards. It clearly illuminated a little oasis in the cargo, wherein sat the startled figure of a man. He was a young man, with a rather weak but handsome dark face, to which the addition of several days' beard lent a desperate note. Most of his clothes lay beside him, near an empty mug and a greasy plate. Garth realized that he was gazing upon a stowaway in the flesh and wondered just what a supercargo should do about it.

"What are you doing here?"  
"Dreamin' of an electric fan an' a long drink," said the young man hoarsely.  
"Think I'm here fer m' health?"

"You'd better come on deck and report to the captain," said Garth severely, trying to sound like the first officer.

"Can it, kid," said the stowaway. "You leave me in peace just a whiles longer. I'm takin' the Turkish bath cure fer m' nerves. I'll report when I'm good an' ready."

"Who knows about you besides yourself?" he inquired. "Who's bringing you chow?"

"The ravens of the air, same's the old guy in the Book. I brung a little picnic lunch along with me, on'y I ferget the thermos bottle. You run along an' play now, kid, an' keep yer pretty face shut a whiles longer."

"As an officer of this ship," said Garth, "I demand to know who has been feeding you." Something which, if it were a laugh, was an extremely unpleasant one broke from the man. A fist shot up into the circle of light; something hit Garth on the point of his chin, and the Tarca seemed inconsequently to turn turtle and then go roaring and flashing into gentle oblivion.

CAPTAIN FERGUSON looked about inquiringly when his youngest officer did not appear for supper.

"Where's the laddie?" he asked. "He's no seasick, is he?"

"Not that one," rumbled Gleason. "He evidently don't know what it is. I've not seen him, sir."

"He went to his cabin about two bells, sir," Barclay volunteered. "He's always reading poetry or studying navigation, sir, or some such rubbish."

"A very excellent combination," observed Captain Ferguson, eyeing the Third calmly; "one that serves to keep the balance in a man. Boy, go and see if Mr. Pemberley'll be in his cabin and no minding the time."

The steward returned to report the cabin empty. The captain looked troubled.

"He's a dreamy lad, but he's not one that doesn't keep to ship's time. What can have come to him?"

He pushed aside his coffee at last and went himself to Garth's cabin, for an uneasy suspicion kept running through his head. He glanced at the pile of papers on Garth's folding desk and at once missed the cargo bills.



"The puer ower-conscientious laddie! I'll warrant he's slipped off to tally cargo, and the heat's got him. And I that looked into his mother's honest blue eyes and as much as swore I'd care for him!"

The hasty reading of Jim's poem, which he had picked up from the floor, did not lighten the captain's heart. Jim was suddenly completely revealed to him. "A rare man! It's a grave thing I've laid on myself, taking their lad from them," muttered the captain as he ran to the bulkhead door, calling Barclay and the boatswain.

Electric light flooded the bilge hold, and a little searching showed Garth sprawled on top of a pile of cases. Barclay had him down in a minute, and they all got him up on deck—the airiest place on the Tarca. The captain, kneeling beside him and working over him, was rewarded more suddenly than he had expected by Garth's sitting bolt upright and remarking:

"Did you get him too?"

"Lie down—easy now, lad. Get who?"

"The one that knocked me out."

"Nobody knocked you out, Pemberley, but the heat. I'd never thought to warn you. Creeping about there under battened hatches—hadn't you more sense?"

"It was infernally hot," Garth agreed, "but that wasn't what got me, though I suppose it didn't help any. A life-sized stowaway hit me a clip on the chin because I demanded who'd been feeding him."

"You're crazy," said Crope, who was in the knot of interested onlookers. "Crazy with the heat. Anybody'd pass out double quick who tried to stay down there."

"Oh, no, they wouldn't," Garth insisted. "That is, he hasn't. Do you mean to say you didn't see the hole he's been living in, and his dirty dishes and all?"

"Barclay—you were up there?" asked the captain.

"I did notice a sort of clearance in the cargo, sir, but nothing to wonder at. No dishes."

"Then he's made off with them and himself till he thinks this has blown over. He hoped he'd shut me up. I wish you'd investigate," said Garth.

"You'd best take your headache to bed," said the captain, "and we'll talk about all this tomorrow. He can't exactly get away from the ship, you know, even supposing he's there. And a stowaway's no such calamity, at worst. We'll set him to work so he'll be sorry he ever considered running away to sea."

Garth did go to bed and for the first time in his life knew how it felt to be seasick.

IT was mid-morning when he came on deck next day and found a knot of men gathered aft. Against the deckhouse leaned the stowaway in his dirty wet shirt and wrinkled trousers. He looked extremely unkempt and rather sulky.

"You were right," the captain said, on seeing Garth join the edge of the group.

"Here he is; but no dishes."

"There were dishes," Garth insisted. "Of course they weren't there by the time you found him. But he can't have been living on air all this time—not very good air, at that."

"Well, if there ain't little 'as-an-officer-of-this-ship,'" sneered the stowaway. "How're you this bright morning? We had a little chat, we did. Captain, you'd be tickled stiff to see how much authority he takes on his young shoulders. You'd think it was the Old Man himself."

"I haven't asked for your comments," said the captain. "Now, boys, I give notice; if any man on this ship has been maintaining

this stowaway, I advise you to confess the fact. It's no a serious thing, if you give a satisfactory explanation. He must work out his passage, of course. But we want things straight on this ship, and the sooner it's straightened the better."

The captain's clear, searching eyes swept the crowd; not a man failed to meet them. Crope, standing beside him, was observing the stowaway narrowly first through one eye and then the other. The stowaway in his turn was gazing steadily and vacantly at the chief engineer. Crope's drooping lids always fascinated Garth with a sort of disgust; he watched now. The chief's eyelids flickered three times in succession, then closed and clung. It looked almost like an intentional signal. Incredulous, Garth stared, his brain rushing with swift surmise.

"That's all," the captain was concluding. "Get along, boys. Mr. Crope, did I understand that you'll take this gentleman?"

"Yes, sir," said Crope. "I want another stoker. If you want to make him sorry he tried his little game, there's no tougher job to give him." He looked with a sneer at the stowaway.

"Take him along, then," the captain said. Crope and the man disappeared quickly down the boiler hatch.

Garth followed the captain to the bridge ladder.

"May I have a word with you, sir?"

The captain wheeled to him. "Ah, well, you were no so crazed as we thought. There was the chap, right enough; harmless, I expect."

"Captain," said Garth, "I'm almost sure that Mr. Crope was signalling to the stowaway."

The captain stared as if he thought Garth had no business to be out of bed.

"You're daft, laddie," he said. "Mr. Crope did not lift a hand. I would have seen it."

"I know he didn't. He was signalling with his eyelids."

"Nonsense," said the captain. "The puer body has some affection of the muscles that gives him such a twitter. Have you no remarked it before?"

"Yes, indeed," Garth assented, "but this was voluntary, I'd swear it."

"Could be reading the message perhaps?" asked the captain with a smile.

"No, it wasn't code," said Garth, "but I'd swear it was an intentional signal—for encouragement, or caution, or something."

The captain looked very grave. "If this is true, it's strange enough," he said. "What at all could the chief have with that fellow? But I can't credit it. You're still not yourself, Garth lad. Your mind's running away with melodramatic possibilities."

"I've had fourteen hours of good sleep," said Garth, "and never felt fitter. I'd swear to it, Captain—almost; it's barely possible it might have been just that queer way he has with his eyes."

But the captain had suddenly withdrawn inside his reflective Scotch mind to ponder over what his supercargo had told him. He stood motionless on the bridge, a deepened line on his forehead indicating that a troublesome thought was obscuring everything else.

Garth, with a faintly pleasurable unquiet sense of something impending, betook himself to the engine-room, where he stood on the open iron platform gazing down into the hot, plunging depths of rhythmically moving steel, hoping to catch some random glimpse into the strangely suspected relationship of Crope and the stowaway.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 592]



Out of the flying fog came a ship—a full-rigged ship—sailing down upon them. She was so like the Ship of Dreams—cloudy canvas, bright clear water curling at her foot, an unearthly still mystery about her—that Garth thought he was the victim of an hallucination



# THE SPIRIT OF THE LEADER

By William Heyliger

ILLUSTRATED BY R. L. LAMBDIN

**I**N September Walter Potts came to Harrington Academy eager for football. At home he had played a game in which "everything went." It had been a rough game, a game of give and take, and Potts had learned early how to give. He was quite deft at rubbing gravel into an opponent's face. His specialty, however, was kneeling. He knew just when to bring his leg up, just what part of the stomach to reach, just how to conceal the action from referee, umpire or linesman. Never had Potts been banished from a game.

When Garrett, the Harrington coach, called for candidates, Potts was one of the first to present himself. When he said that he had played at tackle, Moya, the captain, shook his head, and so did Garrett. They thought he was not built right for a tackle.

But within two weeks Potts had won the place at right tackle and had gone to training table with the school eleven. He was "Wally Potts" to all the team, from Garrett down to shrill-voiced little Dawson, the quarterback.

The opening game with Schley was still a week off, and there were still positions to be filled.

Moya and Potts jogged back to the gymnasium after two hard periods of practice scrimmage.

"We'll be weak at right end," the captain said. "If Mercer had only a few more pounds!"

"He gives me a pain," Potts grunted. "That scrub fellow's slower than mud. There are half a dozen tricks Mercer could work on him, and he'd be squealing for the water carrier and the trainer before the third down."

Moya's calm eyes came up to the tackle's face. Suddenly Potts flushed and laughed awkwardly.

"I guess you were joking, Wally," said Moya.

"Sure," said Potts.

For the life of him the tackle could not understand why he had made that answer, for he had been in earnest. Neither could he fathom football as the game was played at Harrington. The squad had been out three weeks now, and Garrett had not shown them a single trick by which a troublesome opponent might be made less troublesome.

The tackle did not doubt that instruction in the unsportsmanlike side of the game would come. Why, then, had he flushed under the captain's eyes?

"Ah!" he muttered. "Wait until we're hard pressed where we want to win. Then Moya will untie his little bag of tricks."

**T**HE Schley game came. Harrington piled up an enormous score and wore herself out carrying the ball. In the last quarter Schley brought the ball to the ten-yard line on second down and threatened a tally. Twice the boy playing against Potts had made good gains by running back of the line, taking the ball from the quarterback and circling the left end. Potts thought he would try the play again. The ball was snapped, and Potts's opponent whirled round and away. Then came a confused tangle. The quarterback held the ball, but no tackle came to take it. The play ended in a loss. The Schley tackle scrambled from the ground.

"Somebody tripped me," he cried.

The linesman had seen nothing, neither had the umpire or the referee.

"I was tripped," the tackle insisted.

Potts grinned. Moya gravely regarded his players. His eyes came to Potts, and Potts suddenly found that the padding in his jersey needed adjusting. Three minutes later the game ended. Schley had not scored.

"What was the trouble?" Garrett asked in the locker room.

"Carter claimed he was tripped," Moya explained.

"Was he?"

"I don't know."

There was a murmur from the squad.

"Oh, come, Moya," cried Dawson indignantly, "what do you think we are?"

Potts took his shower-bath, dressed and left the gymnasium. "What a fine pious lot of hypocrites!" he thought scornfully. Somehow, though, he didn't feel comfortable.

Harrington beat Dickinson, and then lost to Forster Academy. Garrett had counted the game as won; there was a long conference between captain and coach that night. The expected shake-up came the next day at



*Now was the time to stop Rogers, now or never. Potts's right leg moved back a bit; the muscles flexed*

practice. Mercer was dropped to the scrub, and a heavier fellow took his place.

"Well," said Potts slyly, "Mercer's out."

"Yes," Moya answered quietly, "he's out. But nobody's knocking him."

The tackle stalked away. "Let's all play puss-in-corner," he said to Dawson.

The quarterback stared. "What for?"

"Oh, it's a nice clean game," Potts answered. "Tell Moya."

The shake-up did not prove a success. The following Saturday Harrington played Clyde, and after the first ten minutes it was only a question of how badly Harrington would be beaten. Garrett tramped the side-line with knitted brows.

It was work, work, work the next week; drive, drive, drive. Friday the boys rested. Saturday the coach took them early to the field.

"I want a victory today," he said.

"We'll give it to you," Moya answered. Potts and Dawson and the others nodded.

Harrington scored twice in the first half. Each time Moya's try for the goal was blocked. Then Oradell's ruggedness began to tell. She scored a touchdown and goal in the third quarter. The score was 12 to 7.

"Hold them!" Moya pleaded.

The last quarter began. Sternberger, a rangy, powerful back, had done most of the gaining. Now the Oradell quarterback began to use him often. Nearer and nearer he carried the ball to the Harrington goal.

A minute later the play came at Potts. He got past his opponent, past the interference, and then at his man. Sternberger doubled up with a hollow grunt. The whistle piped the down. Sternberger lay on the ground with his hands pressed over his stomach, and groaned and rolled.

"Pretty hard tackle," observed the Oradell quarter suspiciously.

But the officials had seen nothing wrong. During the time out Moya tramped back and forth and shook his head.

"How did it happen, Wally?"

"Want me to draw a diagram of the play?"

"Ready, Harrington," called the referee. Moya went back to his place.

**I**N the locker room Potts tried to face Moya's eyes.

"Another ball for the trophy room," Dawson chuckled.

Moya made no reply, and Potts turned his head away. "He's a faker," the tackle muttered bitterly. In his heart, though, he

did not believe his own charge, and that surprised him.

The big Gunning game came next. There were no new plays to master now. Garrett devoted the week to smoothing out the plays that the eleven had. On Friday he hired a motor coach and had the squad out for a rollicking day in the country. That night the training table rang with laughter. As the boys filed out, Moya touched Potts's arm. "Come up to my room, Wally."

Though the tackle wondered, he followed the captain. Moya closed the door of his room and turned on his green-shaded desk lamp.

"Pretty cozy here," said Potts nervously. Moya had not heard.

"Tomorrow," said he, "we play Gunning."

"Don't I know it?"

"Wally," Moya went on, "I wonder if you realize how much every Harrington captain wants to win the Gunning game."

Potts nodded.

"I wonder if you realize how much I want to win that game the way it should be won."

"Are you making any insinuations?" Potts demanded hotly.

The captain put his hands on the tackle's shoulders. "That's for you to say. I want to win. Yet Harrington will be here next week and the week after, no matter how the game goes. Let's play our best game."

Potts struck the hands from his shoulders, walked to the door and out and down the corridor to his own room. There he sat before his study table. Gradually his arms stretched out; his head bowed and found a pillow on them. In the darkness he sat thinking, thinking, until the ten o'clock bell sent him to bed.

Much that happened the next day was hazy to him. There were crowds, and noises, and music, and cheers, and the last meal at the training table. Then came more crowds and more cheers—and next Garrett was talking to the eleven in the locker room. "Play hard, play fast, play clean," the coach said. "You, Potts, watch Rogers, your man. He's big; he's fast. Watch him every minute."

Potts found Rogers a giant. Try as he might, he could do nothing with the big fellow. Rogers slipped past him when Harrington had the ball, and Rogers blocked him off when Gunning had it. Never had Potts met a player so completely his master.

It was a hard game. Up and down the field the ball moved. Harrington held, and

Gunning held; and every few minutes the backs would spread out, the ends would race away, and the ball would soar up against a background of heavy November sky.

In the first half neither side scored. But Rogers had shown what he could do with his man, and play after play was swinging against Potts. Panting and weary, Potts reached the locker room and dropped down on a bench.

Later, when the eleven trotted back to the field, Moya said to Potts: "Good work, Wally. Hold them."

The first scrimmage of the third quarter came at Potts, and the man with the ball went past for five yards.

"Hold them," cried Moya. "Hold them, fellows."

It seemed to Potts that the man with the ball came always in his direction. He braced, he fought, but always Rogers was there to keep him out of the play. He knew by the cheering that the ball was near the goal line. Moya shouted: "Fourth down! Hold them this time, fellows. Hold them!"

Potts groaned and set himself.

**T**O the tackle the last period was torture. Gunning had resolved to pound at him until they made a touchdown. Rogers's shoulders and arms seemed to bump him about as if he himself were a football. If only Rogers were out of the way! How easy it would be to bring up his knee and work it into that giant's stomach! Rogers was playing with careless, open confidence; the knee would have him before he knew it. How easy! Potts looked at Moya.

"Hold them!" cried the captain. "Hold them!"

The runner went through for seven yards. Wearily Potts regained his feet.

"You're working," Moya whispered in his ear. "You've got the stuff."

The ball was snapped. Rogers held him safe, and the runner gained.

The ball was on the fifteen-yard line. One thrust of the knee—Potts twisted his neck and shot a glance at Moya. Their eyes met.

"It's throwing the game away," the tackle whispered. But he kept his knee down, and Rogers toyed with him. The din in the stands increased; the ball was on the five-yard line.

The Harrington backs were almost on the heels of the line. Now was the time to stop Rogers, now or never. Potts dared not glance at Moya. His right leg moved back a bit; the muscles flexed.

"My game, Potts!" cried the captain from behind. "My game!"

The play started. Potts set himself desperately. He felt Rogers's shoulder. He strained, strained—and gave. The Gunning cheer leaped from the stands.

There wasn't much to the game after that. At the end Harrington returned to the locker room, a beaten eleven. Moya sat on a bench with his head on his hands.

"They elected me captain," he repeated miserably again and again. "They elected me captain, and I was a failure."

That night, Garrett came to Potts's room.

"Wally," he said, "you played a fine, clean game—today."

Potts set his lips.

"Come," the coach said, "I've grown old in this business; you can't fool me. I was never sure about what happened in the Schley and the Oradell games. If I had been, you'd have answered to me before this. But today was different."

The boy stared at the floor. "I guess I've been looking at things the wrong way," he said in a low voice.

It was a confession. The coach took it as such.

"Done with looking at things the wrong way, are you, Wally?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. That's the reason I'm going to forget Schley and Oradell."

"There's another reason," said Potts.

"For the way you were playing in the game today?"

"Yes." The admission seemed to come with a great effort of the will.

The tackle walked to the window. Below him was the dark, disheartened campus. He kept his back turned to the coach.

"A fellow couldn't play that other kind of ball," Potts said after a moment, "with Moya there—behind him."

Garrett knew that Moya's leadership had not been in vain.

# A GUARDIAN ANGEL

By Arthur Stamwood Pier

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE AVISON

ARRIVING late in the afternoon, Frank Trowbridge found Doctor Davenport's office in the study building closed, so he crossed the road and rang the rectory doorbell. The maid who responded said the headmaster was in but was engaged at the moment; would he wait? As Frank had come back to St. Timothy's uncertain in what building he was to be quartered this year, and as he did not know from what other person than the rector he could obtain information, he decided to wait, and he was therefore ushered into a small library just off Doctor Davenport's sitting-room.

The door into the sitting-room was partly open; Frank, settling himself into a comfortable leather chair, could hear the headmaster's low, quiet voice, without distinguishing what he was saying. But the visitor, who began to speak after a few moments, had a more penetrating utterance, and every word came clearly to Frank's ear.

"Yes, it's worried his mother and me to know what to do. Ever since that illness he's been not exactly delicate but less rugged than most boys of his age. And he's got now what I suppose a psychologist would call an inferiority complex. No self-confidence. Shy about learning to do new things because he thinks pretty nearly everybody can do them better. Ready to agree with almost anybody on anything. He needs strengthening all round. Mentally he's all right, but we're at our wits' end to know what to do to give him confidence and courage."

The rector's comment was inaudible, but evidently reassuring, for there was a note of gratitude in the visitor's reply.

"I felt that in a school like this there would be the best chance to build him up, and I'm more sure of it now. My wife will be mighty glad to hear what you say. I left her helping the boy to fix up his room; it's about time I was getting back to her. Good-by, sir."

Frank had a glimpse of the tall, gray-haired gentleman whom Doctor Davenport accompanied out into the hallway. He was mildly interested in the problem that he had heard set forth, and he felt that he should like to see what the fellow with the inferiority complex looked like. But he should probably never know, and most likely he was one of the younger boys anyway.

A moment later the rector entered the room and gave him a hearty greeting.

"You look as if you'd had a good summer; added six or seven pounds, haven't you? Not more than two or three? Anyway, you don't wear any lean and hungry look." He paused and scrutinized Frank. "Sit down; it's rather opportune, your arrival at just this moment. It's given me an idea. I had intended to let you choose between a room in the Cottage and one in the Upper School, but I'm not going to let you have a choice; you'll room in the Upper. I hope that isn't a disappointment?"

"Not in the least, sir. It's where I wanted to be."

"I was speaking of boys with a lean and hungry look. There's one at the Upper now—just arrived. I want to get that look out of his eyes. Probably you could help, if you would keep an eye on him and give him a little moral support."

"I'm not sure," demurred Frank. "It's all pretty vague, isn't it?"

"Yes," admitted the rector, "it is. The boy is the son of the gentleman who was in here a few minutes ago. His name is Earle Castleman; one of the effects of a long illness has been to destroy his self-confidence. He had to be taken out of the last school he went to because there the contacts with the other boys seemed only to accentuate his sense of inferiority. I wish you'd put yourself out a little for him."

"I'll do what I can," Frank answered. "Good! You'll have the room next to his. His mother and father are leaving this afternoon and he knows no one, so don't delay in making his acquaintance."

Frank left the rectory, feeling not more than half pleased by the compliment that Doctor Davenport had indirectly paid him. An inferiority complex sounded most unattractive.

THE room that the rector had assigned to him was pleasant and spacious, with a comfortable window-seat; he paused from his unpacking and stretched himself out to enjoy his new quarters. He could hear the murmur of voices in the next room and knew that Earle Castleman wasn't yet in need of his invigorating presence.

Then the murmur of voices ceased; there was the sound of a door opening and closing, followed by the sound of footsteps down the

A visit from some friends who had just returned to the school caused him temporarily to forget Earle Castleman's existence. There were still four fellows in his room when the supper bell rang and he started towards the door.

"Here, wait for us!" they cried. "We're coming!"

"I've got a friend next door—got to find him a seat at our table," Frank called back. "You fellows go along."

He found Castleman waiting nervously. As he accompanied him along the corridor and down the stairs, he noticed that Castleman was continually moistening his lips and as continually touching them with his handkerchief.



"What makes you so leggy and necky?" asked Dan

hall. And then, after an appreciable interval, came a sound that caused Frank to sit up startled, confused, horrified—the sound, stifled but unmistakable, of a boy sobbing.

"He oughtn't to do that," thought Frank.

"I hope there's nobody else hearing him."

He listened anxiously and was satisfied that, if only the fellow would stop it now, his shameful weakness would never be known. And in a moment he was relieved, for the sobbing did subside, and the somewhat prolonged blowing of the nose that succeeded it would not have attracted anyone's suspicion.

Frank waited tactfully until the nose-blowing had subsided too, and then he walked out into the hall and knocked on his neighbor's door. After a moment the door opened, and a boy of his own age but taller, thinner, and with a timid countenance stood before him.

"Hello," said Frank, putting out his hand and taking the other's, which seemed a non-resisting rather than a reciprocating hand.

"I have the room next to you—thought I'd look in and see how you're making out. You're pretty well settled, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"My name's Frank Trowbridge. You're Earle Castleman, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"You'd better come down with me at supper time, and I'll see if I can't get you placed at our table, unless there's some other crowd you're planning to sit with?"

"I'd like to come with you."

"I'll call for you."

Frank returned to his room, berating himself for his good-natured impulsiveness. "Now I've got to sit next to him for the rest of the year," he thought. "Hardly necessary, anyway you look at it."

"You don't want to be afraid of anybody in this place," Frank said.

"No," Castleman laughed, a high-pitched, unreal kind of laugh that seemed to Frank to indicate that he was really afraid of everybody.

At the table the fellows looked at the newcomer with unconcealed amazement; he certainly was a queer specimen for Frank Trowbridge to have taken under his wing. Frank introduced him all round, and Dan Brewster and Jack Henley and the rest greeted him with "Hello" and then silence. He sat between Frank and Jack Henley, and across the table from him was Dan Brewster; the look in Dan's eyes filled Frank with uneasiness. Dan in his pursuit of pleasure never spared anyone, and he obviously was discovering in the newcomer a subject for sport.

"Where are you from, Castleman?" Dan asked affably.

"New York."

"What makes you so leggy and necky?" Earle's face became crimson, and he looked down at his plate.

"Being sick so much, I guess," he answered in a low voice.

There was an uncomfortable silence at the table, and Dan Brewster had the grace to flush. He never intended to hurt anybody's feelings with his rough witticisms, but he was not of very sensitive fibre himself, and he sometimes was brutal when he had only meant to be humorous.

Frank collected his faculties after a moment and said to Earle:

"You won't be sick here; this is the healthiest place I ever was in. And don't you mind any cheap remarks that any big boob makes about the length of your legs or your neck. I'd rather be long on legs and

neck than short on brains, like some people at this table."

"Go on; trample on me," said Dan.

In some ways it was not an inauspicious introduction. The fellows treated Earle with a consideration that they would hardly have shown had it not been for Dan Brewster's roughness. They felt a half-pitying liking for him, and the information that Frank gave them made them want to be kind to him.

But the considerateness of their attitude fostered the feeling of inferiority that handicapped Earle; he realized that the give and take that went on among them was quite different from the cautious reserve with which he was treated. And furthermore they were all active in athletics or in the debating society; and Earle, incompetent in athletics, too timorous to take part in debate, felt no more at home at the table after three months than when he sat down to it for his first meal.

Frank began to understand that in putting Earle into a group of fellows who were among the leaders of the school he had done just the wrong thing for him.

It wasn't kindness and friendliness from those who were stronger than himself that Earle needed; the more of that he got the more conscious of his inferior condition he became. But there seemed no way of ousting him from the group into which he had been taken, and putting him among fellows whose unimportance in school activities might be reassuring to him. Indeed, such fellows were only to be found among boys who were two or three years younger than he. Altogether the problem of assisting Earle to get rid of his "inferiority complex" gave Frank a good deal of concern, and shortly before the Christmas vacation he reported to the rector that he thought he hadn't done very well.

"I don't know that any of us are handling it right," admitted the rector. "But confidence, if it isn't born in a fellow, grows slowly. At least Castleman isn't being made to feel that he's an object of dislike or derision. And from what his father told me I think he did have that feeling at the other school. With the encouragement he gets through doing well in his studies, we ought to look for improvement some time."

AFTER Christmas there was opened the new addition to the gymnasium containing a large swimming pool. The Upper School used it in the last hour in the afternoon before studies, and in that hour it was crowded with fellows who had come in from hockey or coasting or from exercising in the gymnasium. One afternoon Frank was pleased and surprised to see Earle swimming about, as much at home in the water as anyone.

"You're a regular water-baby, aren't you?" Frank said, swimming up alongside.

"I ought to be; I've spent all my summers at the sea-shore," Earle answered.

From the springboard at one end of the pool Dan Brewster made a long, curving dive and, swimming under water, came up abreast of Earle, who was unaware of his approach. Dan seized him suddenly round the neck; Earle gave a shriek and then was drawn under. Dan released him, came up with him, and with a laugh seized him again. "Quit it; let go!" Earle gasped. His voice was both frightened and imploring. But Dan clung to him, and again they both were submerged.

When they came up, Earle was near enough to the side of the pool to grasp the rope along the edge; he clung to it. Dan laughed.

"What are you so scared of?" he said. "Think I'm going to drown you?"

"No, but I hate to be pulled under that way."

"Don't you dare to duck your head?"

"I don't like to be grabbed and held under."

"What you ought to do," remarked Frank, "is to pinch his nose together when he grabs you and then dig your knee into his stomach. That's what you do to break the



hold of a drowning person that you're trying to save. Try it on Dan if he bothers you again."

"Judging from the way he yelled, he'd never have presence of mind enough," said Dan.

Earle crawled up on the runway above the pool and stood for a few moments watching the swimmers. Then when he saw that Frank and Dan were looking at him, he dived; it was no high, spectacular dive such as they were wont to make, but it was enough perhaps to show that he wasn't wholly pusillanimous.

The demonstration came too late to effect any change in Dan's impressions. The scream that to Frank had been painful had seemed to Dan contemptible and ludicrous; and the imploring appeal for release had intensified his scorn. He had from the beginning been impatient of the introduction of one so feeble and deprecating into the group of fellows with whom he associated, and he had begun to chafe under the restraint that the effort to be considerate of Earle's feelings imposed upon him.

Dan had noticed that to ask for things at the table was an act of effrontery to which Earle could seldom bring himself. He would go without salt until by fortunate chance or thoughtful design one of the salt cellars was placed within his reach; he would wait

patiently to have his glass refilled until the waitress took notice of his need; he would make a hasty, furtive stretch for the butter rather than ask his neighbor to pass it to him. Now Dan maliciously cornered the butter and the salt after everyone but Earle had been served. Earle looked about the table, saw where the butter and the salt were concentrated and then began to eat in his customary subdued manner.

"You like your meat without salt and your bread without butter?" Dan asked.

Earle grew red. Frank intervened. "Of course he doesn't. Pass him the salt and the butter, Dan."

"Why doesn't he ask for them?" Dan pushed the dishes across the table. "Haven't you any nerve at all, Castleman? You can bawl loud enough when a fellow ducks your head; can't you use your voice at the table?"

"Yes."

"Then use it or starve to death."

"Oh, keep quiet," Frank said angrily.

"What are you so grouchy and sour about anyway?"

"He's old enough to get along without a chaperon," retorted Dan. "Do you think it does him any good having you always round as his protector?"

The unhappy subject of the altercation looked utterly miserable.

"You're too meek, Castleman," continued Dan. "You look too meek, you act too meek; you're too meek to speak." The phrase amused him and the others at the table, with the exception of Frank. They all laughed. "Frank's kept you in cotton wool and a glass case long enough. Kick loose now. Show something!"

But Earle only blinked his eyelids rapidly and looked at his plate.

After supper Frank reproached Dan.

"He got what was coming to him," insisted Dan. "He's going to get more. All the coddling you've given him is bad for him. He's worse than he was when he came. And he makes me tired. And when a fellow makes me tired, I'm not going to hold myself in. I bet my treatment is better for him than yours."

Frank declared that it showed a mean spirit to want to make Castleman more miserable.

"All right. I've got a mean spirit sometimes, and when I have I'm going to let the meanness out of me. And it won't do Castleman a bit of harm to hear the truth. Not half so much as your trying to protect him from it. He's a misfit in our crowd anyway."

That was undoubtedly true. And finally one afternoon in an outpouring of soul Earle declared to Frank that he was a failure, that it was at this school as it had been at the one he had gone to before—everybody disliked and despised him and made him dislike and despise himself.

"I don't dislike and despise you."

"No, you couldn't feel that way about anybody. But you feel sorry for me, and that's almost as bad. I'm going to tell my father. I won't come back here next year. He's got to let me have a new start somewhere else. I can't hold up my head here. I know that Dan Brewster has got everyone jeering and sneering at me."

"Oh, no—"

"And besides I know that I'm useless here. That's the worst of it. I know I'm no good!"

"That is the worst of it, and all there is to it—your thinking you're no good."

"I've never been able to prove the contrary."

"You do well in your studies. That ought to be proof enough."

"Oh, studies!"

"Oh, studies!"

Frank mocked him in

some irritation. "What's school for if not for studies?"

"It means a good deal more than that to you."

"Yes, and athletics mean a good deal less to my father, I guess, than they do to you. He'd probably throw a fit for joy if I changed places with you on the rank list some month."

Earle was silent a moment. Then he exclaimed, "Nothing can ever make me or you or Dan Brewster or anybody else forget the way I yelled in the tank that day. I suppose I'd do it again if he tried it on me again. I want to go somewhere else—where people can look at me without thinking of that."

"Oh, you mustn't have that idea—just a momentary scare!"

Yet Frank couldn't speak with conviction, for that terrified outcry was something he had not forgotten, and he could imagine how Earle must be haunted by the thought of it.

Anyway, Frank begged Dan Brewster not to engage in further persecution. "It won't help to reform him; it will only make his trouble worse. And to do it for sport—he really isn't fair game."

"I'll let him alone until I just naturally can't keep from saying something to him," Dan promised.

SO Earle continued to lead his isolated and forlorn life. Then one day, well on towards the end of the school year, a day early in June, Frank conceived what seemed to him a brilliant idea. In order to carry it out, he needed the assistance of a confederate, and after some deliberation he decided to take Dan into his confidence.

Going out of the dining-room after luncheon a day or two later, Frank said to Earle, "I'm laying off from track this afternoon. Don't you want to come for a walk?"

Earle was delighted to be asked, and then a few moments later wished that he had declined the invitation. For he and Frank had gone only a short distance from the dormitory when Dan Brewster joined them, asked what they were up to, and on learning that they were off for a walk announced that he would go too. For Earle the afternoon was now spoiled. He walked in silence, head down, moodily wishing he had courage enough to turn his back on his companions and go off by himself. They talked at random about various things. Frank said he thought he must be going stale at running—he didn't feel quite right—good thing to take an afternoon off.

After walking for a couple of miles they came through the woods to Cameron's Pond—a pond about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide.

"I haven't had a swim outdoors yet this year," said Frank. "I believe it would brace me up. What do you say, Dan?"

"No, I've got a cold. I don't feel like it."

"Earle, you'll come in with me?"

"I guess it will be awfully cold," Earle protested.

"Oh, do you good. Come on, don't hang back. That's the trouble with you—too fond of hanging back. I'll dare you to swim out to that island with me."

Frank began to undress, and reluctantly Earle took off his coat and, sitting down, proceeded to untie his shoe laces.

"I'll collect wild flowers to present to the winner," said Dan, and he strolled off into the woods.

Frank was first into the water and swam out, splashing violently.

"Cold, all right," he shouted. "Come along, Earle."

So Earle, with a rush and a plunge, followed. It was cold, but he had swum in colder water, and he ought to be able to make the distance to the island and back without getting thoroughly chilled. He went after Frank in his most rapid and vigorous style, hand over hand, head burrowing down

into the water. He had got about halfway to the island and was only a few feet away from Frank when suddenly Frank ceased swimming, struggled feebly for a moment, and then with an agonized expression on his face called, "Oh, help me!" flung up his hands and sank.

The panic that Earle felt then was like none that he had ever felt before. He screamed, "Help! Help!" and looked back at the shore, but Dan Brewster was nowhere to be seen. He must do something else than scream; he took a full breath, plunged under and encountered Frank's inert body rising to the surface. He grasped him underneath one arm, but Frank clutched with his other hand at Earle's shoulder. Earle seized Frank's nose, pressed the nostrils together and drove his knee into his stomach; Frank relaxed his grip. Earle got his hands on each side of Frank's head from behind and, holding him thus firmly, began to swim on his back. He seemed to make hardly any progress. The chill of the water and the terror of the struggle had exhausted him, but Frank now did not struggle; he lay quiet as if unconscious.

From time to time Earle shouted for help, but there was no response. He swam wearily on, getting more numb, more weak—until at last, in a despairing backward glance, he caught sight of Dan Brewster emerging from the woods.

"Help me, Dan!" he called. "I'm all in."

Dan rushed excitedly down to the edge of the water and stopped there.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Frank had a cramp or something—you'll have to come in and help. Quick!"

"I think you can touch bottom now," said Dan. "Try it."

Earle did try it and stood with his chin just above the surface. Slowly he began to walk backwards, still towing Frank by holding his head between his hands. The water became more shallow; Frank, who had seemed quite unconscious, began to show signs of life, and at last, when it was about knee deep, he floundered over, gasping and moaning, and crawled out on his hands and knees. Then he lay, groaning and moaning, on the grass. Earle, blue and shivering, was almost speechless.

"You'd better get dressed. You're freezing," said Dan brusquely. "I'll look after Frank."

While Earle got himself shivering into his garments, Dan grabbed up Frank's underclothes, used them as a towel upon his prostrate friend, and then slapped and cuffed him up and down the back with an energy that soon caused the pitiable groans to cease and protests to arise.

"I'm all right now; stop pounding me." Frank spoke with acerbity, but it appeared to be with the utmost feebleness that he put on his clothes, and his voice seemed again to be in a weak condition when he asked, "What happened to me anyway?"

"What happened to you?" said Dan. "You'd be at the bottom of the pond now, I guess, if it hadn't been for Earle. You were a fool to go in swimming when you weren't feeling well. I was in the woods; what did happen, Earle?"

"I guess he had a cramp. He just suddenly went down." Earle's teeth were still chattering so that he could hardly speak.

"It certainly was mighty fine work, your getting him."

Shivering and shaking though Earle was, he began now to feel almost warm inside.

When at last they were dressed and had started towards home, Frank said, "You'd better run for a while and get warmed up, Earle. You're perfectly blue with cold!"

"All right, I guess I will." Earle started off along the path at a wavering trot.

Frank turned to Dan, who was grinning and seemed ready to guffaw.

"It's all real enough to the poor kid," Frank said earnestly. "And don't you dare to spoil it, Dan."

"Sure, I won't. I was watching it all from behind a tree, and he did quite a good job."

By supper time that evening, thanks to Dan's active circulation throughout the school, there was hardly a boy who did not know of the plucky rescue that Earle Castleman had achieved. And in the dining-room Earle, who had so many times flushed at the remarks of his table-mates, was kept blushing now for a reason entirely new—for happiness and pride.

"I think we ought to see that Earle gets one of those Carnegie hero medals," remarked Dan.

"Don't be foolish." Earle's voice was strangely new and decisive. "Pass the butter, Dan, will you please?"

Frank suddenly  
threw up his  
hands and sank



# SEEING IS BELIEVING

But When You Go to the Movies, Some Amazing Illusions Await You

By Fred Gilman Jopp

IN a previous article I took you behind the scenes in cameraland to explain some of the ingenious tricks of the trade, whereby the gifted illusionists of Hollywood are able to enact the impossible before your eyes. Double exposure and false perspective were the two all-powerful methods of the director and the camera man, the secrets of which I revealed to you earlier. But they are not all. There are others just as deceiving to these eyes of ours, of which we are so proud, and which these practitioners of illusion find so easy to mislead. Do you know about "glass work"?

## "Glass Work"

Here is one of the cleverest tricks in the entire bag of the movie man. In its present high development it is one of the more modern devices. In theory it is simple, but in practice it often requires months of effort to produce convincing results. It demands experts with a high degree of technical knowledge and skill, and if one wants the perfection that gives complete illusion the work is enormously difficult. The stunts are worthless if unconvincing, with the result that glass work is an art in itself.

Essentially, glass work consists in painting, on brilliantly transparent glass, a set frame for the picture that is being shot inside and beyond it. A glance at one detail of the drawing reproduced elsewhere in this article will make evident the purpose and the method. Perhaps, for example, the expense of constructing an entire set for a castle scene which was to be used only in a few shots would be prohibitive. On the other hand, a few flat pieces of painted canvas, no matter how well done, simply will not create the illusion of depth and solidity which you must have to enjoy the finished picture. What's to be done?

It is the glass artist who furnishes the answer. If one of his miniatures, done with the most extraordinary care and skill, is placed but a few feet from the camera lens, so that the extreme angle of the lens is masked at the outside by the painting, the desired result will be achieved. The background may still lack as much real depth as ever, but the camera, shooting through the glass work to the background, blends the two together for you so perfectly that you are, in all reality, in the pictured castle when the film unwinds in the projector. But if any of the proper values are lacking in the glass painting, the result is worse than useless.

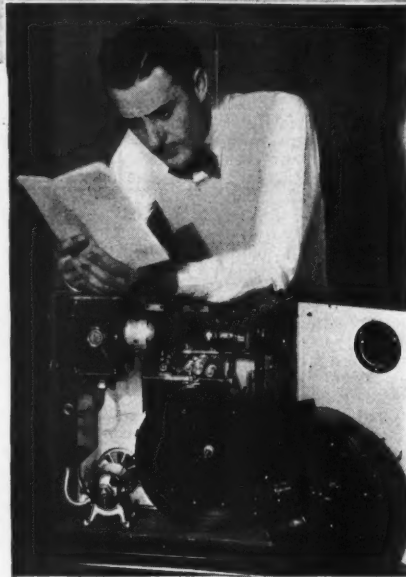


(above) Douglas MacLean and a lion demonstrate the art of a double exposure

There are many people who confuse glass work with the real thing. Don't for a moment imagine that some of the gorgeous structures you see on the screen are no more than a piece of glass and a gob of paint. The movie fan who thinks he really knows when a picture is "full of glass"—as the expression goes—will not believe me when I state that there is seldom over three hundred feet of glass work in a six thousand foot production. In the average picture there is not more than thirty feet of "glass" or trick film. So again you see what you don't see.

## The Powerful Miniature

Work in miniature furnishes another great possibility for the director. To cause two



(below) John Gilbert examines the intricate small-scale projection apparatus used for reviewing the day's "takes"

great railroad trains to collide is highly expensive, and there is always the probability of accident. But when two toy trains run into each other, in proper perspective, they can be made to produce the same thrilling effect much more realistically than would the actual trains themselves.

But it is a great experience to watch these miniatures being made. Quakes, dam breaks, floods, all kinds of miracles, have I witnessed.

Every so often, in my visits to the studios, I run across a volcano. And this volcano is about the size of a baby's sand pile! Near it is what appears to be a goldfish pond, but is really a bay, with tiny houses on the shore. In shooting the scene the camera is brought up close to the edge of the pond, so that the entire miniature will be in perspective—

normal size in this case. The volcano is primed and let go. The bay is punctured with tiny stones, and mud rolls down the volcano's side in imitation of lava. The toy houses catch fire, and everything is finally an utter ruin.

But more marvelous is the double exposure which goes with this work. While the volcano has been erupting, a scene on another lot has been taken. People are falling about, crying as if they were being burnt and in general acting like crazy folks, for no apparent reason. But in the laboratory these two films are placed together and by a secret process welded into one. Now the sequence can be put on the screen. You see a gigantic volcano erupting and lava pouring down its sides, setting fire to houses, catching and killing people—burying them beneath great piles of lava. You see what you don't see; that is all.

How about forest fires? Those quite often seen in the movies are real. More often they are not real. It is luck usually when a great conflagration sweeps through a

national forest reserve and a director has a picture that calls for forest-fire shots. But the studio forest fire is made by planting papier-maché trees, piling up straw, using artificial flares and applying kerosene and gasoline liberally. Very realistic fires result from this method. But Tom Mix once got the real thing—and earned it.

Tom and his company went up into the Lake Tahoe country, where a serious forest fire was beyond control. A force of seven hundred men was fighting the flames. Tom sent word to Chief Ranger George Sallee that he would lend the services of thirty-eight able-bodied men in his company in return for two days' camera-shooting.

"All right," Sallee replied, "if you'll do the fire-fighting first."

And Mix along with his company put in three days at it, emerging blackened and begrimed. This particular fire destroyed 120,000,000 feet of standing timber and burned over acreage six miles wide and twelve miles deep. But the thrilling scenes that Tom Mix procured were well worth the fighting done to obtain them.

Fires which have been planted for the movie cameras often give better ideas of great forest blazes than those taken in zones where natural fires are raging. Here again color enters into the film. A real forest fire emits alternate waves of blue and black

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 603]



An artificial Alpine scene constructed on the Paramount lot for a Von Stroheim picture



Colleen Moore exhibiting some tiny furniture used for work in miniature





Louise looked from his face to Miss Austin's, to Mr. Hargrave's, and found all three adamant to her excuses

## TONY'S TURN

By Winifred Kirkland

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

THERE was a mile and a half of maple-bordered street between the high school and the battered old home place called Willow Brook just beyond the village. The bare maples were now misted with rosy buds, the sky was soft as the washed-in background of a water-color sketch, but for once Louise Carleton did not note that misty rose nor that misty blue. She walked the homeward street in a daze of pain. Only once before in all her life had she felt this same sensation of the happy, familiar sky suddenly falling, the happy, familiar earth suddenly gaping, and herself like a little helpless leaf blown about in the dark. How strange that so harmless a thing as her English notebook, merely a black loose-leaf notebook, could have set going an earthquake!

Outwardly Louise moved calmly enough. She was by nature quiet; you have to be when there are four big, competent, talkative brothers and sisters ahead of you. She paced steadily on, a slim little figure in a gray coat that flapped back from her blue dress with its round white collar and shiny black belt. She wore no hat; her ashy-gold hair with its spraying tendrils was drawn back into two soft little buns at the nape of her neck and bound about with a narrow black ribbon. Her eyes were baby blue and wide, but there were black shadows beneath them now, and the sweet-pea pink had faded from her cheeks. No one could realize that Louise was seventeen. Until that afternoon she had never realized it herself.

Strangely, as she walked, that other dreadful time kept mingling with her thoughts, that other time which was at once the saddest and the gladdest memory of Louise's life. Like the crucial happenings in which she was at this moment living, those events of fifteen years ago had followed a long period of care-free joy. Just as Baby Lou had accepted her mother's arms and her father's whistlings and tossings, and the romping and shoutings of the elder four, and her silver mug, and the sparrows flirting on the window sill, so had Louise, grown older, accepted the weather-beaten porches

of old Willow Brook, the sheen of its shadowy wainscoting, the tracery of vines weaving to and fro against her moonlit window shades. How glad Louise had always been of the frank and kindly label, "a little dull," awarded her by her talented brothers and sisters, because it meant that she did not have to go off and be educated, but might stay at home always, with Tony.

Only one secret in all her life had Louise ever kept from Tony, and that secret was now ten years old; so that she had come to accept it as quite natural until only half an hour ago the terrible three in the principal's office had ruthlessly laid it bare! Obstinate Louise kept protesting to herself, over and over, just as she had reiterated to those three, "But it's Tony's turn! Tony must have her turn!" But how could slow-tongued Louise have explained to three argumentative gray heads the meaning of words that had long ago become her secret slogan—"Tony must have her turn!" Louise could hardly have explained the meaning even to herself, so closely bound was this meaning with that memory of long ago.

Beneath the rosy maples Louise felt herself caught back to babyhood again—such a happy babyhood it must have been, all forgotten though it was! Then, one day, sharp terror descending on their home; starched nurses all in white appearing in possession of the nursery; the doctor, not joking, but speaking sharp; something stalking just outside the door, some horrid shapeless monster people spoke of in whispers. They called it "flu." Dreadful pains in Baby Lou's elbows and knees, and a dreadful sickness in her stomach, and Mother not coming in at the door! The door shut between Mother's room and the nursery!

"Mother is sick, dearie." That strange nurse was speaking. "Try to keep quiet, so Mother will get well."

Fevered days went by; nights full of ugly dreams went by; and Mother never came. Daddy came once, gaunt and unshaven in his long brown dressing-gown. He lifted Baby Lou in weak arms; then that mean old nurse came and chased him back to bed. Dreadful things, Baby Lou felt, were happening just outside her closed door, in the hall—stealthy rustlings; people going up and down the stairs in the middle of the night; somebody crying out loud, and it must have been Madge, great big Madge, crying!

Why didn't the rest come into her nursery? Why didn't Mother come? And Daddy never came either. Everybody was sick, that starched nurse said. Then at last, one morning, Alec came, that big, big brother, fifteen years old. He looked very white and stringy, but he was dressed in his dark-blue suit, and he said he was well again. He took Baby Lou up in his arms, and he said, "O Baby Lou, please stop crying for 'mudder, mudder,' all the time. Please stop, Baby Lou." And he bent and kissed the top of her head. "We just can't stand it, baby darling, to hear you cry for 'mudder' any more!"

JUST as suddenly as the evil had descended, just as suddenly something glad and wonderful began to happen. Baby Lou, alone and quiet in her crib, felt it all. In the silent, rustling house, there came a great ring at the front door. Alec rushed to open it. Utter silence for a full moment, then he shouted so that all the house rang, while the three others poured down the stairs, "A cablegram! Tony is coming back!"

Then up they all trooped to the nursery, and again Alec lifted Baby Lou in his arms, and he said, "Everything is going to be all right, Baby Lou. Tony is coming back! We are all going up to the old house in the

country. There's nobody there now, but Tony is coming back!"

Vaguely the baby wondered, as often enough Louise, when older, had wondered, from where, from what, was Tony coming back?

"Tony, Baby Lou," Alec explained, "is our aunt. Just the way you are Madge's little sister, and Florence's, so Tony is Mother's little sister. And Tony is coming back to take care of us all."

Just here the memory changed from the saddest of Louise's life to the gladdest. The house now buzzed with preparations. They were all going away to live in some new happy place where some one beautiful was to meet them. It would take Tony ten days to come back, and four days to get the old place ready for them. In two weeks they were to go, and then when they got to Willow Brook and Tony, so the other four explained over and over, then everything would be all right.

The journey was a blur in Louise's remembrance. She must have slept most of the way, waking to the snowy blast from the car door, as the five descended beneath Alec's tense directorship. He was carrying four suitcases. Madge was carrying Baby Lou. Six-year-old Blair was sleepy and whimpering. There were stars above and snow below. A big man in a fur coat was packing them into a sleigh, down on the straw. Whisk and jingle, and off they went, with black branches flying by against the sky—branches the way they would look if Alec let you draw them with his fountain pen.

Then cries from all of them: "There! There! See! On the hill! Wake up, Blair! Wake up, Baby Lou! There's a light in every window! She's opening the front door! She's running down the steps!"

With a flurry of scattered snow, a last jingle of bells, they were all tumbling out at the porch. Everybody was swarming over a little dumpy figure with wide-open arms. She wasn't Mother, but she had mother's voice. There was just that same undertone of laughing in it.

"Where is she?" the voice was saying. "Quick! Give me Baby Lou!"

It wasn't Mother, of course, for this person didn't seem much older than Alec; but surely these were Mother's arms. Baby Lou pressed her cheek to this new shoulder with a little sigh of uttermost relief, knowing herself forever safe in Tony's arms. And safe from all earthquakes Louise had lived those fifteen years with Tony, at Willow Brook—safe until half an hour ago!

Of the three people there in the office Louise did not know which one had most distressed her—portly, calm Mr. Hargrave, with a tongue that held all the school in subjection; keen Miss Austin, with eyes that bored your brain; or the utterly unprecedented stranger. Mr. Plimpton had thick white hair, thick white eyebrows streaked as if with black ink, black eyes that burned, and a voice that burned, too. He held on his knee that guilty notebook. Two weeks ago Miss Austin had called for all the English notebooks unexpectedly, so that Louise's had to go in with the others; but when two weeks had passed without a word Louise had begun to breathe more fully. Louise had never seen Mr. Plimpton before, but she had read of him in the local newspaper and knew that he was spending a few weeks in a near-by town. She knew he was an artist. She had not known he was a friend of Miss Austin's.

Growing more and more helpless, more and more shaken by Mr. Plimpton's words, Louise had looked from his face to Miss Austin's, to Mr. Hargrave's, and found all three faces adamant to her excuses. Mr. Plimpton held the notebook all the time he talked. He seemed to know it by heart. He would dash at some page and hold it up in his long mobile hands. "You see this! And this! And this! And yet you won't listen to me! You won't do what I say?"

"I can't," Louise's faint, obstinate little voice had over and over repeated. "Tony must have her turn!"

They glared at her, but she only continued to shake that little ashy-gold head of hers. "It's Tony's turn. Tony has never had her turn."

Mr. Plimpton threw up his hands in despair.

"Louise," said Miss Austin, "at least you will tell your aunt?"

"Oh, I can't!" moaned Louise.

"Then I will!"

And those three words were the reason Louise was slowly walking homeward, one bad half-hour behind her and a still worse one ahead, and the guilty black notebook under her arm.

At the spot in the curving driveway where the tall barberry bushes, overgrown, pushed toward each other across the gravel, Louise always looked up. Just as she reached this spot, always the front door opened, and Tony appeared beneath the fan light. You could be as sure of Tony's appearing as you could be of the sunset, which, a little later, the two of them would gaze at from the west window of Tony's room. There stood Tony in the doorway as always, Tony, at thirty-eight, grown a little tired and shabby, like the aging house.

LOUISE waited until they were seated in the west window, on the worn cushioned seat. She had laid the notebook between them until the moment came when she should have to open it. For the first time in fifteen years, it was actually hard to talk to Tony! Louise began almost as haltingly as she talked to everybody else.

"Tony, do you remember something that happened ten years ago, when I was seven?"

"A great many things happened ten years ago, or any years ago, for that matter," laughed Tony, curled care-free on the window seat. "Which happening do you mean?"

"Don't you remember that morning, Tony? I couldn't ever forget it. I was sitting on the edge of the bridge, swinging my feet down under the handrail, and I had a white pad and some crayons. The pussy willows were coming out, and the willow trees getting green, and the brook was so brown. I was drawing it all on my pad, and you came up behind, and I waited for you to speak, and I kept drawing away faster and faster, thinking you'd be pleased. Then I looked up at last, because you didn't speak, and Tony, you were as white as the sycamore, and I never was so frightened in my life! Tony, don't you remember that time, now?"

Tony was looking out the window. "Yes, I remember that time, now."

"And your voice was so queer. You said, 'Baby Lou, do you love me?' And of course I just hugged you as hard as I could, and

then you said, 'If you love me, Baby Lou, will you give me your pad and your crayons and promise me never to draw again?' And of course I promised, Tony; I promised, but—"

Tony was still looking out of the window, her hands clasped tight about her hunched knees. She did not turn as she spoke, "But you couldn't keep the promise?"

"O Tony, I couldn't! I couldn't! I had to draw and paint everything! But I kept it a secret from you, from everybody! I knew it must have been wrong or you would never have begged me to stop. But I couldn't help it, Tony! It was stronger than I am, but always I tried to stop. Only, this spring it caught me worse than ever, and when we started reading 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—those woods at midnight, haunted, the fairies like fireflies in the branches, Puck peeping so impish through the leaves, Bottom and Titania, so funny together, all of it—why—O Tony, I wish it had never happened, but there it is, my English notebook!"

Tony shifted so that her back was toward Louise. She stretched out her right hand, behind her, for the notebook. She opened, slowly, page after page. Then she turned around at last.

"O Tony, Tony darling, you are as white as you were that morning down by the brook! I am frightened to death!"

Tony's eyes laughed suddenly, gay as the brook, eyes black-brown in her pale face. "I am frightened to death myself, Lou!"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Louise. "Don't be frightened! They talked and talked and talked and talked, but I'm never going to do what they said, what Mr. Plimpton said."

"Plimpton? Gerald Plimpton? You've been talking to Gerald Plimpton?"

"He's an artist."

But Tony spoke sharply, "I am familiar with artists' names, Louise!"

Tony jumped up, took a few steps as if to shake herself awake, then sat down in her little rocker, facing Louise, and dashed through the notebook as Gerald Plimpton had done. "This! And this! And this!"

"I couldn't help it!" moaned Louise. "Something got hold of me!"



*There stood Tony in the doorway as always, Tony, at thirty-eight, grown a little tired and shabby, like the aging house*

Tony was looking at Puck, peeping impish through the scrawled black handwriting of Louise's notebook. He was done to the life in bold, gay crayons. Tony turned a page and found Titania, starry-crowned fairy queen with flowing hair and imperious wand, one arm about a donkey's neck. You almost laughed aloud as you looked, expecting to hear the creature bray. Another page, and here were Bottom and his rustics capering inimitably earnest and clumsy. Louise, always tongue-tied and pen-tied, too, had failed in her English themes, but Shakespeare's very self might have marshaled the living procession that gambled across the pages of her telltale notebook. Tony closed the book sharply and gazed at Louise as if she had never seen her before.

"Did Gerald Plimpton see these?"

"Yes, Miss Austin sent the book to him and asked him what he thought, and he came and asked to talk to me; and they all three talked to me, Mr. Hargrave and Miss Austin and Mr. Plimpton, all three there in the office. And, O Tony, Tony, I'm so miserable!"

"What did Gerald Plimpton say?"

"He said—he said—oh, such terrible things—that I must study, must go abroad with him and Mrs. Plimpton, just as if I were their daughter, all my expenses paid, to study in Paris! To learn to draw and paint all I want to always!"

"O my Baby Lou, my Baby Lou!" Tony looked gray and gaunt as the sycamore tree. "But, O Tony darling, I'm not going! I'm not going! You are to have your turn at last!"

"My turn, child?" asked Tony, amazed. "My turn? What do you mean?"

"I mean," cried Louise, speaking out at last, "you've never had your turn, your turn to have what you wanted. First, there were grandfather and grandmother; you gave your girlhood to nursing them, and then when they died and you seemed free and went off to Europe you came back, Tony, to take care of all of us! And since then there's always been something happening for you to do, for us—all of them having to be educated, and being so clever, and needing more and more money. Alec's only just started at being a doctor, and there was Madge's trousseau, and Florence studying to be a gym teacher; and we've had to go so awfully deep into Principal" (Tony and Louise always spoke this word with trembling) "to start Blair in business. Always more and more money going out, and the house getting shabby! And you, Tony, you've always done everything for all of us, and never had your own turn, to have anything you wanted, for yourself. And besides, the others—they don't mean to, of course, but they—"

Louise checked herself sharply. "Don't always think your old auntie as wise and clever and up-to-date as she might be?"

"Tony, they do love you, truly, but not—"

Tony, that chuckling brown bun of a woman, appeared austere, far-off, like an image of marble, with burning eyes. A new strange voice seemed to come from far away.

"I once knew somebody who did smother it inside of herself."

"Anybody I know, Tony?"

A sharp little laugh in answer. "I am not sure either of us knows the other this afternoon. I have kept a secret, too. Louise, when I came back fifteen years ago, did you think it was just Paris I came back from?"

"I've always wondered if perhaps there was something else you gave up, but I've never guessed what it was."

"Louise, I might have shown you some things of mine,"—Tony's hand caressed the closed notebook as if it had been alive,— "but I burned every sketch, every picture. I have not dared to touch a brush or pencil in all these fifteen years. But, O child, it sometimes seems as if I just must paint you as you look when you come through the barberry bushes on your way home from school!"

Louise gripped the edge of the window seat, herself dark against the sunset window sash, and leaned forward, gazing at Tony.

"Tony, you gave up painting—painting!—to take care of us! Then, then, more than ever you must have your turn!" Louise sprang up, caught the notebook from Tony's lap and flung it through the open hall door and down the stairs. She knelt and patted the cold, roughened hands. "Tony, this one of the five of us is going to give you your turn, at last!"

But Tony sat very still, searching Louise's face with those burning hungry eyes.

"Tony, was it to keep me with you that you made me promise to stop drawing, that morning ten years ago?"

Tony's gaze turned horror-struck. "Oh, no, no! It wasn't that! Ten years ago—it was the first time I had had to dip into Principal, and it frightened me. And the four seemed all to be needing an education at once. I didn't see how I could ever find the money to give you Paris and art, and if you couldn't have teaching you might have to give up. I couldn't bear it for you, my Baby Lou, that you might have to smother that painting impulse inside yourself, as I have had to do."

Louise pressed her face down on Tony's hands. "Forget all that, Tony. I am going to stay with you always and make up for all you've missed. I am going to give you your turn. I told Mr. Plimpton I would never leave you."

Tony snatched away her hands, and laid them on Louise's shoulders. The color flooded back to her brown cheeks. Her voice was crisp.

"What on earth are you saying, child? My turn? What in the world do you mean? You told Mr. Plimpton you wouldn't go! Because of me! You call that giving me my turn?"

"You've never had your turn, Tony, to have what you wanted, for yourself. And I thought,—I thought, Tony,—now that it's too late for you to have your painting,—that what you most wanted is just—just me! Isn't that true, Tony?"

But, once again, Tony had come back from far-off places, all back, every plump inch of her. Her eyes were laughing, her voice was chuckling. Her twinkle, as always, seemed to make everything all right, even earthquakes.

"Louise Carleton, the other four are quite correct in dubbing you a little dull. Thank Heaven for your special form of dullness—you, after all, the most gifted of all my five! Little dull one, little dull one, can't you see—don't you know—your Tony? O my baby, at last you shall give me my turn! How could I ever have my turn except through your having yours, having it for me? Look at my hands, all bumpy now. They were supple and slender once. How can I ever have my turn to paint, except with your hands, my Baby Lou? How can I ever have my turn to see Paris, except through your eyes, my baby girl?"

"The other four have gone their ways. They will never need their old auntie again. But you and I are different, you and I are part of each other. The others will live their own lives, fine, useful lives, I trust. But you, you have two lives to live, your own and mine. Unless you go with Mr. Plimpton, you can never give me my turn. Our little dull one, don't you know that you and I can never be separated, however far you journey? The sky may fall, the earth may quake, but always your head will be close to my shoulder, my love will be close about you, my Baby Lou, just as it was that snowy evening when first you came to me, fifteen years ago."

IN the sunset glow as she pressed her cheek against the window pane, Louise looked a tiny babyish thing to be shaken by so great a talent.

"But you want to paint, don't you, Lou?"

"Oh, that's the earthquake part of it all! I never knew how much I wanted to until Mr. Plimpton talked. I'd kept it a secret for ten years, Tony. Can a person smother a thing like that inside of herself?"



KE PARSONS bought Coony from a man who passed the Parsons farm in a wagon. The wagon had an open crate in it, and in the crate were Coony, three other pups, and their mother. Coony was not known by that name, in this early stage of his life. He was the biggest pup in the crate, and seemed to be the most intelligent. So Ike chose him at once, and paid for him with a side of bacon. After that, you never saw Ike without seeing Coony, and whenever Coony came into view you knew that Ike was not far behind.

At most houses in our settlement Coony was very welcome. The only difficulty came when Coony wanted to follow Ike into church.

Coony was so determined about this, when he grew up to be a full-sized dog, that Ike went to see the preacher, Doctor Barton, about it. Doctor Barton was a friend of Coony's. He smiled wisely, and said:

"Suppose we let him come just once, on probation. If he behaves well, there will be no objection to his coming again. If not, you must leave him at home."

There was shrewdness in this answer, because Doctor Barton liked and respected Ike and knew that Ike would bend every effort to teaching Coony to lie still. If the young man had merely wanted to bring Coony to church for his own diversion, or as a whim, Doctor Barton would have sternly refused permission. But Ike was the hardest-working young man in the settlement; he had to be, with his mother and sisters and brother to support. Sunday mornings, he walked four miles to church, and the company of his dog meant much to him. Of course, he could have tied Coony outside the church door. But Doctor Barton reached a decision that proved satisfactory to all.

Ike spent a good deal of time teaching Coony to lie still, before he brought him to church on probation. Coony was only too anxious, always, to do whatever Ike wanted him to do. As soon as Ike could make him understand things, Coony would do them. On this probation Sunday, Coony followed Ike into church so soberly that many people did not notice him at all.

Then he stretched out in the aisle, close to Ike's pew, and never took his eyes off the preacher while he was talking—except once, when he shot a quick glance at Ike, to see if Ike were satisfied with his conduct.

Doctor Barton had the pleasant old-fashioned custom of greeting each person as he or she came out of church after service. When Ike came out, with Coony following demurely behind him, Doctor Barton smiled and said that Coony could certainly come again.

Other boys were much interested in Coony's presence in the congregation. Several of them immediately asked permission to bring their own dogs. Doctor Barton said they could do so only when their dogs were as perfectly trained as Coony. That stumped them. Ike was one of those rare people who not only love dogs but can persuade dogs to do anything they wish. Try teaching your own dog to lie quietly, without moving a muscle, for an hour and a half, and then ask yourself whether the dog could do it while hymns are being sung, while people are rising and sitting down, and while you yourself are sitting near by but paying no attention to him.

Coony had so many other accomplishments (they should not be called "tricks") that the list of them should be set down here as a challenge to other good owners and friends of dogs. He was not forced to do them; he enjoyed doing them, just as he enjoyed everything that brought him a smile and a hearty pat on the head from Ike. Here are some of the things he could do.

He learned to keep the kindling woodbox full for Ike's mother, Mrs. Parsons, filling it with sticks from the pile in the shed. He could both open and close the door, with its old-fashioned thumb latch. He could go for the cows and drive them home. He carried bundles. He could guard any object and was a faithful watchman for the farm. He retrieved ducks when Ike went shooting, and he learned to find grouse and scare them up into trees and bark at them until Ike came.

He grew so careful that he could carry an egg from the barn to the house without crack-

*Coony learned to keep the woodbox full for Ike's mother*



By E. E. Harriman

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

ing its shell. He knew each member of the family by name, and would deliver anything to the one whose name was mentioned by Ike, refusing to let anyone else touch his packet. Besides these accomplishments, he had plenty of amusing tricks for the benefit of children.

No better-tempered dog walked the roads of Minnesota, and none more faithful to his master or to a trust reposed in him. When Ike told Coony to go with any other person he would obey, and be that person's dog for the time being, but he would never stay after the sun went down. At sunset he would start on the shortest possible line for home, with his nose sticking straight out, and his long legs fairly flying over the ground, and on arrival he would whine at the kitchen door to let Ike and his mother know that he had come home.

Coony's bed was in a kennel that Ike built at the end of the porch. Ike could lean out of his window at any time and give one sucking intake of breath through his puckered lips and instantly hear the scramble of Coony's feet as he left his kennel to run round under the window and whine an answer.

Then Ike would talk to him as he would to a man, and the dog would listen and give soft little whimpers to show his appreciation. If Ike said, "The horses—I think you should see that the horses are all right," Coony would trot off to the barn and come back in a little time to whine for further orders.

WHEN Ike killed hogs, he always hung them in the trees behind the house. He would throw a blanket into a big barrel lying on its side, tell Coony to watch there, and then go to bed secure in the knowledge that the meat was safe from animals and human prowlers. Other dogs that came for a meal of pork went away howling, for Coony was the master of any two in the place.

When Ike was working at his sugar camp, or in the distant meadow at Big Lake, Mother Parsons never had to worry about sending out his lunch to him. She merely put it into a basket and waited for Coony to come for it. Promptly a few minutes

before noon he would come, stretching out in that long gallop of his which could run down any rabbit in the woods. He would take the handle of the basket in his mouth and trot away with it, carrying it with such care that he never spilled its contents.

If his appearance has not been described until now, it is because his mind was so much more extraordinary. He was a mongrel dog, standing tall and rangy. He had a well-brushed gray coat, curiously mottled with markings that were almost black. Ike called him Coony in the first place because he was marked like a coon—but most people thought he deserved the name because he was so clever.

Ike had his mother and three small sisters to care for; his only brother was afflicted with spinal trouble that prevented him from doing any work except such as he could do while reclining in his wheel-chair. Ben was a cheerful body for all his suffering, and his laugh rang out as often as that of his big brother, who was one of the strongest men in the county. Mother Parsons was a large woman with a large voice. She could hold her end up in a race at hoeing corn as well as most men; also, she was a noted cook, and the good old-fashioned hop-yeast bread that came out of her oven was a perfect golden brown and cut as smooth as a fine cake. She had won the first prize for her bread at the county fair until it was a mere matter of form to make the award.

Her heart was in proportion to her size and voice, and many a poor fellow had been glad to hear Mother Parsons roll out her words of encouragement in a voice that seemed to reach to the next section line. She always backed up her vocal sympathy by some substantial help.

She loved to tell stories of the wonderful "cuteness" of Coony, and in fact was more inclined to do that than Ike, perhaps because she could do it without being guilty of bragging.

"Why, do you know that pup went to town with Ike," she said to a neighbor, "and when Ike was coming home he dropped a sack of shot he had bought. He was riding old Nell, and when he missed the sack he turned her around, intending to ride back to

see if he could find the shot, and that blessed pup sat down in the road in front of him and said, 'Wuf,' and Ike looked, and blessed if the pup hadn't that sack of shot in his mouth. There's no knowing how far he'd toted it. It wasn't but five pounds, but Ike was glad to get it, and the fuss he made over that pup was scandalous."

Coony was very good to the animals on the farm. The house cat could ride on his back, if she wished. With the horses he was hail-fellow-well-met. He would condescend to look with some favor on the cows, but for sheep he had the contempt of an old cattleman. Ike never could get him to be polite to sheep, even when he was driving them. He could herd sheep and drive them into their pens, but he did it with the air of a girl who has to wash dishes when she had planned to spend that half-hour on the tennis court.

Coony's third birthday came and went, and the summer passed in the usual round of work and heat. In September Coony felt better, for Ike would take a day off now and then to go out after ducks or grouse; hunting was the delight of both their souls.

When the winter began and the first snow fell the sheep were all brought up to the barnyard and given a yard of their own with a good stable where they could find shelter at night. This stood open at all times. There were about eighty sheep in the herd.

They were led by an old Cotswold ram with curling horns—a rather vicious fellow at times, but a wonder at producing wool, and hence valuable. His lambs gave about double the yield of wool that the mothers did. They were all Merinos, and Ike was trying to grade up the flock to a good level.

After the fourth snowstorm of the season, when the snow was about two feet deep on the ground, rumors began to fly around that there were wolves in the woods.

"No doubt about it," said Henry Bascom, a neighbor. "I've been in wolf country, and I know the signs."

Ike Parsons was not impressed. "I've got plenty other troubles besides wolves," he chuckled.

"Lock the door of your sheep pen," urged Bascom.

"Coony's door enough for all the pens and stables I've got."

Henry Bascom shook his head. "You're a good boy, Ike," he said. "But you don't know everything. I hope you won't be sorry you are leaving things open."

ONE night Ike hitched his horses to the sleigh and took his mother to see her sister, who lived seven miles away. The little girls were not at all afraid to stay with their crippled brother Ben; in fact they were greatly pleased at the prospect, for he had promised them some stories. Ben was a famous story-teller, and it was a treat to hear him when he chose to relate one of his fairy tales or adventure stories. He made them up as he went along and never was at a loss for word or situation.

Ike told Coony to stay at home and watch, and drove off with his mother. She had seen her sister only once since snow flew and, as Ike said, was "good for several hours of talking" when they got together. So the children did not expect them home for a long time.

They got out the corn popper and told Ben to begin while they popped corn, but he demurred; the corn, he said, would burn if they tried to watch it and to listen at the same time. They overruled him, and he began to tell his little sisters the story of the return of Ulysses, the great hero of Greece, to his home in the island of Ithaca, long ago.

"He fought for ten years at the siege of Troy," said Ben. "People change a great deal when they leave home for ten years and pass through great adventures and hardships. And the voyage home was so long and there were so many adventures that Ulysses lost all his soldiers and sailors and all his fine armor and good clothes."

"He looked exactly like an old beggar-man—a tramp with a ragged gray beard. He came up from the shore and found the road to his house. There were men working in the fields whom he recognized, but they did not know him. Some of them ordered him away,

*The lantern rays fell on Coony lying with his head on the threshold*



saying there was no entertainment for tramps on the island.

"Then Ulysses found that many of the neighbors had long since given him up for lost. They were a rough lot of men, and there was no law that could touch them in those days. Some of them were living in his house and making free with his goods. Ulysses knew that if he claimed his rights they would scorn him for an impostor and probably murder him unless he went away.

"He was so weak and tired and hungry that he had no hope. And yet, while he stood outside his home and watched the men feasting inside, he knew that if somebody would only recognize him he would have heart for the adventure. But there was nobody who knew him. An old shepherd on the island gave him shelter for the night; and Ulysses knew this man well, but the shepherd did not recognize him. Then they went to the big house together, and nobody knew Ulysses. They were willing to give him a hand-out, and that was all.

"And then," said Ben, "guess who recognized Ulysses after all."

"His mother?" suggested Alice.

"He had no mother living," answered Ben. "And his wife, Penelope, was in her room. The only chance was among the farmers and other men around the place. And not one of them knew Ulysses—not one. He was so changed, so old and ragged, that they could not know he was the great hero who had sailed away, ten years before. But there was *one* who recognized him. Guess who?"

"I can't guess," said Belle, after long thought.

"His dog," said Ben, smiling. "The old hound Argos, who lay in the courtyard. Argos could not go to war with his master; but he had lain there, day after day, year

after year, waiting for Ulysses to come home. And now he got up on his old legs and walked over to Ulysses and licked his hand. He knew his master. Dogs always know."

"That's true, I'm sure," said Alice. "Coony would recognize Ike, no matter if Ike went away for a hundred years!"

"Then what happened?" asked Belle. "What happened," said Ben, "was that Ulysses felt strong again, and very soon he cleaned all the rascals out of his home, and—"

The story was never finished. Little Sue, who had been popping the corn, became so interested in this wonderful old story of the faithfulness and wisdom of a dog that she let the popper droop till it rested on the coals and the corn caught fire. Then there was a scurrying to get it smothered, and the room filled with smoke.

Sue ran to the water pail and sluiced the popper with water, and Belle and Alice opened the windows to let the smoke out. Ben told them to open the door also, and when they swung it open they saw Coony come out of his kennel and stand with his head up as if listening; and Belle held up her hand for the rest to be quiet. Her sisters stopped their laughing and stood still, holding their breath.

As they stood thus they heard the sound of the sheep as they rushed across their pen and into the covered part, followed by an agonized bleat. Coony jumped from the porch with a growl and rushed round the corner of the house at full speed.

The girls crowded and clung together; their faces were pale with fright, for in all Coony's three years of life they had never heard such a savage sound from him.

Ben motioned for them to keep still; they all strained their ears to catch the first sound that would tell what had startled the dog to such rage. They did not have to wait long.

casual feeble tussle, but a very weak snarling sounded most of the time.

Belle turned from the window at last with tears running down her cheeks and said to Ben, "Coony wouldn't leave us to fight alone, and I'm going to help him."

Ben reached his hand to her and tried to draw her to him, but she slipped past him to the room where Alice had found the rifle. She came back in an instant with a box of cartridges and asked him to fill the magazine.

"You know I can shoot a little, and I am going down there if Sue will carry the lantern and hold it up behind me so that I can see what I am to shoot."

"I'll do it, Belle; I'm not afraid."

"Come on then. We must hurry, or I'll go frantic. I wish I'd learned more about using a gun when Ike wanted me to."

Ben said nothing, but his face was white. The girls went out with the gun and lantern and ran down the path that led to the barnyard. Ben mustered enough strength to call to them from the window to go slow and be sure they did not shoot Coony. They answered to let him know they heard and then entered the sheep yard, leaving the gate open behind them.

THEY could hear the feeble snarl coming at intervals from within the covered part, and they stepped softly and slowly round the corner of the barn that jutted out into the yard. The lantern rays fell on Coony lying with his head on the threshold and his nose pointing inside. As they spoke to him a feeble movement of his tail was too small and weak to be called a wag. He held his eyes on something that they could not see, and the low snarl kept rolling up in his throat. Another snarl that was weak and full of fury came from just beyond Coony's nose, and the girls stepped a little closer. There on the floor of the sheep pen only about three feet from Coony's nose was the head of a great wolf; in the dim light they could see that his body lay in a curious sprawling position.

He snarled more loudly and horribly at sight of the lantern and struggled to drag himself along, but he was helpless. Belle raised the rifle and, taking as good aim as her inexperience and agitation would allow, fired at the head.

When the girls were sure that the wolf was dead they dropped the rifle on the straw and stooped over Coony. He was torn in a shocking manner, and they were filled with a great fear that he would die before Ike could return.

"Belle, I'm going to get my hand sled and get him to the house."

"Oh, get it quick, Sue. Hurry."

And, without a further thought of danger to themselves, the two girls began the work of rescue for the dog that had battled so bravely. When they had hauled him up to the house they had a hard struggle to get him inside, for Coony was a heavy dog. But with the help of Alice they succeeded at last and placed him on a rug before the fire.

When Ike and his mother came home they found the dog with bandages on every leg and with great pads of cloth on his shoulders and neck. Belle was busily cleaning a wound in his nose. Ben was leaning over the side of his chair and giving directions, while the two other girls held salve and arnica and cried over the patience that Coony showed.

Ike went down to the sheep pen and inspected it. The dead beast was a great dog wolf, with scars of other battles all over his shoulders and head. His back and right fore leg were broken, and his head and neck were covered with marks of Coony's teeth.

There were two dead sheep in the stable and one outside, and the yard showed by its torn-up surface that the greater part of the fight had taken place there. At the south end of the barn Ike found drops of blood—proof that the two other wolves had not gone scatheless from the fight.

"Three to one, and timber wolves at that! They would have killed him if Ben hadn't frightened them, but the nerve of the old boy to tackle three wolves! And to kill the boss of the gang after being cut up by the three."

Ike came back from his inspection to declare that Coony had proved himself the best fighter on record. It was late at night, but he lost no time in hitching up a fresh horse and driving six miles to get a surgeon; and the surgeon said that he had never attended a finer gentleman than Coony. In half a dozen days Coony was on his feet again, still a little weak and stiff, but on a rapid road to complete recovery.

Ike spent two weeks in running down and killing the other wolves, and he said that it was worth it to avenge Coony.

They heard Coony jump the fence and rush across the pen to the shelter; then there came through the open windows the sound of a fight that was like a battle of demons.

Ben was white and shaking as he grasped the sides of his chair and lifted his body with his arms.

"It is wolves," he cried, "and Coony will be killed! So will the sheep. What can I do? I'm only the wreck of a man! Oh, for one hour of strength! Half an hour, ten minutes, would be worth a year of my life."

It was little, quick-witted Alice who thought of a way to help. She threw open the door that led to the next room and rushed to the corner where Ike kept his rifle. She came out with it hugged in her arms and cried to her sisters to wheel Ben up to the window that gave a view of the barn. Then she thrust the rifle into his hands and said, "Shoot! Shoot! The noise will scare the wolves away."

Ben lifted the gun and fired shot after shot, aiming high in order not to kill any of the cattle. In the bright moonlight the girls saw two forms glide like shadows from the sheep pen, cross the front of the barn and, whirling round its south corner, disappear in the trees beyond.

But still the noise of struggling went on though in a little less degree. Half a dozen shots failed to stop it, and Ben sat back weakly. The sound was a terrible snarling that continued steadily for a time; it then became a little intermittent, but always had the utmost quality of cruelty and viciousness in it. Now and then the girls and Ben could hear the sound of bodies being hurled about in the pen. The room became cold, and they brought blankets from the bed. Still the sounds went on, getting weaker and weaker, but persisting till the girls were all crying and Ben had long ago ceased to care that they should see his face wet with tears.

They could not shut the windows, though it was torture to keep them open. They knew that out there in the darkness Coony was fighting for his life—Coony, their pet and comrade. And they could not help.

At last the sounds died down to an oc-





# MISCELLANY



## WILD GEESE AS MISSIONARIES

*The Companion's Religious Article*

ONE of the shiest and wariest of all wild birds is the Canada goose. Early in spring these fine, big birds fly away north to the Arctic regions, where they make their homes. Late in the fall they come back and fly south as far as the Gulf of Florida. Every year they travel thousands of miles.

But there is a man in Canada who has learned how to make friends even with the wild geese. His name is Jack Miner. He came from Ohio, and he lives at Kingsville, Ont. Uncle Jack—he likes to have the boys and girls call him “uncle”—began by putting out food for seven wild geese which settled on a big pond near his home. It was not very long before those seven wild geese learned to trust him. They flew away south for the winter, but next spring they all came back to the pond to be fed again.

It was several years before any more geese were bold enough to join the little flock. Then one spring there were eleven, and the next spring twenty-four, and the next spring four hundred! And now the wild geese come in great flocks, so that it takes thousands of bushels of corn to feed them!

Uncle Jack caught some of the geese and put little tags of metal on their legs so that he would know them when they came back. “Box 48, Kingsville, Ont.,” was stamped on the tags. Hunters who shot a goose would send the tag to the address, and he would know how far the bird had flown.

One day a Salvation Army lass sold Uncle Jack a calendar. There were Bible texts on it—one for every day in the year. Then, one starry night, as he heard the wild geese going overhead on their flight to the Far North, Mr. Miner thought how splendid it would be to make them his messengers by stamping a Bible text on every tag. So now every spring Uncle Jack catches hundreds of the wild geese, and when he lets them go every one of them carries a verse of Scripture on the inside of its little metal band.

He has a small pond close to his house, and at one end of the pond is a sort of big wire cage with one side open. Hundreds of geese swim into the cage to feed. Then the side is closed, and very gently he drives them into a smaller cage where he can pick them up and take them to the tagging-room. There the tags are put on their legs, and soon they are free to start on their long journey north.

Many a lonely hunter or trapper who has shot a goose for his dinner must have been surprised to find a metal tag on the bird's leg. If he should look at it very carefully, he would find the Bible message. Perhaps the hunter had no Bible to read, but he would not forget the little text that came to him out of the air.

So the wild geese are really missionaries. They go into the far places where there are no churches and no preachers, and carry God's Word to men who would not hear it in any other way.

## HOARSENESS

*The Companion's Medical Article*

HOARSENESS is caused by some change in the vocal cords or muscles of the larynx, in the tonsils, or at the back of the throat. The reasons for these alterations in various parts are manifold. An ordinary cold is often accompanied with hoarseness when the congestion in the nasal passages extends down to the mucous membrane of the pharynx or to the vocal cords. The first sign of a tumor of the vocal cords is usually hoarseness, with the feeling as of “a frog in the throat.”

In diphtheria and croup the voice is very rough or even extinguished, and following diphtheria there may be a temporary paralysis of the laryngeal muscles in consequence of which the voice falls to a hoarse whisper. In tuberculosis also, either with or without direct involvement of the larynx, there is apt to be more or less pronounced hoarseness. Indeed, this is often one of the earliest symptoms of the disease, and the occurrence of persistent hoarseness without any evident cause will often arouse the suspicion of consumption in the physician's mind.

A peculiar and inconvenient alteration of the voice is the huskiness known as clergyman's sore throat, a form of voice fatigue that may effect not only preachers but all

public speakers, especially candidates for political office during the strain of a campaign. In cases of enlarged tonsils or adenoids, recurrent attacks of hoarseness are common, for the patients are usually mouth-breathers,—always so when asleep,—and this makes them sensitive to all changes of weather and to dust and smoke.

The treatment of hoarseness is, of course, primarily that of the causal condition, but sometimes the latter cannot be directly attacked, and then an effort must be made to tone up the vocal cords and the muscles that move them. The inhalation of vapor from a pitcher of hot water into which a teaspoonful of compound tincture of benzoin has been dropped will sometimes give relief when the throat is dry and irritable, and spraying the throat with an astringent solution may help in a relaxed condition of the throat. It is well, however, not to waste much time in self-treatment, for the hoarseness, if persistent, may be an indication of trouble which only professional treatment can relieve.

## WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

1. What living king became a king at the moment of his birth?
2. For what is Charlotte Corday famous?
3. Which displaces the more water, the heaviest of battleships or the largest of ocean liners?
4. Is the Wright Whirlwind motor for airplanes (a) straight, circular or V-shaped; (b) cooled by air or water?
5. Who said, “I regret that I have but one life to give for my country”?
6. Where was Acadia, the scene of Longfellow's poem “Evangeline”?
7. What state in the United States has the longest coast line?

8. Who was the “Admirable Crichton”?
9. How are cadets at West Point and Annapolis usually selected?
10. What does “Remember the Maine” mean?
11. What two men ran three times for the Presidency but were never elected?
12. What epic poem relates the story of the fall of man?
13. What is “log rolling”?
14. How does the “rule of the road” differ in England and the United States?
15. Who is the most famous writer of fables?
16. In what part of the body is the tibia bone?
17. What two signers of the Declaration of Independence became Presidents of the United States?
18. What is the Palmetto State?
19. Which way do most screws turn in tightening?
20. What letter occurs most frequently in English words?

(Answers to these questions are on page 589)

## PAUL REVERE'S HORSE

IN this issue, we have printed an article about Mr. Charles Lanier Lawrance, president of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, who designed the famous Wright Whirlwind motor, which drove Lindbergh's plane from New York to Paris last May.

Mr. Lawrance's friends accuse him of having coined the one classic epigram about Colonel Lindbergh's flight. It is too good not to repeat in these columns.

When the world was going wild over Hero Lindbergh, one of Mr. Lawrance's friends said to him: “Charlie, it's a shame more people don't hear about the important part you played in Lindy's flight.”

Mr. Lawrance laughed, slapped his friend on the back, and replied: “Go on with you. Who ever heard the name of Paul Revere's horse?”

## A LONELY CROW

A WOODSMAN hunting for game, like a deer or a bear, sees things like a pekan or a fox, tucks the fact away in his mind and goes on without any further thought. Then, a long time afterward, a whole group of stowaway observations return like a flock of chattering bluejays to his mind. It has happened so with me, writes a friend of The Companion, many a time; once in the case of a certain ugly old crow that lived part of the time down on the flats of the West Canada River, in the Adirondacks, where I ranged as a boy.

I had a 32-calibre rim-fire rifle. I devastated many a squirrel nest and woodchuck hole. But this crow escaped all but one of my bullets. That shot spoiled the old fellow's wing, clipping off two feathers on the right side. On the left wing some other hunter had left evidence of a close shot, for a feather was gone there too. Thus he was marked, this bird of keen eyes and a well-founded suspicion of human beings.

I used to see him flying along in a wabbly, negligent way, pitching down into fields with lots of grasshoppers, into cove muck, with lots of worms, and, I think, into shallow water, catching minnows. But I know that crow was an outcast among his own kind. He always traveled alone. I used to think he was a flock sentinel, but other sentinels were on wild-cherry fence-line trees, while he stood much further from the feeding birds, as though looking into forbidden picnics, and at conventions to which he had not been elected.

The great autumnal migration flights of crows came at intervals during late August and September and into October. Especially if it was a good beechnut year, the crows stayed late with us. And I never saw this old crow with these flocks. He would be, perhaps, within a quarter or a half of a mile of some great congregation down on Nick Shoemaker's flats, but he never joined the other birds. I saw him, once, sitting with his shoulders humped and his feathers ruffled, staring so intently at a flock of his fellows that I almost came within gunshot. On this occasion he dropped from the limb and flew silently away, instead of with his usual raucous clatter.

A bird rascal, unquestionably. Was he a criminal? I think so. He was overgrown in his appearance, rather dull of plumage, compared with the smooth black of even autumnal crows. He neglected his appearance and failed to preen himself. Ostracized, probably mean and bad by crow standards, he was doomed to live alone.

I wonder what I should have learned had I made it my business to watch him day after day, as I could easily have done. Anyway, I do know he was lonely.

## A HARD-WORKED HUSBAND

AMONG the pets that we were so fortunate as to have during a pet-enlivened childhood, writes a Companion subscriber, was a pair of white rats. They were cleanly, intelligent little creatures, and conversed together more obviously than any other animals I have ever watched.

Their nursery was a box in the upper corner of the cage. From its door a “staircase” of a slanting board led to the floor below. During the time that the mother rat was confined in the nursery with a quintette of helpless babies she kept her spouse dancing attendance. He was not allowed even to look at his offspring, but must make himself useful about the house. Now he trotted obediently downstairs after a piece of bread. Now it was apple or a bit of cracker and cheese that his wife demanded.

Finally there seemed to be a colloquy at the nursery door. Madame wished a drink. Squeaking and much twitching of whiskers by Mr. Rat, but Madame was evidently insistent, for her mate descended the stairs once more, seized the water dish, which was the cover of a baking-powder can, and dragged it, with much pulling and hauling, all the way up the incline. Fortunately there was still a drop of water in it when he reached the top, and I hope he was well thanked for his pains.

## Historic Calendar for September

Verses by Arthur Guiterman—Drawings by L. F. Grant



September 1, 1859.

*First Pullman Sleeper*

At Bloomington they shouted, “All aboard!”

The passengers reposed in heaven's keeping;

And maybe as the sleeper jolted toward Chicago, some one did a little sleeping.



September 10, 1813.

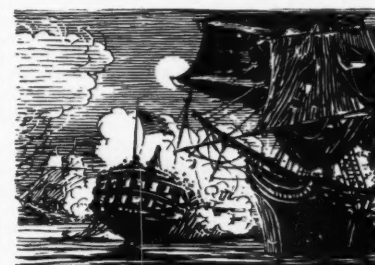
*Perry's Victory on Lake Erie*

When Perry let his broadside crash and rip

The fight was on and everybody knew it.

His flag was blazoned, “Don't give up the ship!”

He didn't, but he made some others do it.



September 25, 1513.

*Balboa Discovers the Pacific*

Balboa scanned the unknown sea, and then

In patriotic zeal and deep devotion Went wading on a beach in Darien

And claimed for Spain the whole Pacific Ocean.



# FACT and COMMENT

How the Companion Editors see the News of the Day

## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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THE LATEST EXPRESSION of our national passion for organization and propaganda is the proposed "take a bath week," promoted by the "Cleanliness Institute of America." We venture to entertain the hope that the impression will not get abroad that those who observe this occasion need not repeat the experience until the week comes around next year.

WHEN COLONEL LINDBERGH flew to Portland, Me., he could not find a place to land, because the fog was so thick. They do have heavy fogs in Maine. It is credibly reported that a Maine farmer who was shingling his barn got completely off the roof without knowing it and shingled ten feet of a dense fog bank before he found out what he was doing.

IT IS INTERESTING to know that the favorite playmates of the little prince who has become King Michael of Roumania are the children of the American minister to Bucharest. Michael will have more reasons than one to regret that he has succeeded to a crown when he is still in the nursery, but the one that moves him most just now is that he cannot see his little American friends so frequently and informally as before.

### A GREAT TOY AIRPLANE RACE

IF the boys of today have inherited the American liking for things that "go," there will be a race worth seeing in Memphis, Tenn., on October 8. The boys of a generation ago made toy sleds and double-runners, with "spring" shoes fashioned from mother's hairpins, and raced them down the crusty slopes of back-yard snow drifts. In the summer they built toy boats, as their successors have done ever since, and raced them on the mill-pond—crude boats, for the most part, yet here and there one that showed real ability in design and construction, so that older persons saw in the sport something worth encouraging, and state-wide toy yacht races were arranged. Then came the present era of the airplane.

So widespread is the interest in aviation, both among adults and among young people, that a national prize contest in building and flying toy airplanes has been fixed for this fall, under men whose names mark it as no ordinary event. The chairman of the committee in charge is Orville Wright, and the associate chairman is Colonel Lindbergh, both of whom represent the American Playground and Recreation Association. The government is represented by the three Assistant Secretaries for Air, Mr. Edward P. Warner of the Navy, Mr. F. Trubee Davison of the War Department, and Mr. William P. MacCracken of the Department of Commerce; and among the civilian members are Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. John H. Finley, Mr. Harry Guggenheim and Mrs. Thomas A. Edison. The contest, then, is to be no back-yard affair.

Mr. Paul E. Garber of the Smithsonian Institution will be the technical adviser to the committee. He has prepared a group of articles which will be distributed to eleven

THE relations between The Youth's Companion and its readers have always been particularly close and confidential. So we want to have a little talk with them about the new monthly Companion we put into their hands today.

We expect that a good many readers will be surprised by the change. Habits are hard things to break, even when it is desirable to break them. We were ourselves reluctant to make this change. It is only our conviction that, in the monthly form, we can give our readers a far larger and better Companion that has persuaded us to take this step.

The trend of things in the publishing world is toward the monthly magazine. This is partly because the vastly increased costs of publication are making it more and more difficult to make the constant improvements that we aspire to; and partly because the pace of modern life, with its greatly increased opportunities for occupying leisure time has made the weekly paper less essential to its readers. Experience shows that the monthly magazine can do, and do well, things that a weekly can only do hurriedly and inadequately. Let us tell you a few of the ways in which the monthly Companion will be able to offer you better service than it could as a weekly.

The larger issue will have more room for each of the things you are especially interested in. It will contain more stories, and it can print longer stories when it wishes to do so. You would be surprised if you knew how many first-rate stories we have had to decline in the past simply because they were somewhat too long for the space at our disposal. There is a rigidity about the make-up of the smaller weekly paper from which the

hundred playground leaders and five hundred other agencies, in which he has given full instructions for building model airplanes propelled by rubber bands, compressed air, steam, gasoline and carbonic acid. The playground leaders in each community are expected to organize the boys in their vicinity into groups which will build and try out models. In each of twenty events five winners will be chosen in local contests to be held on September 12. The successful contestants will then go to Memphis for the national championship final, on October 8, when Colonel Lindbergh, government officials and other members of the committee will be present. There will be nearly one hundred prizes.

Here is a contest that should touch the imagination and stir the ambition of every forward-looking mechanically inclined boy. We hope that among the winners may be some young Ericsson, some youthful Langley, some precocious Wright, of the Y. C. Lab, whose name will be to boys of the future what those names were to their day and generation. But no boy need hope to win with any mere copy of what others have done, or any poorly conceived or hastily constructed piece of mechanism. There is a serious purpose behind this contest: the encouragement of youthful inventiveness and the improvement of aviation; and the prizes will go to real ability.

### THE MENIN GATE

THE most splendid and impressive memorial of the Great War so far erected has just been dedicated at Ypres, the old Flemish town which for four years marked the stubbornly held line between the German and British armies, and which emerged from the terrible conflict little more than a heap of shattered brick and mortar. Nowhere along the whole four-hundred-mile front was the fighting more continuous and more bloody than at Ypres. It is believed that 200,000 British soldiers fell in defending the Ypres salient against the German attacks. The German losses were probably as great. Altogether eight times as many men were killed within a few miles of the great memorial gateway which the British people have set up on the Menin road to Ypres as

larger issue escapes. We shall be able to print stories long enough to make a book by themselves in a single number, as we are doing this month with Mr. Stephens's lively tale "Andros Island." We shall have room to develop our departments such as Miscellany, the Y. C. Lab, and the G. Y. C. without the compression that the weekly form has imposed upon us. We can give you more and better pictures; and the illustration of a modern periodical is one of the features that make it especially attractive to its readers.

We need not tell you that the editors have given long and thoughtful consideration to the step they are taking. Every argument, pro and con, has been presented, discussed and reflected upon for months. As we told you in the beginning, we were unwilling to abandon the traditional form of The Companion until we had assured ourselves that the advantages that the change would offer to us as publishers could be passed on to you as readers. Of that we are now thoroughly convinced, and we are sure that a very little experience with the new Companion will convince you, too, that the decision was a fortunate one.

This month we are making only a beginning. You will find the next number bigger and better. We can see a score of ways in which the new arrangement will liberate us to improve and strengthen The Youth's Companion. In essentials it will remain exactly what it has always been. Its ideals and purposes remain unchanged. It will simply be better equipped to realize those ideals and those purposes in its larger and freer form. Take our word for it, you will like and come to love the new Companion more even than The Companion of the past.

the United States lost in all the battles in which its soldiers took part.

The Menin gate consists of two lofty archways roofed with a beautiful strong cornice, between which there is a memorial hall, on the walls of which are tablets bearing the names of 58,000 English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian and Australian soldiers who died at Ypres, but whose bodies never could be recovered or identified for burial. It is in massiveness and beauty a fitting monument to human valor, never more terrifically tried or more gloriously indicated than on the blood-stained fields of Flanders. Napoleon once said that no body of soldiers could keep its morale if it lost more than a quarter of its number in action, but there were regiments, brigades, and even army divisions in the Ypres salient that lost more than half their men, in a few days of fighting. Yet they maintained their spirit and were standing in August of 1918 where they stood in August of 1914, ready, when the chance came a few weeks later, to move forward.

The story of the Great War is so tremendous that we can never know the hundredth part of it. We are already letting the memory of those terrible years grow dim. That is inevitable. But for centuries—let us hope for millenniums—the beautiful Menin gate will stand as a reminder that the human spirit is greater than all the calamities that can befall it, and as a memorial to the thousands upon thousands of brave men who gave up their lives without complaint that their nation might live.

### THE CRAFTSMAN'S MEDAL OF HONOR

THE other day, when one of the great new buildings that are continually going up in New York was completed, an interesting ceremony took place in the wide marble lobby. On a platform specially erected for the occasion and decorated with flags and bunting sat a group of men, some of them evidently men of affairs and others as evidently workmen, members of the different trades that had been employed on the structure. There were a few short speeches by the architect, the contractor and the owner of the building, and then one of the men, the president of the Building Congress of New

York, stepped forward. He called up by name ten or a dozen of the workmen who had seats on the platform. He fastened to the buttonhole of each man's coat a handsome button of gold and put into each man's hand an engraved certificate that he had been thus honored because of the excellent quality of the work he had performed. Each trade had its representatives; there was an electrician, a stone-mason, a steel worker, a tile-layer, a plumber, a carpenter, and so on. Somewhere in the lobby of this building if you ever enter it you will find a bronze tablet with the names of these workmen cast upon it.

This was by no means the first occasion of the kind. On at least twenty-five of the recently erected monster buildings of New York similar awards have been made, and 325 mechanics and workmen in the great city wear the gold button of expert craftsmanship, Labor's shining medal of honor. It was about five years ago that the Building Congress, which is made up of representatives of the trades, professions and businesses that have to do with building construction, decided to institute this decoration for conspicuously capable and faithful workers. In these days of mass and quantity production, when so much is done by machines that used to be done—if at all—by hand, there is danger that the old pride in good craftsmanship which the hand-worker inherited from his forefathers in the trade guilds will disappear. It is the purpose of this award to revive that pride; to reward the man who does exceptionally good work.

The plan seems to have worked well. It was inevitable that some little jealousy should have arisen at first, for a choice among many first-rate workmen is not easy. But since the same man can receive the button but once the number of craftsmen so distinguished is growing; and most workers now take pride in seeing their fellows so honored and get a special satisfaction from winning the gold button for themselves. The Building Congress—of which all gold button men are *ex officio* members—believes that the awards have had the effect of improving the quality of work in the building trades.

### AN ASSET OF ALL

FORTY-THREE men were rescued the other day from the lower levels of an iron mine in Michigan, where for three days and nights they had been buried, eight hundred feet below the surface, by a rock slide in the shaft. While they lay imprisoned and mute, so that none outside knew whether they were living or dead, their comrades worked unceasingly, in short relay shifts, to set them free, and at last broke through the wall of debris and found them all alive.

As the cage containing the first group of rescued men came to the mouth of the pit, and the waiting thousands saw that they were safe, a mighty cheer went up; mine and factory whistles began to blow, and the church bells began to ring, not in that slow, solemn way by which they call to prayer or announce the passing of the aged, but with the wild exuberance of joy and victory.

Now, all of those forty-three men were common miners, just plain, ordinary working men, few of them educated, none of them distinguished. Probably never before had any one of them received the slightest token of public interest or heard a cheer or any other applause that he could feel was intended for him. Yet now, because he had been saved from a torturing and horrible death, the whole community was rejoicing.

A boy, perhaps the commonest ragamuffin of the slums, trying to dash across a crowded street, is knocked down by a street car and pinned beneath the truck beams. The firemen are called out, and if they cannot free the boy by jacks and derricks they destroy it to save him. An elevator man is wedged between his car and the steel frame of the well. Workmen come with acetylene torches and if necessary burn away even the steel girders to set the man free.

Such things are worth thinking about. They are the tributes that we pay, not to personality or distinction or achievement or public service, but to the worth and beauty of life itself. They are the voice of civilization expressing a great and fundamental truth, and thereby answering an age-old question. Life is worth living, and even in the humblest is an asset of all the rest of us.



# THIS BUSY WORLD

## A Monthly Summary of Current Events

### THE PRESIDENT WITHDRAWS

ON the fourth anniversary of his accession to the Presidency, Mr. Coolidge quietly announced that he did "not choose to run for the Presidency in 1928." The announcement took most people by surprise, and a number of Republican politicians hastened to say that the President's withdrawal was not final, and that he might be drafted as a candidate by the nominating convention after all. We believe, however, that he means what he says, and that his party must look elsewhere for a candidate next year. We must look forward to a period of exciting politics. Lively politics are always entertaining and educative. They may, however, have an unfavorable effect on the everyday business of the country.

### TRAGEDY IN CHINA

IN these days of telephone, telegraph, and radio, it seems strange that a terrible catastrophe should occur in a thickly settled part of the earth, and no news of it reach the rest of the world for two months. Yet that has happened. On May 23 the seismographs in all the great observatories were agitated by an earth tremor which indicated the most severe shock recorded for a great many years. It was pretty clear that the center of the disturbance was far in the interior of China, not far from the borders of Tibet, but weeks passed without any word from that region. At last late in July the message came. It had traveled over the mountain ranges and along the mud paths that are called roads in western China at the rate of twenty miles or so a day. It brought the news that the whole province of Kansu had been shaken by a terrific earthquake. Important cities like Liangchow, Sining, and Kulung were wiped out, together with scores and even hundreds of villages. It is reported that fifty thousand people at least lost their lives,—perhaps more,—while the sufferers by the destruction numbered hundreds of thousands. It is one of the monumental calamities that have affected the human race.

### A CELEBRATED CASE

GOVERNOR FULLER of Massachusetts has been faced with one of the most extraordinary criminal cases in history—that of the People against Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. It is six years since these two Italians were convicted of the murder of two men named Frederick Parmenter and Alessandro Berardelli in South Braintree, Mass. Parmenter was the paymaster of a shoe factory, and Berardelli was his guard. The murderers, whoever they were, escaped with more than \$15,000 which Parmenter had with him. It is the fact that Sacco and Vanzetti were both "Reds" that has made the case so remarkable. Probably no capital case except one in which a king has been sentenced to death ever attracted so much attention outside the country where it occurred. Communists abroad have assumed that the two convicted men were unfairly tried, and demonstrations in their favor and hostile to the United States have been made in scores of countries. American embassies or consulates in Lisbon, Sofia, Paris, Montevideo, Nice, and Buenos Aires have been bombed, and in Massachusetts a bomb was exploded under the house of a relative of one of the important witnesses for the State. The statue of Washington at Buenos Aires was damaged by an explosive, and a few days later a solitary American made a dramatic protest against this kind of argument by proceeding to the foot of the statue, laying a wreath there, and singing with bared head a verse of the "Star Spangled Banner."

### A SEVEN-YEARS' CAMPAIGN

BUT it is not only Communists who have questioned the justice of the jury's verdict. Eminent publicists have written long articles to prove that they were unfairly tried; a well-known Boston lawyer has conducted the case for a new trial. A "defense committee," comprising people of all sorts, has raised funds to pay the expenses of a seven-years' legal battle. Four or five motions have been made for a new trial, on various grounds—including one based on a deposition by a convicted murderer named Madeiros, who

declared that he knew the murder to have been committed by a gang of gunmen of which he was a member. One after another these motions were heard and denied by Judge Thayer, who tried the case originally. The final one went up to the Supreme Court, which decided that it had no grounds on which to interfere with his rulings. The men were sentenced to death; but the defense counsel carried the case before Governor Fuller, who has the right to pardon a criminal or commute his sentence. Governor Fuller made an exhaustive review of the whole case and talked with representatives of every shade of opinion. He had the help of a special commission, consisting of the presidents of Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and former Judge Robert Grant. He decided, with the unanimous approval of that commission, that Sacco and Vanzetti had a fair and impartial trial, that the "new evidence" presented to him was of no real weight, and that the two men were in his opinion guilty of the crime of murder.

### CHINA RETURNS TO NORMALCY

THERE is every indication that the Chinese revolution, which, a few months ago, looked as if it meant real business, is going the way of previous uprisings. The advance of the Nationalist army stopped at the frontier of Shantung, and Chiang Kai-shek is apparently engaged in negotiating with Chang Tso-lin and the other Northern leaders for a *modus vivendi* that will permit all hands to live and let live. At Hankow the so-called "Red" party, which was interested in making the revolution an economic rather than a merely political turnover, is out of power and dispersed.

Michael Borodin, the Russian agent of the soviet government, who was for a year or two the trusted adviser of the Southern leader and the tireless organizer of revolutionary and anti-foreign sentiment among the peasants and coolies of China, has been packed off to Russia. His party, which includes a good many other Russians who came with him or after him to Canton, left Hankow in thirty automobiles loaded with incredible quantities of canned food and aerated waters, together with a hundred spare tires. He will not have a comfortable trip of it across China and Mongolia to the Transiberian Railway, for roads are conspicuous in that region by their absence, and the going will be hard even for balloon tires. Borodin seems to have overplayed his game in China, where there is neither "proletariat" nor "bourgeoisie" in the Marxian sense of those words.

### NO AGREEMENT AT GENEVA

THE Geneva conference on naval limitation failed completely. It proved impossible for the British and American representatives to come to an agreement on the allotment of cruiser strength, though the Japanese delegates, who were apparently ready to consent to any plan that would make their naval expenditures smaller, made every effort to bring the two greater powers into agreement, but in vain. Great Britain felt that its need was for a few cruisers of 10,000 tons or over, and a great number of 7500-ton ships. The United States was equally certain that its requirements called for a considerable number of the heavier cruisers and very few of the lighter class. It is a great disappointment to everyone that the conference could not find any way of reconciling these different views into a satisfactory formula for the limitation of cruiser construction. The most encouraging thing about the affair is the opinion expressed on both sides that war between Great Britain and ourselves is almost inconceivable.

### OUT OF THE RED INK

FOR the first time the United States Fleet Corporation, which operates the five merchant steamships that still belong to the United States government, is able to report a profit. The profit is not a very large one; it amounts to about \$371,000. But it is encouraging that there is any profit at all. The Fleet Corporation has been losing money steadily ever since the war.

## MISCELLANY

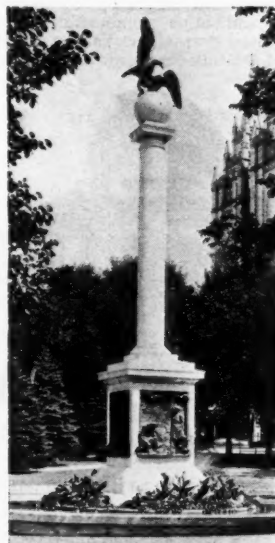
### THE BEST TRICK OF THE MONTH

#### The United Handkerchiefs

TWO handkerchiefs are shown side by side, and the ends are exhibited separately. The handkerchiefs are rolled up and placed in a glass. When the handkerchiefs are pulled from the glass, they are tied together!

This is accomplished by a simple but effective scheme. The two handkerchiefs are tied together at the outset, but they are tied by side corners. The two uppermost corners are separate; and the lower corners dangle, well apart. To all appearances the handkerchiefs are separate; for the knot is hidden in the overlapping sides.

When the handkerchiefs are rolled up and put in the glass, care is taken not to expose the side corners. In drawing out the handkerchiefs, take hold of one of the loose side corners, and the knot will appear between the handkerchiefs.



### THE SEA-GULL MONUMENT

ALTHOUGH Europe far surpasses the United States in the number and variety of its memorials, there is in our country at least one monument so unique in its significance as to have no counterpart in the Old World. This is the Sea Gull Monument in Salt Lake City. It stands within the stone and adobe walled Temple Block and commemorates an early incident in the history of Utah—the destruction of a pest of grasshoppers by the sea gulls.

A few of the colonists had arrived the year before, but it was in the spring of 1848 that they put out their first real crop. Upon its outcome depended the life of the colony. Five thousand acres had been seeded and, supplied with abundant water, the crop was beginning to grow luxuriantly when suddenly came a plague of grasshoppers. The colony tried every means to exterminate the insects, but it was a losing fight, and a winter of starvation threatened. Then the gulls came sweeping in from the lake twenty miles away and devoured the grasshoppers. So most of the harvest was saved.

The people, grateful for this providential intervention, protected the birds by law and for many years debated how to show their gratitude by some fitting memorial. Finally a monument designed by a grandson of Brigham Young was erected.

The base of the monument is square. From it rises a round column of granite surmounted by a granite ball upon which two large gulls of bronze are in the act of alighting. On the four sides of the granite base are four bronze tablets on which are scenes that tell the story of that first harvest, saved by the birds of heaven.

### ANOTHER BANDIT: THE HOUSE WREN

IN a former number of *The Youth's Companion*, writes Mrs. Althea R. Sherman, a well-known ornithologist, is to be found an article by Doctor Hornaday in which he tells the story of the rifling of a bird's nest by that well-known bandit, the red squirrel. He mentions several mammals and birds which, killing "wastefully from a kind of blood lust, can fairly be treated as crim-

nals"; but he does not mention the house wren, though it is one of the worst of bandits. The wolf, the coyote, the puma, the red squirrel and the various species of owls and hawks kill for food, but the house wren seems to kill and destroy the eggs of other birds wantonly. It has sometimes been seen to suck the contents of the eggs it has pierced, but it is much more usual to find uneaten eggs broken below the nests which the wren has destroyed. It has been seen to kill the young of other small birds, not for food, but from a kind of blood lust.

Not until recent years has the house wren been the very common bird it is today. There are places which, twenty-five or thirty years ago, abounded in many species of small birds, all of which disappeared when the wren took possession. Other places, which were once tenanted only by stray cats, screech owls and house wrens, have been redeemed and have become successful bird sanctuaries since these deadly enemies were banished.

Knowledge of the house wren's evil character is no new thing. Its destructiveness has been described in print for more than a century, and in the past twenty-five years scores of persons have testified to seeing the house wren destroy the eggs and nests of other birds—of those occupying boxes, as well as those building open nests—and to seeing him gouge out the eyes of the nestlings he has flung from their nests. This testimony has been published in the bird magazines which are accessible to the reading public. Unfortunately, it is not easy to see the house wren engaged in his diabolical acts, and there are those, who not having seen, maintain that their failure to see ought to outweigh the truthful evidence of those who have seen.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. Alfonso of Spain. 2. She assassinated the blood-thirsty revolutionist of France, Marat. 3. The largest ocean liner displaces 64,000 tons; the biggest battleships about 35,000. 4. Circular; air cooled. 5. Captain Nathan Hale. 6. In Nova Scotia. 7. Florida. 8. James Crichton (pronounced Cryton), a young Scotsman of the sixteenth century who was greatly admired by his contemporaries for his precocious learning and intellectual brilliancy. 9. They are named by Senators or Representatives in Congress, sometimes after competitive examination, sometimes not. 10. It was the popular war cry during the Spanish war of 1898; it referred to the explosion at Havana by which the battleship Maine was destroyed. 11. Henry Clay and William J. Bryan. 12. "Paradise Lost." 13. When two legislators agree to vote for each other's bills, irrespective of the merit of the bills. 14. In this country vehicles pass one another to the right; in England to the left. 15. The Greek writer Æsop. 16. In the leg below the knee. 17. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. 18. South Carolina. 19. To the right, like the hands of a clock. 20. The letter "E."

### THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

SELDOM has a more intense and dramatic sea tale been shown upon the screen than the story of vendetta called "The Blood Ship," directed by George B. Seitz and released by Columbia Pictures. The picture is taken from the novel by Norman Springer. As the title suggests, the film is not to be recommended for young children or sensitively organized women. But Hobart Bosworth in his rôle of Nemesis and Walter James as the renegade captain give unforgettable portraits. Jacqueline Logan and Richard Arlen are good in less striking parts.

Other interesting pictures are:

### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

**Roller Stockings**—Paramount  
College pranks, a boat race and the contrast between two familiar types of students are the high lights in this comedy. Richard Arlen, Louise Brooks

**Hands Off**—Universal  
A Western picture, in which an unusual twist is given by the unworried attitude of two old miners toward a claim jumper. Fred Humes

**The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary**—Producers Distributing Corporation  
A confirmed hypochondriac forgets her fancied aches and pains when the success of a favorite nephew is imperiled. May Robson, Harrison Ford

**Manpower**—Paramount  
A wholesome, stirring story, of a young inventor whose dreams of romance and of usefulness all come true. Richard Dix and Mary Brian

**Colleen**—William Fox  
Beautiful Irish scenery, rollicking Irish humor, and a heroine who loves a horse race that her lover may win. Madge Bellamy

**The Heart of Maryland**—Warner Brothers  
The attractive Civil War story, once famous as a stage play, with a strong cast headed by Dolores Costello and Jason Robards

**The Heart Thief**—Universal  
A highly romantic theme in a picturesque Hungarian setting, acted with charm by Joseph Schildkraut and Lya de Putti



## CHAPTER THREE

WITH this hope in mind the two boys plodded over such a rough trail that they made slow progress. At last, growing faint from lack of food and sleep, they lay down to wait for daybreak. Mosquitoes and ants tormented them, and neither had more than a few moments of broken sleep.

They rose with the first peep of daylight. Progress was now more rapid, and in a few hours they came out on the beach near the Yankee, and felt the reviving breeze from the sea.

They hoped against hope to come upon Captain Kidder. But no one was in sight. The wreck looked tragically deserted, though gulls were hovering round. Approaching cautiously, for fear some drunken pirate might still be lying over from his potations of the day before, the boys climbed aboard the schooner and made haste to the galley.

There was plenty of food, and Pote cooked breakfast, afterward extinguishing the fire for fear the smoke would be seen. The Yankee was deserted, and so was the beach. As the dory was gone, the boys concluded that Captain Kidder had escaped in it, and that he would come back with help to salvage the schooner. Their best chance seemed to be to hide on the vessel, in expectation of rescue.

Pote emphasized the necessity of hiding, saying that the brigands would surely return soon for a fresh supply of rum and molasses. A week passed, during which the boys kept out of sight as much as possible. In the end, however, they were nearly caught.

Pote had barely put out his fire one morning when Covet, who was watching through a crack in the shattered bulwarks, heard a noise and suddenly saw the outlaws issue from the trail in the woods and hasten toward the wreck. He had no more than time to steal back and whisper to Pote in the galley before the entire party was swarming about the stack of hogheads and barrels alongside.

For a moment panic fell upon the boys. To drop off the hull on the other side and attempt to steal away along the beach, would result in almost certain discovery by some of the gang. After a moment of anxious thought Pote decided that they would better conceal themselves aboard. Creeping to the ladder leading down the hatchway, they hurriedly descended into the hold and took refuge in the extreme forepeak, Pote taking the kitchen hatchet with him. In the hold they had stumbled on part of a sodden tarpaulin, and this they drew over them, then lay very quiet, listening fearfully.

There was uproarious talk and, first of all, fresh potatoes from one of the rum barrels. Pote understood much that was said. They had come to carry away what they could and brought with them a kind of sledge for hauling one or more of the rum barrels back over the trail to their retreat in the interior.

The boys heard them loading a barrel on it, shouting and badgering each other. It was plain they were becoming hilarious from the numerous drinks imbibed. It soon appeared that a line was wanted for binding the barrel to the sled, and immediately one of them climbed aboard the wreck to get a rope from the tangled cordage that hung about the foremost. He had difficulty in freeing it and at length entered the galley, probably in quest of a knife or axe. The boys heard him overhauling the kitchen ware. Suddenly he yelled, having accidentally put his hand on the stove, which was still hot from Pote's breakfast fire. That of course puzzled him. He ran out, shouting to the others that there was somebody at the wreck. Several of them came aboard and touched the stove to assure themselves. It was unmistakably hot and, moreover, contained live embers.

They kindled more fire and while two of them descended into the hold some of the rest passed down blazing splinters to aid them in searching. These gave out more smoke than light, however, and the ruffians went stumbling about, tripping over the scantlings with which the hogheads and barrels had been stayed to hold them fast in heavy weather.

They whooped and swore, calling out threats as to what they would do to whoever was hiding there.

The anxiety of the boys can easily be imagined. They lay flat in the bilge under the chocks of the bowsprit, with the black

tarpaulin covering them. Once the foremost pirate approached within a few feet. Peeping from under a fold of the stiff black cloth, Covet caught a glimpse of the knife in his hand. Pote lay grasping the hatchet, intending, if the tarpaulin was pulled off them, to rise on his knees and try to brain their assailant in the narrow space, before he could use his knife. Neither of the fellows appeared to discern anything suspicious, however, and went blundering back toward the far end of the hold and at length climbed out as they had entered.

Then for a time the boys dared draw breath again and peep from beneath their dirty coverlet. Outside, the search for them was still proceeding around the hull and about the pile of hogheads, and later along the beach both ways, for recent tracks. Evidently that still hot stove was a baffling mystery.

Pote and Covet had no presentiment that the schooner was to be destroyed. It was not until they heard the gang piling empty rum barrels and other combustibles beneath the uptilted stern of the Yankee and heard some of the talk that went on outside their



*The Old One*

hiding-place that the peril of their situation occurred to them.

"They're setting the ship afire!" said Covet. "We must get out, quick. We'll be burned to death here."

He was so terrified that Pote was hardly able to restrain him from rushing to the hatch to escape.

Pote himself was alarmed, but thought that the certainty of capture was worse than the possibility of being burned.

Yet his own coolness nearly deserted him when, at length, the negro climbed aboard and smashed the woodwork in the galley, setting a fire blazing there. Another had already been kindled outside, under the stern. The dull crackling was plainly heard; and one can easily understand what an awful sound that was to the two boys pent up inside.

Soon Pote had to hold Covet by main strength. "We're going to be burned—burned, I tell you!" cried the younger boy. But still Pote held him back.

"We're under the water line here," said Pote. "This part of the ship won't burn. We may be killed by smoke—but the fire won't reach us."

"I'm going on deck right away," screamed Covet.

"They'll cut your throat if they see you!" Smoke was now eddying through the forepeak—hot, acrid smoke, full of the smell of burnt molasses. Pote scooped bilge water out of the bottom of the schooner, moistened his coat in it, and held it over Covet's nose and mouth. Then Covet lay at full length in the bilge water, with his nose pressed into his wet coat sleeve. That gave some temporary relief; but now the heat was a worse enemy than the smoke.

"I'm cooked," thought Pote. "Cooked and ready to be eaten. Why don't they come and get me?"

Then a thought struck him. Probably the pirates, having fired the Yankee, were not waiting to see it burn, like boys around a bonfire. Pote pulled Covet to his feet, and led him through the cloud of smoke to the ladder under the main hatch. With great caution, Pote put his head on deck, gulped a great draught of fresh air into his strangling lungs, and looked through parched eyelids and streaming eyeballs at the shore. There was not a single pirate in sight.

"In another ten minutes we'd have died from the heat," gasped Pote, "and nobody would have known whether we died or not."

## ANDROS ISLAND

Covet was gasping, too. The deck planks were hot, and fire was creeping about the hatch combing and over the gunwales. They sprang forth, regardless of it, and jumped the rail into the shallow water, hiding on the far side of the vessel for fear some of the gang were still in sight or hearing.

The pirates had gone, however, though voices could still be heard at a distance in the forest as they slowly dragged away their sledge. A leaky old bucket lay on the sand, and, snatching it up after a while, Pote began throwing water on the fire on deck, while Covet threw wet sand against the smoldering planking outside.

The hull was in such damp condition from the torrential rains of the previous days that they succeeded much better than would be thought likely. In the course of an hour's work they put out most of the fire, though the hull still steamed and smoked. The interior of the galley had wholly burned out, with everything it contained except the stove. All the remaining food supplies in lockers and casks were consumed or ruined for use. Everything was blackened and scorched. This was a sad calamity for the castaways. For several days they had lived there not so very uncomfortably, with plenty of plain food, protected also from mosquitoes and wild animals. Now they had no food, and, what was worse, they had no means of procuring it—not so much as a fish-hook. They searched along the shore, in the borders of the forest, and hunger drove them to eat certain red berries, probably unwholesome, found on running vines, with the result that both were made very sick for a time.

Later they attempted to masticate the raw flesh from some of the large abalone shells washed up by the recent gales. It was very tough chewing as well as rank to the taste, and that, too, nauseated them.

To add to the hopelessness of the present situation they had now no means of kindling a fire. In the haste of retreating to the hold, Pote had left his steel, flint and tow in the galley, and it had been lost in the fire.

The hope of crossing the ship channel to the Florida coast now recurred to their minds, and after passing up more of the scantlings they worked hard at a raft for several hours. But, having nothing with which to bind the timber together, save a few pieces of rope, they at length gave up the job as impracticable.

Next morning hunger drove them to chew more raw abalone. This flesh has some little nutritive value, but one can scarcely subsist on it long. Both boys were taken ill again, and they passed another wretched night. Grown desperate, Covet wished to set off in quest of the mythical Nassau of which they had been told; but Pote said, "No use. We never would find it. We should get lost in the woods and starve to death."

THEY chewed abalone voraciously once more, but it failed to impart much strength, and during the forenoon that followed Pote took an heroic resolution—one that terrified Covet at first. "Tonight," said Pote, "I am going back where the pirates took us and try to find the woman with the red coat. You had better go with me."

"But the pirates will catch us and shoot us!" remonstrated Covet.

"I'm going," Pote declared. "I would just as soon be shot as starve to death. If we can find that woman, I believe she will give us something to eat again and perhaps help us to keep out of sight."

"But they'll shoot us!" Covet kept crying out despairingly.

Pote set off, however; and very reluctantly Covet went trailing after him. It was a forlorn hope; yet hazardous as it appeared there was nothing better to do.

All day they followed the trail the outlaws had made in hauling home the rum and molasses. After every few steps they stopped to listen and peep ahead, lest some of their enemies might perhaps be returning along the way. It was not till evening that they found themselves nearing the pirates' retreat and could hear voices at a distance.

"They're spending all the time with that rum, and I hope the rascals will all be blind drunk tonight!" exclaimed Pote.

They sneaked around, keeping out of sight in the thickets about the cleared tract, and as dark fell they found the shelter in which they had been imprisoned on the

## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

night they had so nearly lost their lives. The same timber prop was against the door. They cautiously pulled it away, slipped inside and waited. Pote thought it would be safer to remain hidden there till near midnight, before venturing to approach the cabin where Covet had seen the Irish woman and her boy.

Faint and hungry, they waited what to Covet seemed an endless time. At last they crept forth and stole along a path that led through bananas and other crops toward the large log house, Pote leading the way step by step, both listening intently. The night was dark, though stars shone softly.

Near the fort a watch fire smoldered. From time to time, tipsy voices were heard, raised angrily as if in dispute.

It was not so dark but that Covet recognized the cabin where he had first seen the white boy and the tall woman. They approached the door and after listening with loud-beating hearts tapped very gently at first, then louder many times. At last some one covertly opened the door a crack.

"We have come back," Covet whispered. "We are hungry. Please give us something to eat."

"It is the boys they were going to shoot," Pote replied.

"Hiven save us! What's brought ye back here?" the woman exclaimed.

"We couldn't find Nassau," Pote answered. "We are nearly starved! Please give us a morsel to eat, for the love of the saints!"

"Bad luck it is that brings yez here!" the woman muttered. "It's meself that don't know what to do wid yez! But go back out o' hearin', an' Oi'll see what Oi can do."

They went back along the path a little way and stepped aside to wait among thick banana plants. Feeling around in the obscurity, Pote came upon a drooping bunch of the fruit. Green as it was, they were so starved that they began devouring it. The dark forms of two women were presently perceived approaching slowly along the trail. They started violently when Pote spoke.

"Whist!" the tall one whispered. "Don't be lettin' yer vice be heard here! Oi've brought ye sommat to ate, but what to do wid yez, or how to advise ye, is more'n Courra McCarty can tell yez. The Auld One heered ye got away and roord loike a lion over ut. By good luck the auld baste is in his coops tonight, as be all the rist ov'em."

The other woman, evidently colored, had brought a wooden platter on which was part of a large cooked fish, a kind of tough bread, and numbers of ripe bananas. Of this welcome repast the two famished castaways now partook greedily while they and their benefactors stood in hiding among the rank banana plants. As they ate they told the Irish woman of their hiding-place in the cellar under the hummock; and she said that mayhap they might as well go back there and keep quiet for the time being, but she warned them again that to be caught would be as much as their lives were worth. Her pity for them was evident, and Pote obtained a reluctant promise from her to fetch food to them at night, for a while, till some way of escape could be discovered.

She then hurried them back to their place of concealment; and they remained for four or five days in the damp bowels of that hollow hummock.

It is not easy to understand or describe what sort of places those hummocks could be. They seem to be natural cavities with a limestone roof, some of them quite extensive, or else connected one to another. It was reported that, during the war with the Seminole Indians of Florida, similar hollow hummocks became places of refuge to which the savages retreated when hard pressed by the pursuing soldiers.

This one had been used as a cellar or place of storage for booty, brought there by the pirates years previously, when at times their vessels put in at the cove, behind wooded cays, on the east coast of Andros. Having no light or means of making one, the boys were able to explore it only as they felt their way about. Such exploration was somewhat perilous, since there were deep holes in places, into one of which Covet was near falling headlong one day as he went poking about in the dark. They came on numerous casks, coils of cordage, ships' furniture, bales of canvas sailcloth and what felt like cutlasses and bags of grape-shot.

Somewhat casually—but probably as

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# Make the "BREAK" count for you!

**T**HE breaks of the game. How often they completely change the whole outlook. A slip off balance—a ball bounding backwards—a fumbled punt . . . and there you have stark defeat turned into glorious victory. Luck . . . some people call it. But is it really just luck?

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often as she dared risk it—the kind-hearted Irish woman brought them food of a sort—as good as she had, perhaps.

What would finally come of this strange existence they had little idea, and the future troubled them a good deal; but they could think of no way to escape, and so continued lying up there in the hummock day after day.

**T**HIS sort of thing ended abruptly, however, and in a manner as startling as sanguinary. For meantime events outside Andros Island had been shaping the destiny of that haunt of pirates. Captain Kidder with his wounded mate and the one sailor who was still alive had got away in the Yankee's boat and laid a course round the northerly end of the island. Late the second day after they were attacked he succeeded in reaching Nassau on New Providence Island, just across from Andros. They had been obliged to row the boat a distance of nearly seventy miles, without food or water, and were in sorry plight. The English commandant at Nassau received them kindly, and the men were treated by the surgeon of the garrison. Mr. Horr, however, died a week afterward of brain fever, induced probably by his wound on the head and subsequent exposure.

It chanced that the British sloop of war, *Bustard*, Captain Elwell, then on a cruise in West Indian waters, was lying in the roadstead at Nassau, and on learning of the attack on the Yankee put to sea to look into the matter and, in the phrase of the times, "smoke out the rascals." McCune, the sole able seaman left of Captain Kidder's crew, went on the *Bustard* to point out the locality where the schooner had gone ashore.

The warship rounded to on the west coast of Andros, and a day or two later the blackened wreck of the Yankee was discovered and an armed party of marines landed to follow the trail of the robbers.

The detachment had to go much farther inland than was expected. Night fell, but the resolute young officer in command pushed on and finally—but not till long after dark—emerged on the outlaws' retreat.

The boys were abroad foraging at the time, having just stolen forth. Covel's sharp eyes espied dark forms moving

silently in the direction of the watch fire, generally kept burning near the gate of the log fortalice. He whispered a word of caution to Pote. They drew down close to the ground to watch and listen. Presently they heard a low word of command, followed by the sound of carbines or other weapons being shifted. There appeared to be a considerable party advancing in a column.

Pote's first thought had been that some visiting party was approaching to share the festivities of the outlaws. But on nearing the gate the newcomers halted and formed in line about it.

What followed was much too confused to be intelligibly described by the watchers at a distance. The gate flew back suddenly—then came shouts, imprecations, and the blaze of firearms! The pirates, all much inebriated, were taken by surprise, but resisted desperately. Afterward the boys were told by the Irishwoman that the Old One staggered, torch in hand, to the cannon and attempted to discharge it. This piece, was in the outer room of the fortalice and was said to have been charged with grape-shot and kept trained on the doorway, the purpose being to mow down enemies attempting to force an entrance. The old freebooter was not quick enough, however, and was cut down before he could fire.

The marines rushed in and gained possession of the piece; but by this time all the outlaws were astir and fought savagely. Shots, shouts, shrieks, and a horrible din followed. The terrified occupants of the cabins, women and youngsters, were now issuing forth in wild affright. By the flash of a carbine the boys caught a glimpse of the huge negro brandishing a musket just outside the gate, and then, alarmed for their own safety, they beat a retreat to their place of refuge in the hummock.

The only explanation of the fracas which they could imagine was that some other band of outlaws was attacking the Old One and his gang. "This will be bad for us," Pote said. "They may find us here when they come plundering round!" They had thoughts of escaping to the forest; but the dense tropical jungle was a last resort.

Evidently the flight was over, or nearly so, though an occasional shot or yell was still heard. A great light began to shine on the tree-tops opposite the hummock, and

## ANDROS ISLAND

again the boys stole out to see what caused it. The log fort was ablaze, and so were several of the cabins. Up near the big fort they could see four of the outlaws, including Pepe, lying bent half double, as if bound, and two of their captors standing over them with drawn cutlasses.

"I'm glad they've got old Pepe!" Covel whispered. "He meant to kill us!"

Flames were bursting through the roof of the long log fortalice. Plainly the battle had gone against the Old One's gang.

As the boys stood watching the spectacle, they perceived two fugitives running in the direction of the hummock. A shot flashed, and one of them fell headlong, but a moment later rose and came on.

The boys hastily dodged to cover of the cave door and shut it; but not very long afterward they heard a distressed voice cry, "For the love of Hiven, bhoys, let me in to yez! It's me poor leg that's bruk!"

It was the Irishwoman. She crept in on hands and knees, moaning from pain, and the white boy, Dennis, stole in after her.

### CHAPTER FOUR

**F**OR a long time the woman crouched on the floor of the refuge, moaning, and endeavoring to stanch the flow of blood from her wound.

Through a crack in the heavy door, Pote could see that the attackers—whenever they might be—had set the fortalice afire. Built of logs, and wet from the recent rains, only the interior burned, and the roof. The torch was also applied to the neighboring cabins. Then the attacking party withdrew, anxious to quit the gloomy place.

If Pote and Covel had been in full possession of their reasoning faculties, they would perhaps have assumed that the foes of the pirates would surely be friends of the boys. But no assumption crossed their minds. They were tired out by hardships. They no doubt thought that every man's hand was against them, and that every newcomer was another enemy. So they remained behind their fast-closed door, while the men from the *Bustard* marched away. And thereby they lost their chance of prompt escape and launched themselves into a new chapter of perils and hardships more serious than those through which they had already passed.

## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

They remained until dawn in the hummock. With the first beams of light they assisted Courra McCarty to creep back to her cabin, which had burned almost to the ground. In the course of his vagrant life, Pote had seen many broken bones attended to; and he now did his best to bandage and bind up her ankle.

"Who was it shot you?" asked Covel. "Couldn't you see them at all?"

"They looked like sogers to me," she said.

Thereupon doubts arose. If the attackers were English soldiers or marines, it would be worth any possible risks to run after them and join them, before they left the island.

"Sure," said Pote, in reply to Covel's entreaty. "But we can't leave this woman lying here. She has saved our lives."

While Pote was making Courra McCarty as comfortable as he could and enabling her to quench her raging thirst with water from the spring, Covel cautiously reconnoitered the place. On sighting him, three wailing colored women made their appearance, and a number of little yellow children began to pop up here and there, like chucks from their holes. Covel approached the log fort and looked within. There was the stiffening corpse of Pedro Sanchez, the "Old One," who had been cut down in the very act of firing the cannon that guarded his door. He lay across this gun, as grim in death as some losel old wolf, dead in the mouth of his den.

If any of the attackers had been killed or wounded during the conflict, their comrades had carried them away. The six bodies that lay among the blackened and still smoldering ruins were all those of the pirates. On the same day, Pote and Covel dug a shallow trench, and the colored women deposited the corpses in it.

"Work away," said Pote. "They wanted to bury us."

Lying on a rough couch of sailcloth outside her demolished cabin, the Irishwoman encouraged Pote and Covel at their work.

"I'm a widdy now!" she exclaimed. "Sooner had I never been born than to be the wife of that one! The devil's own man he was. Many's the hard lick he's given me, the Auld One. Bury him good and deep!"

All the while the white boy, Dennis, sat staring with unwinking eyes. He was a deaf-mute, Courra McCarty loved him with an intensity that was apparent in every glance she gave him. "He's a McCarty, not

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### CHAPTER FOUR

**T**HE Tarca rolled along in the northeast trades for more than three weeks, with the sea growing ever bluer and the sun climbing higher and hotter all the time.

One morning as Garth stood at the rail staring at the great piling blueness—so much of it for one little ship to contend with—he saw, incredibly, that pale uneven shapes seemed to be heaped above the flatness, the everlasting flatness of the horizon. Captain Ferguson came up from the after companion, narrowed his eyes against the sudden intense glare and met Garth's astonishment with a slow smile.

"Am I seeing things, sir," Garth asked, "or is that land?"

"Cape Verde Islands," Captain Ferguson said. "Yon high one's St. Antão. Can you just remark St. Vicente, lower away there? We're going in to coal at Porto Grande—Mr. Croke's yammering again about scraping the bunkers. He's been over free-handed in his stoking up, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps he's in a hurry," Garth ventured. "Perhaps," said the captain grimly, "I'd give a deal to know what his hurry is."

The town of Porto Grande, when it swam slowly into clearer view as the Tarca came in, showed a line of square white houses at the foot of strange volcanic-looking crags that shot up behind. No trees, no shelter—a livid, fever-ridden little place. Garth, eager for a chance to set foot at last in the tropics, donned his topee and went ashore. A strange and somehow sinister place it was, the population withdrawn indoors to escape the midday heat, a few blacks crouched in the narrow shade of an ugly government building. Garth walked along the beach, his feet sinking into the hot sand—queer, black, volcanic sand full of tiny bits of amber. The lifeless sea crawled at the edge of this shore almost without sound. Walking in the warm, shifting sand was very tiring; the heat made every movement too great an effort. Garth was unutterably glad to get back to the

familiar decks of the Tarca and look at Porto Grande from a distance that invested it with a sort of mystery and allurements.

That evening Garth ate his first mango. And when Garth came again on deck the Tarca was under way, and Barclay pointed skyward as soon as he saw Garth.

"There's your friend you've been so anxious to see," he said.

So Garth looked up—and beheld and recognized the Southern Cross, tangled in the bright net of the Milky Way and pointing steadily to the South Pole star, even as the vanished Dipper points to the North.

"Then have we crossed the Line already?" he asked in some consternation.

"Not yet; not for a couple of days. Old Crux is just saying howdy."

The few small island lights still showed a blurred luminance astern; the Tarca nosed along through the still, night-purple sea—south, south, with those new stars just beginning to swing up above the luring horizon. It was magic that the Southern Cross had suddenly wrought. But a dark, begrimed figure interrupted the magic. The stowaway-stoker made his appearance silently at the rail, and the muffled mockery of his voice said:

"Good evening, Mister Supercargo. I haven't had much of a chance to chew the rag with you since our first little meeting."

Now, the crew is not supposed to address thus the officer of a ship—no matter how junior an officer he may be. Garth straightened from the rail; Barclay had gone to the bridge, for it was his watch. The stowaway dropped his voice and put his smudged face close to Garth's.

"You needn't think I haven't got a line on you," he said. "Come across, now; just what do you think you know about me, anyway?"

"Nothing at all," said Garth, "except that I suppose you stowed away for a reason. People generally do."

"Yes, and you've been keeping yerself amused snooping around after a reason."

## SHIP OF DREAMS

Now listen—you squealed on me at the start. If you squeal on me again, I tell you I won't let you get by with just a punch in the head, neither. Y'unnerstand me? You keep out of my business, Mister Supercargo."

Before Garth could frame an adequate reply, the man vanished as he had come,—a sooty shadow in the impenetrable night,—leaving Garth to wonder uneasily what the whole game was about. He hunted up the captain and told him what the man had said.

"I don't know," said the captain, "whether he's really sure we know he's mixed up with Croke,—if there's any truth in your theory, that is,—or whether he's merely trying to fright you into looking no further into his doings. Better lay off him, or we'll lose all."

**T**HE Tarca duly crossed the Line a day or two later. Barclay, young enough to indulge in such time-worn jests, offered Garth a binocular glass with the conventional hair stretched across the lenses, that he might actually see the equator. An imposing party gathered a little later on the main deck. The bos'n, a gigantic Norwegian, was partly disguised under a burlap wig and whiskers, and, with a crown cut out of a biscuit tin and a blue blanket draped around him in majestic folds, was recognizable as Father Neptune. He carried the cook's longest fork with a fish stuck upon it. One of the engine-room force was Mrs. Trident, rigged out with pillows and a red curtain into a very portly figure; and on her attended the cook, in the shape of a doctor with huge pillbox and gallon jug of medicine. Before His Majesty's court were assembled those who had never before crossed the Line—Garth, two of the hands and, at the last moment, the stowaway-stoker.

In front of His Majesty stood a large tub of sea-water, in which his unfortunate new subjects were obliged to immerse their heads and drink his health in a generous mouthful of brine. But first His Majesty

arose impressively and declaimed from a document written in Mr. Barclay's hand. It was an injunction to all eels, porpoises, sharks, dolphins, flying-fish, sea-horses, octopuses, whales and sea-serpents to hereafter respect the lives, persons and safeties of these new subjects of His Equatorial Majesty, to whom he now gave free leave and permission to pass unmolested through any and all parts of his realm.

"Keep your dirty head out from there!" roared His Majesty. "Mr. Pemberley bane the one goes first!"

"My mistake," said the stowaway.

Garth leaned over with a good will for his ducking, when the stoker—whether by accident or intent no one was quick enough to see—lurched against him with sudden violence. Garth went sprawling head first into the tub and, owing to the exceedingly awkward position he landed in, seemed unable to struggle out—though his feet waved wildly in the air. It was Mrs. Trident who hove ignominiously on his belt and got him upright, where he stood dripping to the waist, wringing the water from his hair.

"I've drunk a deep enough health to you, Your Majesty," he said. "Hope you'll give me extra favor!"

"I tell the sea-serpent special about you, so you don't get any time et," said Neptune. "Now—come on here, you!" This last to the stowaway, who advanced and gingerly thrust his head into the tub. Whereupon His Majesty descended in one stride from his barrel throne and held the man's head under till the anguished motions of his hands showed it was high time to let him go.

"So you get cleaner," Neptune explained as he released his subject. The stowaway promptly hit him, and fisticuffs ensued till the captain intervened and reminded Father Neptune that his equatorial palace was already some distance astern, and that he had better, perhaps, take his leave. Which he did, gathering up his blanket and prodding the stout Mrs. Trident before him.

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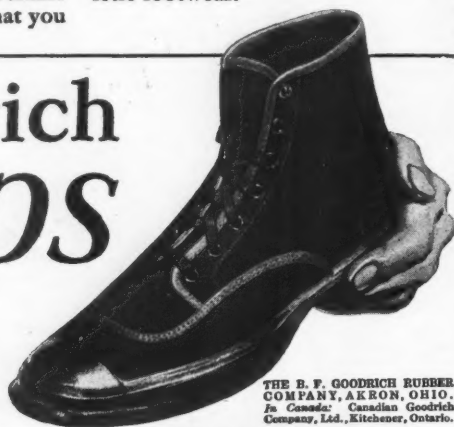
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# DAISY AIR RIFLES



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a Sanchez," she exclaimed. "If ever we see auld Oirland again, he'll be a McCarty wid the best iv thim."

Pote and Covell finished exploring the place, the blackened fortalice and all about it, the little round-eyed youngsters following them hither and yon, with shy, alarmed faces, and the three colored women watching them, but saying nothing.

These women had taken up the business of cooking again, much as if nothing strange had occurred. One of them went to fetch fish from a lagoon, used apparently as a preserve. Another was boiling the flesh of some large animal—probably a manatee—in a brass kettle. They had pans, pots, and a great variety of domestic ware. One of the cabins had been occupied largely as a cook-house. A bright little chap whom his mother called Diego, had been sent to dig yams from a patch of these esculent tubers at a little distance away in the cleared tract and presently came back with a wicker basket filled with them. They had also sweet potatoes and coconuts in abundance, although the boys had seen none on the west coast of the island.

At first Covell could not understand anything either the women or the youngsters said. They spoke in Spanish or a patois of that tongue. But Pote understood much of it.

For a while Covell found it difficult to overcome his feeling that the children were all little pirates, but Pote only laughed. "Oh, they're not to blame!" he said. "Poor tots! They didn't rob or murder anybody. They didn't ask to come into this hard old world!"

There were eight children in this terrible place, besides the deaf-mute, Dennis, and the boy Diego. There was a girl called Geeta, a slim, fleet little thing who looked to be as much as nine years old and went running about like a fawn. The others were younger, one not two years old, and one of them quite black and kinky-haired.

Strange to say, all the children except the two larger boys, wore little frocks of brown silk! This was the spoil of some luckless craft, no doubt, some vessel the pirates had taken and destroyed. Covell afterward saw six webs or bales of this silk fabric in one of the cabins. The colored women also wore silk gowns! Save for the bales of canvas sailcloth, silk appeared to be the only material they had for clothes. All but the Irishwoman were barefoot. But in chests that had partly escaped the fire in the fort Pote and Covell subsequently found many pairs of fine leather boots and several suits of English scarlet uniform, with officers' coats like the one Courra McCarty wore—all taken, this woman said, from the ship on which she had been captured off Port Antonio. The Old One, she declared, when in his cups often dressed up in this fine apparel and went stalking about, shouting his orders and firing off pistols. On such occasions the picaninies went into hiding, being in mortal fear that he might shoot them. But all had dreaded Pepe even worse than the Old One.

**AS** the days passed, the boys constantly made other discoveries of loot which the ex-pirates had garnered up during the years they had cruised about Cuba and Jamaica. These spoils of their nefarious trade were stowed away not only in the hummock where the boys had first hidden but in three or four other hummocks about the cleared tract. Covell discovered a great number of muskets, pistols, cutlasses, and daggers, and also many barrels of powder thickly coated with tar to keep out moisture, a large stock of lead for bullets, flints, and other accessories of the weapons of those days.

In a room of the fortalice, opening off the hall where the boys had once seen the Old One sitting in his big chair, they came upon the remains of a very large, copper-bound chest not wholly consumed. Within it were a number of long silver-mounted pistols, a dagger in a silver sheath, and many other things which the fire had not altogether destroyed. What astonished them most, however, was a mass of what looked like blackened silver at the bottom of the chest. It was as large as a bushel measure and so heavy that they could not lift it or even roll it over without using a lever. Examining it more closely, Pote declared that it was composed of a great quantity of silver coins, fused together, partly English, partly Mexican and United States dollars.

At one end of the chest was a little till, containing a small copper box in which were

gems set in gold, rings, and brooches, taken very likely from unfortunate people who had been voyaging aboard vessels captured by the pirates. Courra McCarty told the boys tales of the cruelty with which Pepe had on two occasions compelled captives to walk on a plank thrust out from the deck of their ship, till they reached the end of it, when the plank was allowed to drop and precipitated them into the sea. This inhuman pastime the pirates called "walking the plank" and "going to call on Davy Jones."

Pote carried the little copper box with its contents to the Irishwoman, presenting it to her as being properly hers since the tragic death of her late husband.

The woman was quite unable to walk and lay for a week or more in the ruin of her little cabin. With silent fidelity her boy lingered about his mother, going out only to fetch her food. Covell and Pote began to perceive that, in addition to the affliction of deafness, Dennis was deficient in mind, being freakish, apt to do queer things and behave strangely from sudden impulse.

On the day when the boys discovered the silver in the Old One's chest, they decided to fire off the cannon, which, strange to say, had gone through the conflagration without being discharged. The outer end of the fort, near the gateway, had been less affected by the fire that burned out the interior and caused the roof to fall in. Pote thought it was a twelve-pounder brass gun; he reprimed the piece, and then, after they had carefully pointed the muzzle off toward the banana plantation (for they were a little afraid of it) and laid a long train of powder and lint, Covell applied a blazing splinter, and they both ran back to a safe distance. Fire spluttered along the train, and off she went! The loud bang and the smoke sent the picaninies running to hide in the cabins. The piece recoiled smartly, for apparently the charge had been a heavy one. But no damage was done—except to the bananas, distant a hundred feet or more, where the grapeshot mowed a sad road through the tall, rank plants.

On the sixth day after Pote and Covell had taken charge of the pirates' retreat, a very disturbing thing happened. The boys were still exploring the fire-blackened fortalice, and had reopened a barrel of the powder for reloading the cannon and also a number of muskets, when little Geeta came running to call their attention to an object resembling a human being that had crawled out of the forest and was approaching the cook-house cabin where the colored women were preparing food.

This proved to be one of the outlaw gang, named Ceches, who had been slashed with a cutlass in the fight, knocked on the head with a gun butt, and afterward shot at such point-blank range that both his eyes were blinded by the burning powder, though the ball missed him. Left for dead, he had at length crawled away and lain in the forest not far off during all those subsequent days and nights. Almost any other human being would have perished; but those pirates appeared to have as many lives as a cat. It was said that they were so soaked with rum and tobacco that mosquitoes wouldn't bite them, and that snakes that attempted it crept to cover and died from the effects of their act.

Ceches finally dragged himself back to the retreat and after being recognized was ministered to by the humane colored women, who gave him food and shelter in one of the cabins.

Pote went to see him and after trying to converse with him attempted to dress the cutlass wound, which was in bad condition. While so occupied, however, he saw the outlaw's hand steal slowly toward the hilt of a knife in his belt, and he jumped back out of his reach. "I believe the old rattlesnake meant to knife me," Pote affirmed. After that both boys kept away from him. He lay there in the cabin and was cared for by one of the colored women for three weeks or more, but at last died from the bad turn his wounds had taken.

Ceches' reappearance at the retreat frightened the still helpless Irishwoman so much that she begged the boys to load two muskets and fetch them to her at her cabin. "More av the rascals may yit coom a-crawlin' back here," she said. "They niver trusted me an' will be shure to owe me a groodge an' say Oi had summat to do wid bringin' the sogers on them—which Oi did not."

After this episode they kept a number of muskets loaded and placed handy, both by

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SO the Line was crossed, and Garth felt that he was now indeed a deep-water sailor. The Tarca plugged on, and every night the edge of new constellations beckoned—Triangulum, and Dorado, and the Peacock, and the Ship; and every day the hot, fitful wind beat about the Tarca's upperworks, and the flying-fish schools flashed by, and the sun at noon stood in the uttermost zenith and perplexingly dodged the sextant. Then the long, oily seas and sudden torrents of the doldrums gave way to the running blue of the southwest trades; but Captain Ferguson sighed:

"O lad, what's the pleasure of taking the mechanical thing that a steamer is? Where's the pleasure, and the grandeur? The Tarca'll go on while her engines do, through fair and foul, till it's sickening—the steadiness of her. But the sensitive, living problem that a sailing ship is!" He looked into the wind. "To struggle in the doldrums, day and night, standing by the weather braces to catch every wee puff and make the most of it; wet and weary, and the ship chafing to be gone. And then to meet the trades and have her settle to her three weeks on the one tack maybe—oh, running down so sweet, with all her canvas drawing, and the clean steady thrash away from her stem!"

It turned out that Mr. Gleason, the leather-faced first officer, had also been "square-rigged" in his younger days. Garth did not discover it until one night watch when the two of them had met and looked for a time in silence at the Tarca's wake boiling away in a welter of phosphorescence, like the Milky Way lying upon the sea. Gleason began a short reminiscence with, "One night on the old Cullamore—barque, she was—" and Garth made the discovery. The first officer was loath, with the shyness of all shellbacks, to yarn of his own experiences in sail, but when he found that Garth's eagerness was so real as to amount almost to hunger he loosened up a little under the spell of the tropic night and his listener's unfeigned appreciation. That he had been in sail explained much—his masterful roar, his impatience of the Tarca's rather inexactly kept watches, the very red-leatheriness of his face.

"But they're gone from the seas, those ships," he said. "No more real ships, no more real sailors. A few you still meet, down in these latitudes where folks aren't in such a doggone hurry. But most of 'em are doin' their last trick as coal hulks or something."

The Tarca was about a hundred miles off the coast of the French Congo, steaming ever southward. One afternoon Garth and the captain sat in the shadow of the bridge awning, talking fitfully.

"Is a voyage at sea all you've thought it would be, lad?" the captain asked. "We're nearing the end of this leg of it. Whiles, I think I was ill-advised to bring you to this part of the world. It's no very salubrious for a first voyage."

"It's all grand," Garth assured him. "Next best to sail. Have you ever been where we're going, captain? Is it one of these Darkest Africa places, really?"

"I've not been there, but it's dark enough, I fancy. One of these trading posts with a few white agents and wee Portugee officials with cocked hats and no code of honor. Chaps bring ivory down the river—puir devils that they are, fever-struck and sweating away their lives back there in the vile jungles to gather the bits of it together. Ivory's hard come by, you know, lad, in these times."

"Are we taking ivory back with us?" Garth asked eagerly. It sounded like a precious cargo.

"A rush shipment of it, I believe; a valuable lot. The agent's been collecting it for a considerable time from different sources. The bulk of our cargo'll be gum and wax—and some ballast, I'm fearing, unless we can drum up more than's shown on our charters."

"And then we're going right back to New York, when we get our new cargo?"

"Aye, there's little rest for a tramp. As soon as she—" But the captain did not finish his sentence. A slight shock had quivered through the Tarca, and a low boom like a distant dynamite blast seemed to reverberate on her port bow. The captain's eyes flashed around the empty sea as he ran to the rail. Dunkirk started up from the main deck, his face full of blank questioning. Such of the crew as were on deck ran toward the bow and stopped aimlessly.

"What was that?" Garth asked.

"I can't venture to say," the captain said. "It was for all the world a detonation. We've struck nothing, that's plain to be see—" He



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1: Each entry must contain a title suggestion in 20 words or less and the name and address of the sender. 2: Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. When sending in suggested titles, the reverse side of Black Jack wrappers, or white paper cut the size of a Black Jack wrapper (2 1/4" x 3"), may be used. Use one wrapper or one piece of paper for each title suggested. 3: All entries for this contest must be sent to "Black Jack Titles", Dept. 13, American Chicle Company, Long Island City, New York, and must be in before midnight, Oct. 25, 1927. Winners to be announced as soon thereafter as possible. 4: Titles must be sent first class mail, postage prepaid. 5: Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, and clearness of expression and neatness will count. 6: The judges will be a committee appointed by the makers of Black Jack and their decisions will be final. If there are ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.

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stopped short. "Save us, but she's settling by the head—or am I daft?"

But others had seen it, too. The vague looking hither and thither changed to a concerted stare in one direction. A wild figure leaped like a flying thing to the bridge; it was Barclay.

"She's filling with water, sir! The bilge is full—the footplates of the fire-room are awash already! She's going down by the head!"

Accidents at sea today are guarded against by the use of water-tight bulkheads, and it was of these that the captain thought at once. "Are the compartments holding—are they all closed?" the captain cried.

"All the bulkhead doors had been opened—it's too late, now!" Barclay gasped.

The bulkhead doors opened! The air-tight compartments, all thrown together, were now filling with water from the unknown source! There was no time to question now the negligence or intentional malice that had opened the doors which should always be closed—no time even to speculate on the cause of the astounding rush of water that was settling the Tarca lower and lower. She had touched no rock or reef or derelict; it was inconceivable that the plates should have opened without cause. The true explanation was so monstrous, so incredible, that it did not present itself.

The pumps were sucking vainly; the relentless overpowering onrush of water was more than they could cope with. Soon the water rose in the fire-room and put out the

fires, and the engines—including the pump engine—stopped. It was like hearing the last heart-beats of a dying thing. A huddle of coal-passers and firemen, white under their grime, flocked dripping to higher levels. Crope, ashen, his eyelids twitching grotesquely, climbed breathless to the deck. He had stood by his engines, he said, till the water reached his armpits.

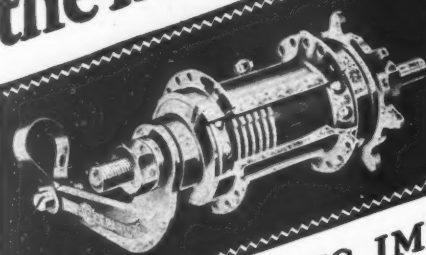
The boats were ready to lower away. Captain Ferguson stood on the bridge with his mouth shut in a steely line.

"I'm losing her," he said quietly. "Garth, fetch a handful of what you want least to lose; we'll be leaving her soon."

Garth, snatching a treasure here and there

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The old-time teachers taught that habits of neatness and thoroughness make for success—and that you cannot be neat unless your shoes are well shined.

Times haven't changed a bit in this respect. But don't wait for teacher to spur you, boys! You do want to be successful—so be neat—and "spend two minutes a day on a shine!"



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night and day. The rum and the molasses that the outlaws had salvaged and stored in their fort were lost in the fire, except a small quantity that had been taken to the cabin where the cooking was done.

AFTER a time the boys began to make trips to the long cove or inlet which extends for many miles up from the sea on the east coast of the island, one of the colored women usually accompanying them to bring back fish. They had also begun to shoot ducks and flamingoes, which were plenty there, and a large harmless snake, very common, which the women called a *maha* and considered very fine eating, though Covell could never bring himself to taste it. They were constantly begging Pote to shoot a *maha* for them. Pote was induced to try it and declared it was as good as chicken.

These reptiles attained a length of ten, twelve, and sometimes fourteen feet. They were very nimble, gliding through the jungles at great speed, and were at times espied climbing trees for birds' nests. Covell said that some of these reptiles weighed as much as a hundred pounds, and that one which they shot was so heavy they gave up the effort to drag it home. They were quite harmless, he said, and never showed fight. Anybody could kill one with a stick.

The big, hulking manatees, too, which were occasionally seen along the inlet, were quite inoffensive and could easily be shot, but were so heavy their carcasses could not easily be secured.

The distance to the cove was as much as six miles, but they kept a path thither open through the forest. The pirates had come and gone there for years and had three or four boats hauled up on the shore, one of them nearly twenty feet in length, being what men-of-war's men call a cutter, capable of carrying a landing party of twenty men. It was now an old craft, however, and rather rotten, as were all the boats; but Pote thought the cutter might be re-calked and put in condition to use, if they should try to escape from the island to Nassau by sea. Pote had promised the Irishwoman not to leave her and the white boy there, but to wait until her ankle was sufficiently healed to admit of her walking. They had kept it bandaged and it bade fair to get well, though from lack of surgical skill the bones as they knit appeared to be a little out of place.

On their trips to the inlet they had several times tried to have Dennis, the deaf-mute, accompany them in order to assist in fetching back fish and game; but the lad could never be induced to leave his mother even for an hour. He was a strong boy, healthy and tall for his age, weighing nearly or quite as much as Covell, but was queer in his mind and owing to his infirmities was prone when excited to give vent to incoherent outcries. Even his mother had difficulty in controlling him.

Little Geeta, however, was in all ways bright and intelligent. When her mother accompanied them to the inlet, Geeta always went along, nor did she in the least object to dragging a *maha*. In fact none of these children had the prejudices against snakes which stirred in Covell at sight of one. Geeta's mother was called Sabrina; another of the colored women was named Bonita; the third appeared to have no other name than La Mujer, which in Spanish merely means the woman. It was La Mujer who did most of the cooking; three of the smaller children belonged to her.

Besides the Irishwoman, five women had been brought into Andros; but two of these had died from the privations and other hardships of the life there.

The boys had told Courra McCarty about the old chest they had found in the ruins of the fortalice, and of the half-fused mass of silver at the bottom of it. Their idea was that it properly belonged to her—as the widow of the Old One. But the good-hearted woman at once declared that, if any profit could be gotten from it, they would all share alike. Her recollection of what she had heard the ex-pirate say of his treasure was in effect that he had captured silver money to the amount of eighty thousand Spanish pesos—the peso being about equal to the Mexican silver dollar of that date. But a little calculation on the part of Pote and Covell convinced them that no such amount of silver was contained in the lump they had discovered, though there might possibly be ten thousand dollars' worth.

Finding it next to impossible to handle it,

they conceived the notion of cutting it up into three or four parts with an axe and worked for an hour or so with this end in view, but had to give it up. Silver does not cut easily; the axe went to pieces before even one small slab was hewn away. The mass was therefore left awhile where they had found it, the Irishwoman assuring them that when the time came to make their escape to Nassau they could build a great fire about the mass and so soften it that it could be cut or perhaps run into iron pots.

FULL of superstition, the colored women began to report the appearance of *espectros* (spectres) around the camp. Twice Pote mounted guard, at different hours in the night, and each time he saw shadowy forms of men lurking in the trees or running from one covert to another. The colored women were sure that these were not men, but the ghosts of dead pirates. They said that the Old One himself had come back.

"We put him three feet underground," said Pote, "and that was the end of him. I think we are in danger from living men, not from ghosts."

"Probably," said Covell, shrewdly, "the men who attacked our camp have done some talking about it. These are thieves, who know about the booty there is here."

Pote nodded. He slept, always, with a gun close to his hand. One night La Mujer came in great distress to awaken him, whispering that the *espectros* had appeared and were moving round inside the fortalice. Covell was alarmed, but Pote bade him get up and follow.

They cautiously approached the log fort, hearing noises all the while as of a heavy body being rolled ponderously by the use of levers. They saw in the obscurity two dark forms in the gateway, toiling laboriously to roll over and over an object which the two boys knew at once must be the mass of half-fused silver pesos.

"Trying to steal it," Pote whispered. "But it is so heavy they can only roll it!"

"Shoot 'em!" Covell muttered under his breath; but, feeling sure the would-be thieves could not transport so heavy a burden very far, Pote judged it better to wait and see what they would do.

The boys had some time to wait. Finally the rogues reached the border of the banana plantation and, entering it, out of sight among the tall green stalks, busied themselves there for a time. From what could be heard at a distance, they seemed to be digging a pit, and presently the boys concluded they were burying the mass in the soft black earth there—with a view no doubt of returning later with sufficient help to secure the prize. After every few minutes one or the other emerged in sight to look around, watch, and listen. There were only two of them. Evidently they were operating by stealth. The boys kept quiet and after a while heard them moving away through the banana garden, in the direction of the trail leading to the west coast where the Yankee had been wrecked.

Next day the boys made search, found where the bulky lump of silver had been buried, and uncovered it. Since it was too heavy for them to remove it from the hole unaided, they summoned the three colored women to help and at last called also the deaf-mute lad. Little Geeta, too, was bent on assisting. By using a crow bar, they pulled it out and at last hauled it over to the Irishwoman's cabin and rolled it indoors there. "Sorry will be the spalpeens of they coom here after it!" Courra exclaimed, for she kept a loaded musket within easy reach.

Pote expected the would-be looters would return the following night, and he and Covell planned an even hotter reception for them. They carefully filled in the hole among the bananas, reloaded the cannon, and trained it in that direction—their purpose being to watch in the fortalice and at the first sounds of digging in the banana patch to touch the piece off!

### CHAPTER FIVE

THE robbers failed to return, either on that night or the following one; but during the afternoon of the second day another visitant, even more unwelcome, appeared at the retreat. Old Pepe came back, having somehow escaped from his captors and from the gallows at Nassau; and his return was signalized by a disagreeable tragedy. Neither Pote nor Covell was at all responsible for it, but tragedy and violence seemed to be in the air of that lawless place.

It was afterward clear that Pepe had

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in his cabin, stuffing his pockets, rolling up a change of dry clothes in his oilskins, could not believe it—not any of it. Things like this didn't happen to homely, humdrum freighters plugging southwards in the finest of weather. He, Garth Pemberley, was being shipwrecked; he was in peril; the Tarca was going down under his feet—and he didn't believe it. There was a rush and a rumble—a sudden list and lurch; Garth struggled out through a grotesquely slanted door into the steep incline of the corridor. Barclay's voice shouted urgently down the companion:

"Snap into it, Pemberley! The cargo's cut loose and is all going for'ard. She'll dive, first thing we know."

Garth scrambled up to the deck—an incongruous figure, his topee on his head and his oilskin bundle beneath his arm. He saw dimly that there were boats—small boats—floating beside the Tarca, whose deck was tilting strangely, hideously. He was hustled and pulled over her rail and found himself on the thwart of a lurching boat.

"What are we waiting for?" a voice growled from another boat. It was Crope.

"The Old Man," some one shouted back.

Garth saw him, then, standing soberly at the rail looking back at the deck, his sextant in its case under his arm and the ship's papers in a bundle in his hand. He had no hat, and the wind was rushing through his iron-gray hair. The Tarca's nose was wallowing helplessly, her stern was rising higher—the propeller was half out of water.

"Captain!" Garth heard himself shout involuntarily, and Captain Ferguson turned slowly and smiled down at him. In that instant Garth saw in his eyes the bitterest thing a ship master ever has to face—losing his ship without a chance to save her.

"Aye, I'm coming now," he said. He climbed over the side without haste, and, stepping into the boat where Garth sat, took the tiller. The boat pulled away and joined the others, where they lay waiting—a silent little company—at a safe distance from the dying ship.

**E**VEN if Garth had never seen her till that moment of her last struggle, he would have been struck with pity and horror; but this ship he had lived with for a month and he knew her and had grown, if not to love her, at least to respect her. It was a hideous thing to stand by and watch her go down. Lower and lower she thrust her nose; the seas were breaking now halfway across her decks, rolling in green masses amidships. Her stern lifted ever higher. Suddenly and quietly she pitched downward; her propeller rose high in the air as she dived. She looked to Garth exactly like an old tin steamboat he had played with as a little boy; he had tried to sail her in the shallow water at the lighthouse, but she invariably, after a few buzzing turns of her screw, stood on her head and dived as the Tarca was doing. It was ludicrous; Garth laughed, a queer sound that wasn't a real laugh at all. He couldn't believe that the sea was quite empty then—a great lifting blue expanse, eternal and inevitable. The Tarca was gone, and there was nothing of her but a swirling smoothed patch—a tiny patch—in the great sea, and a few floating things, and her crew immobile there in the small brave boats that now had nothing for which to wait.

There were four boats; in the largest the captain, with Barclay and Garth, the radio man, who had cut short his last message to the world to scramble, none too soon, over the side, and some of the crew. Gleason had the second boat with the bos'n, junior engineers, and men; Dunkirk had the third. Crope was in the smallest boat, with only the stowaway and two coal-passers for company. They were already stepping their mast and tacking off, while the others gathered around the captain's boat to look at the chart and get their instructions.

"Steer due east," the captain said. "We'll try to fetch the mouth of the Congo. It's more than a hundred miles. Remember that when you're rationing. Good luck."

So the boats set out, in sight of one another, yet each with her fortune in her hand. When the silence of the first hour gave way to the inevitable speculation, wonderment ran from tongue to tongue in the captain's boat as to the cause of the disaster.

"I wouldn't be surprised if it was some dirty devilment of that stowaway's," one of the men ventured to his mates. "Stowaways is hoodoo, like Finns."

"No, it was a disappearin' volcano. It come up an' hit her a lick an' sunk again.

Honest, I've heard o' them things," another suggested.

"It was a combustion in her cargo, you superstitious loons," yet another broke in.

"What do you think about it, Captain," Barclay inquired in a low voice, "if I may ask you, sir?"

"I'm venturing no surmises," said the captain, "for I have made none. But I am confident that we shall find out the cause."

He left Barclay to think this over and looked steadily for a moment at Garth, who had no notion, however, of airing whatever suspicions he might have. For, even if Crope and the stowaway were responsible for the catastrophe, which seemed incredible, he could see no possible motive for their sending the ship and her cargo to the bottom. What would they get out of it? It was too much to think of in this overpowering heat. The blistering sky clung low over the hot sea—the blueness blazed in torturing brightness, searing the eyes that gazed into it. The long deep-sea rollers lifted the small boat and shot her onward over their great hunching shoulders. Had the Tarca seemed a little ship in this immensity? What then was this tiny open boat?

The captain muttered, at the tiller: "Little could I dream, wheeling you from your parents, Garth, lad—"

Garth grinned. "Don't you add me to your worries, Captain," he said. "I've spent my life hankering after adventure."

"You're in a fair way to get it," said the captain drily.

The boats slipped on at a fair pace, though it seemed maddeningly slow, as there was nothing in that measureless blue with which to contrast the speed. It seemed as though they stood still—wallowing up and down in the long, curving trough of the great sea ridges. They stayed quite close together with the exception of Crope's boat, which had drawn a good bit away from the others and was steering several points south of the course the captain had given.

"He'll not fetch the Congo that way," Captain Ferguson said. "Keep an eye on them, Barclay, and try not to lose them. They should not have gotten off in such a combination," he added almost to himself, "had I seen what was up."

The captain had produced an old Panama hat from his pocket and jammed it on his head. Garth, even in the green shade of his topee, felt his eyes swim and grow dry and dazzled. A few sips of water from the breaker only stopped thirst for a few minutes; he wondered what it would be like after days. The men cursed, and were sharply reminded that they ought to be glad enough the wind served and spared them rowing. Barclay pulled a jew's-harp from his pocket and soothed—or maddened—them all for a time with its small lonely buzzing tune. Presently Garth recognized the air, with some difficulty, as "Rio," and struck in with a will:

"I think I heard the Old Man say,  
(Oh, you Rio!)  
I think I heard the Old Man say  
We're bound for Rio Grande!"

"Heaven forbid!" murmured the captain. "That would be far enough off our course." But presently he was singing too, and then there joined in two of the older men, who had been in sail. It was a tune not to be resisted; soon everybody, whether they knew the words or not, roared at the chorus:

"Away for Rio—O-o-o-oh, you Rio!  
So fare ye well, my pritty young gell,  
For we're bound for Rio Gra-a-ande!"

"It's a pity we've no capstan to get around to that," the captain said. "The anchor'd be well at the catheads by now. I'm glad to see you can lift a chantey, Garth. There's not more than enough who can in these days."

"My father's the best chantey-man," Garth said; and fell suddenly to thinking of his father.

**T**HE night came. With the swiftness of a blown candle flame, day was gone from the sea. The hot star points pierced the heavy purple of the sky. The sea welled around, an inky, smothering presence. Some one lighted an inadequate lantern, and farther away, almost lost in the huge darkness, were seen the tiny lights of two of the other boats. Barclay was steering; the captain held a pocket compass near the lantern from time to time. Garth could see his face, sketched sharply in lines of light against the blackness, serious and silent. The man in the bow whistled the refrain of a music-hall

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nothing whatever to do with the scamps who were attempting to steal the silver. He had made his way back there to escape justice. Whether he was actuated by revengeful motives toward the Irishwoman is uncertain, but her cabin was the first place where he showed himself.

Courra McCarty was sitting up at the time, supporting her injured ankle on a chair, and Dennis was eating a banana, when the cabin door was flung open, and there stood Pepe! "Aha-a!" he growled and added an uncomplimentary Spanish epithet.

Courra sprang up, or tried to do so. "Pepe, ye villain, where did ye coom from?" she cried in terror.

But the deaf-mute boy had also jumped to his feet with a wild dismal howl, and, catching up the musket, he discharged it in the negro's face. The piece was loaded with two balls, and these passed completely through the upper part of his body just below the left collar bone. He fell backward, partly out at the door, and expired there in a few minutes.

Pote and Covell, who had been at one of the near-by hummocks, looking over the stores of piratical booty, heard the report of the gun at the Irishwoman's cabin and ran there as fast as they could. What they saw as they came near was Pepe's dead body partly filling the doorway and Courra's terrified face peering out at the little side window. Dennis was inside, contentedly finishing his banana.

The McCarty woman said to the boys later that Dennis had fired the shot quite of his own accord. "Indade, Oi didn't tell the b'y to do it!" she exclaimed. "Beloiike there was no toime to tell 'im. He oops an' lets drive at Pepe, quick's a cat—an' a good job, too! Me only sorrow is that the auld villain has chated the gallus!"

Covell was not shocked by this mad homicide. Even a young mind soon becomes hardened to scenes of blood and strife. He said that he and Pote felt sure this gigantic negro's body must have weighed at least three hundred pounds, adding that the strength of everyone at the retreat was required to carry him off and bury him.

After this tragic episode life went on rather quietly for a number of weeks; so quietly that the boys gave up watching near their cannon. Rain, often in the form of noisy thunder showers, now fell almost constantly for days at a time; but they were not badly off either for food or for shelter.

The only cause for anxiety and excitement at this time was the discovery that one night, apparently in the midst of a downpour of rain, the would-be silver thieves had returned and dug up nearly the whole banana garden in their bootless efforts to find where they had buried their treasure-trove. Covell felt sure they were lurking about and would make further search. The boys therefore remained under arms, so to speak, for a week afterward; they slept in the old fortalice close behind the cannon and kept a fire covered and smoldering hard by, with which to touch the piece off.

But the loot-hunters had seemingly given up the quest. Nothing more was seen or heard of them, though there was a false alarm one night, occasioned by some large animal coming into the banana patch. Pote heard it thrashing around and, applying an ember from the fire to the priming, discharged the gun. He had not stopped to wake Covell and in consequence both he and the womenfolk were terribly startled by the concussion. The animal was heard making off, but, still supposing that human intruders were about, the boys judged it more prudent to remain under cover. It was not until next morning that they concluded, from the tracks and other signs, that their nocturnal visitor had been actuated by a love of bananas rather than silver. But fear that the thieves might return almost any night gave them a great deal of anxiety during all the remaining time they were there.

Tragedy still hovered about them. Diego, the little mulatto boy, Bonito's son, was bitten by a tarantula. The lad, a dour, silent little fellow, had been sent out one forenoon, to dig yams for the midday meal. While feeling about for the tubers in the loose black soil, he unearthed a tarantula's covered nest, and the venomous insect sprang out and bit him two or three times before he could shake it off. These tarantulas are large ferocious spiders, some of them nearly the size of a man's hand.

If the lad had run back where his mother and the other women were at work, they

would have applied the remedies they always kept at hand for tarantula bites, and no very serious result might have followed. But Diego delayed to stamp on and kill the insect, and then, feeling no very immediate pain in his wrist, he stayed to fill his basket with yams. In consequence his arm soon began to swell. The places where he had been bitten were made to bleed freely by picking and cutting them with a knife. But he grew rapidly worse and died the following day.

AFTER this, three weeks passed uneventfully save for their daily anxieties about robbers. All the while they were laying plans to escape. The Irishwoman was now able to walk, but still used a crutch. Pote's plan was to repair the cutter down at the inlet and embark the entire forlorn party aboard it. He thought they might pole or row the boat along the narrow inlet to the open sea, then raise a sail and voyage up the east shore of Andros to Nassau, on New Providence Island.

Covell did not believe they could navigate the cutter with so many women and children on board. He declared that their only chance of escape was by repairing one of the small boats and setting off alone, or possibly taking Courra McCarty and Dennis with them; but that of course meant leaving the three colored women and the children at the refuge, and against this Pote set his face resolutely. "I would never feel right to leave them behind," he objected. Covell argued that after they reached Nassau—if they ever did—they could tell the people there about the refugees, and that most likely a relief party would be sent to rescue the women and their children; but Pote had no faith that this would be done. "They would be left to live and die here alone," he declared.

There was a great deal to do, and it was an all-day journey from the retreat down to the inlet. They made more than twenty trips before the cutter was finally re-calked, made water-tight, and at length launched by aid of the three colored women and Dennis.

The craft was what is usually termed a ship's longboat, being twenty or twenty-two feet in length, but not much wider than the smaller boats they found there. It was capable of carrying as many as twenty people, and Pote believed that by setting up a light mast with a square sail near the bow and waiting for a favorable breeze they might be able to navigate the channel between Andros and the outlying islands, keys and reefs to the eastward. But they would be obliged to take food with them, and this, too, was a matter for considerable preparation.

Covell was eager to escape. Yet he felt sorry to quit the retreat, because he would have to leave behind all that stored-up loot in the hollow hummocks: the barrels of powder, guns, tools, cloth, ships' furniture and a hundred other articles, laid away by the Old One and his fellows for future use. Evidently the pirates had planned to pass their lives there. From the way Covell described it, there was booty to the value of many thousands of dollars.

Boy-like, Covell wanted very much to take the brass cannon away with him and mount it in the bow of the cutter. Pote had no small ado to convince him that it was too heavy and would put the boat too far down by the head.

In the end they took no valuables except the heavy mass of half-fused silver coins. This they determined to carry off in spite of all difficulties; and, since it was too ponderous for them to handle or convey down to the inlet, they at first attempted to follow the Irishwoman's advice to smelt it and to run the molten silver into iron pots. With this in view the mass was rolled forth from the cabin and heaved with levers upon a kind of pyre of logs and smaller firewood, which was then set burning for an hour or two. But silver is not easily melted. What happened, however, was that the coins, which were only slightly fused together, came apart to the extent that the mass was largely dissolved into separate lumps. They were able in that way to divide it into numerous fragments, which, when wrapped in sailcloth, could be carried down to the inlet and put aboard the cutter.

They spent three days in calking and tarring the boat, using pitch from the outside of the powder barrels; and a fortnight was occupied in making their other preparations for the voyage. The women wished to take a great many things that the boys deemed unnecessary, compelling them to make trip after trip. This of course was by no means strange, since the refuge had been the only

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song over and over faintly, a little off key. Garth fell asleep with his head in his hands and the hardness of the thwart pressing inescapably against him. He woke to find his head on the gunwale, supported by his own oilskin bundle for a pillow. The stars had gone; there was nothing but impenetrable black emptiness. A low fog rolled hot and clammy over the night sea. Captain Ferguson was straddling a pair of dividers across the chart. Barclay slept with his knees drawn up, and one of the men—Neil, an old square-rig sailor—was steering. Garth fell asleep again and saw the Tarca with her useless propeller pointed skyward, taking that silly, terrible duck-dive.

The Sinclairs, new country-house was finished, and Robert and Joan had moved in triumphantly before New York was at its hottest. Robert quite naturally asked his sister to come to them, and Elspeth gratefully left the Hampton Roads apartment and joined them. She liked the quiet, civilized Westchester countryside; she loved her small niece and nephew, and tried to think that little Bobs looked as Garth had at the age of two. But Bobs was darker and squarer and had Joan's deep blue eyes instead of Garth's clear gray ones. And Bobs followed logically in his father's footsteps, amusing himself endlessly with paper and pencil; and he looked upon a picture of a ship as being no more interesting than a picture of anything else. Elspeth had brought Ship of Dreams north with her, and it hung in her room, where it somehow typified for her that strange sea-love that urged her husband and son away from her; a love that she could not wholly understand, but bowed to.

She sat on the wide piazza that looked afar to the Hudson, and turned the newspaper carelessly. With her two men at sea she always sought the shipping and naval news, and she glanced down the columns idly—then stared in slow incomprehension.

"International Cables: S. S. Tarca, American freight steamer, in general cargo for Comba, W. Africa, reported sunk, lat. 6° S, long. 11° E. Cause unknown. Interrupted radio S O S call picked up by British station at Lagos indicates abandonment of ship. Captain Ferguson A. Ferguson, licensed master."

Elspeth sat, a frozen thing, incapable of movement or sound. A ghastly emptiness sang about her ears; her hand, cold and inert, could not raise or put down the paper. But she must tell Jim, somehow, somehow! She must get to him—he must come—Jim, far away in the summer maneuver grounds on destroyer 078. The sea is without mercy, without mercy, mercy. Her paralyzed brain repeated it, until a line of Kingsley's began to throb in its place—"and women must weep—women must weep"; and with merciful relief she broke into a great flood of tears.

If she could have guessed where her son was at that instant!

## CHAPTER FIVE

DAY came back to the tropic sea with the same suddenness with which it had left. The haze still clung to the steamy water, shutting off each boat from its companions. The men were damp, hot, clammy; strange dishevelled shapes revealed all at once, as at the lifting of a theatre curtain. They looked heavily at one another. The captain stood up and hailed the other boats and received two faint answering shouts. They were still fairly close together.

The breaker and the biscuit boxes came to the fore again. Garth begged for a trick at the tiller—to be doing something to relieve the dreadful sameness of that hard seat. It was a joy and a relief to be steering, and he soon showed that he was no lubber. With his attention divided between the compass and the leach of the sail he held the little boat unwaveringly to her easterly course, and old Neil said to Sam, who had also been raised in sail:

"The boy has a steady hand at the helm. It ain't the first time he's held a tiller. Maybe he ain't such a white-collar stiff as he looks."

Then, like the rolling back of another curtain, the mist vanished—and Garth saw Her, and seeing could not believe. For out of the flying garment of fog came a ship—a full-rigged ship—sailing down upon them. She was so like the Ship of Dreams—cloudy canvas, bright clear water curling at her foot, her trucks lost in the haze, an unearthly still mystery about her—that Garth thought he was the victim of an hallucination, per-

haps, peopling the empty seas with things of his imagination. But as he stared at the lovely phantom, expecting the remnant of mist to engulf her, the captain sprang up and hailed her.

"Ship ahoy—aho-o-oy there! Pick us up! In distress!"

The ship sailed majestically on. Not a hand touched rope, not a face appeared at the taffrail.

"Aho-o-o-oy there!" bellowed the men together, waving frantically—a shout that could not fail to be heard aboard the ship.

She was so close now that they could see the battered scroll at her stem, the broken-nosed image there below the bowsprit, her name—Susquehanna—painted above. The water paled at her foot and went slashing in a line of white away from her cutwater.

"There's nobody at the wheel!" the captain cried of a sudden. "Not a soul! The wheel's lashed!"

"She's hoodoo—a spook!" muttered Sam, growing white with a sailor's superstition.

"Board her—we've got to board her!" the captain shouted. "Out oars—get the sail down, Sam. Steady, Garth; give me the tiller."

Garth surrendered it instantly. The Susquehanna was so close that the towering bulk of her seemed to blot the whole sky and sea—a thing of mist and silver, sailing beautifully and obliviously on. All her canvas to her royals was set, and she was moving swiftly and certainly down on them. Neil was standing up in the bow of the little boat, poised like a harpooner.

"They'll all have gotten away from her in the boats," cried the captain. "See the davit-falls trailing there; can you aim for that, Neil?"

The jib boom of the ship slanted suddenly right above the boat and passed like a great shadow; Neil with a tremendous spring leaped up and caught one of the swinging falls. At the same instant the men backed away till the oars bent with the force of their stroke; the boat lurched away from the oncoming march of the Susquehanna and went crashing and butting along her side. Neil had swarmed up the rope and was tearing along the deck; a line uncoiled like a writhing serpent in the air. Sam in the boat caught it and made it fast. The next instant the boat was towing safely in the Susquehanna's wake and her oars were helping Neil to get her alongside.

That was a dangerous and a difficult thing—to board the moving ship from the small boat inadequately held against her side. Neil had lowered a rope ladder with rungs made of billets of wood; the men were swarming up it—lurching, clawing, as it swung clear, then dashed them against the side of the ship. It looked a superhuman feat. When Garth staggered forward he found that the long crouching in the damp had stiffened and weakened that wretched leg till he felt it powerless. He put a knee on the wildly plunging gunwale of the boat and seized the ladder.

"Snappy!" Barclay yelled behind him. "It has to be done all of a sudden or not at all."

Garth slid back. "Go ahead," he said. "I'm not afraid; I just can't do it. Simply isn't possible, that's all."

Barclay sprang past him impatiently, but the captain laid a quick hand on Garth's shoulder.

"It's all right, laddie," he said; "don't fash yourself. It's deefcult enough for an old A.B. Stay you here, and when we've hove her to you'll find it another thing."

So Garth was left alone in the boat which, released, dropped to the length of her line behind the ship. He could have wept for shame and weariness and mortification. What business had he on a ship at all, he asked himself fiercely. He might have known it—had known it, always. What had made them all think that he was fit to go to sea? Walking about on a big deck—anybody could do that. It was this sort of thing that tested the able-bodied seaman.

"I'm unseaworthy," Garth said. "I ought to know it by this time, and be satisfied to give up, once and for all."

He took his throbbing head in his hands—the climbing sun was gaining swiftly in heat—and then thought irrelevantly—no, perhaps not so irrelevantly—of that verse of his father's, that recently discovered verse which he had stuffed, along with the bills of lading, into his pocket there on the Tarca as she sank. "Such is my faith in you—" Well, it mattered—having a father with that much faith in you. Garth jumped up and began

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home the poor creatures had known for eight years or more. The two younger children, too, had finally to be carried in arms for much of the way.

Covel thought it best on leaving to burn the cabins and set fire to the old fortalice once more, in order that the place might never again become a haunt for pirates or other outlaws. By starting a slow fire in the hummocks where the barrels of powder were stored these could be blown up after they all had gone. But Pote decided to leave everything as it stood.

"We may yet have to return here," he said. "Or perhaps by next year I may want to come back and salvage things. There's a lot of valuable property here. If we get to Nassau all right, I may lead a party back here and save it."

"You would never get me here again!" Covel declared. "From Nassau, I'm in hopes somehow to get back to Maine!"

"An' me fer auld Oirland!" exclaimed Courra McCarty. "Me an' Dennis!"

"But this is not such a bad place to live," Pote argued. "It is as good a home as I ever had."

The colored women appeared to hold much the same opinion. La Mujer and Bonita were seen to shed silent tears the morning they left the refuge, on the last trip down to the inlet. Little Geeta had her arms full of her childish treasures, including her toy banjo.

Courra McCarty followed the others slowly, resting on her crutch at times, with many a quaint anathema for the man who had made a cripple of her; and at her side came the deaf-mute boy with a loaded musket on his shoulder—the same piece with which he had brought down old Pepe. The boys were much disturbed to have him carry it; but the lad refused to give it up, and his mother promised to keep an eye to his movements. He seemed to think he was marching to battle somewhere, but was bound to protect his mother at all hazards. Since Pote and Covel each had a musket, Dennis appeared to think he must have one, too. They had a two-quart bottle filled with powder tightly corked and another containing shot and balls.

About noon that day, they got the entire little company stowed aboard the cutter and set off, poling it down the inlet toward the sea on about the strangest sort of voyage ever undertaken.

"We're crazy, Pote, to start off with all these young ones and their mothers!" Covel had remonstrated more than a dozen times; to all of which Pote replied, "Maybe we are, but sometimes a fellow has to be pretty crazy when there's nothing else to do." The one thing Pote could not do was to leave those helpless ones behind—and he never thought himself a hero, either!

Poling and paddling the heavy boat down the narrow inlet proved a slow and arduous task, though the colored women and Courra McCarty assisted as much as they could. From this tortuous cove the distance to the open sea was, Covel said, not less than ten miles, perhaps more. They did not make it the first day, and they passed a comfortless night, tied up to the mangroves by the swampy shore, amidst swarming mosquitoes, alligators, and frogs that croaked and groaned throughout the long hours of darkness. Several of the alligators came silently swimming about them, attracted perhaps by the fitful cries of the smaller children. One of them poked the boat with its snout and grew so familiar that Pote fired a bullet into its head, which caused a prodigious commotion up and down the cove for some time afterward.

At last the inlet widened out between a number of cays with white sandy shores; and during the following forenoon they caught sight of the open blue water ahead and met a grateful breeze, which blew back the torturing mosquitoes. It was indeed a great relief to land on a sandy beach and be able to leave the boat, walk about and stretch their cramped limbs. A fire was kindled, breakfast eaten, and several hours spent resting up after the toil and discomfort of the previous day and night.

Off to the eastward the low white shores of many islets could be discerned, but open water stretched away to the north, and, as the breeze, which may have been an offset from the trades, blew quite steadily from the eastward, the boys stepped the light mast they had brought, pulled up the sail-yard, and made their first attempt at sailing the cutter in open water.

The heavily loaded craft proved but a slow and crawling sailer. She moved, however, at a rate of at least two miles an hour, which was a little better than rowing in the hot sun. They had no compass, no chart, and knew only what Courra McCarty had heard the Old One say, that Nassau was on an island over against Andros to eastward and distant about seventy miles, as the crow flies, from the pirates' refuge.

Showers fell during the afternoon, with so wild a sky and such flaws of wind that they put in to the shelter of an outlying cay for an hour or two. Later when the sky cleared and they essayed to continue their voyage, a novel peril of those waters beset them. Quite suddenly they perceived that the boat was in the midst of a considerable school of large fish with long snouts. These swam near the surface and, immediately gathering about the boat, evinced the most intense curiosity to nose it with their snouts, as if to learn what it was.

They were no doubt barracudas, a West Indian fish, resembling a shark, very voracious and often dangerous to bathers or persons falling overboard from vessels. There were more than fifty of them. Perhaps they were attracted by the smell of the children in the boat. When they first appeared, no apprehension was felt. Later when their snouts poked the sides of the cutter harder and more frequently, the women began to express alarm. Finally, after one had almost leaped aboard, Pote shot at it, injuring it so seriously that the water was soon stained with its blood. So far from deterring the school of thronging fins, however, the shot but increased their eagerness. Dashing at the wounded fish, its fellows literally devoured it piecemeal in the water astern of the slow-moving craft—a spectacle which so terrified little Geeta and the children that they cried out in terror.

The boys now shot into the school again and again, but still the rabid creatures came darting around the boat, diving beneath it at times, rising all about, and plunging their noses against the none too strong strakes. Dennis became so excited that his mother was unable to restrain him from shooting. He fired his musket, then set up a wild howling for powder and balls with which to reload it. They were obliged to wrest the gun from him by main strength, and during the struggle the butt of the piece was struck against the bottom of the boat with such force that water began to come in between the infirm old planks.

The great quantity of luggage, including the heavy lumps of silver coin, piled in the bottom of the boat, made it difficult to bail; and after vain efforts to stop the leak Pote decided to make for the shore.

The place where they at length landed was on a beach of white sand just behind a wooded green cay, where a pair of pelicans had retired for the night. Here the cutter was beached and everything taken ashore. By the united efforts of the whole party, the old craft was then hauled up and turned partly over to be recalled, the women setting to work meantime to make camp there for the night.

While thus employed, a small sloop was seen beating into the arm of sea between the cays and the main shore. It came to anchor there, about a mile from where our distressed folks had landed.

"Probably fishermen or hunters," Pote guessed. "Perhaps they're from Nassau and we can get directions from them, how to go there."

Covel set off at once to run along the beach and interview them, while Pote continued his efforts to stop the leak. On approaching where the sloop lay, Covel saw that four men had landed from it and were coming as if to meet him. Evidently they had seen the cutter and were curious about it. One of the four was a mulatto, two were negroes, and the fourth was a white man, whose appearance Covel was far from liking. The mulatto was the only one who seemed to speak or understand English.

Covel gave them good-evening and asked if they were fishermen. The mulatto hesitated somewhat, then said they were sponge-diggers from a *campo* at the north end of Andros Island and in reply to Covel's further questions told him they had recently put into Nassau to dry, cure and sell a fare of sponges. The distance, he informed Covel, was a day's sail on a light breeze, and he rather grudgingly added certain directions for shaping a course to New Providence Island. The other three made no attempt at conversation. Covel thanked them and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 601]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 600]

turned to go back. But they followed on with him, and under the circumstances he did not like to say that their company would be unwelcome.

A disagreeable evening ensued; the four sponge-diggers hung around for a long time. They were very curious about the party, asking constant questions, to which Pote replied civilly, saying merely that they were a shipwrecked company trying to reach Nassau.

The Irishwoman was less civil and at length told them what she thought of them, and requested that they go about their own business; but still they lingered, making themselves quite too free with what did not concern them.

At length the boys detected the white man pulling over the pile of luggage brought ashore from the cutter. Knowing their own weakness, however, Pote thought it safer to take no notice of these incivilities. Not so Courra McCarty, who grew so indignant that she finally caught up Covell's musket and bade their insolent callers begone, or she would shoot. Thereupon they drew off, cursing her and making threats.

The white man was clearly a low fellow, very likely a criminal; he had caught sight of the silver in one or more of the packages under the other baggage on the beach.

"I'm afraid they'll come back," Pote said.

"I'm afraid so, too," Covell agreed. "O'm shure of it!" Courra McCarty exclaimed. "They be plannin' mischief! Oh, b'ys, what's to do!"

Covell could think of nothing save their guns. "If they come and try to get that money, we will shoot 'em!" he cried hotly.

But Pote acted more prudently.

### CHAPTER SIX

AFTER the sponge-diggers left them that night, Pote's instinct told him to move his little party away from there at once. He hoped the old boat would not spring another leak, or at least would not leak very badly. He bade Covell and the Irishwoman help him push it into the water and afterward aid in putting all their belongings aboard, inclusive of the packages of silver wrapped in canvas.

They pushed off and then rowed slowly across the arm of water between the main shore and the first of the outlying islets. Passing this and skirting partly around it, they poled the heavy old craft into a narrow passage between this and a second islet, and there, perceiving white dunes in the obscurity, landed and made the youngsters comfortable on the loose white sand.

As soon as it grew light Pote waded across the narrow strip of water between the two cays and made his way through the green scrub growing on the first of these to the side next the main shore. From here he could look across to the place where they had camped the previous night. The sponge-diggers had come back there already and were moving about. One of them had a gun, and two others what resembled garden rakes—the implements with which, perhaps, they pulled up sponges from the sea bottom. They appeared to be probing the sands about the place where our refugee party had camped, as if hunting for treasure which they suspected might have been buried thereabouts.

Pote continued watching until he saw them return along the shore to their sloop. Immediately after this they hauled up their sail and were seen heading out to sea.

A head-wind that morning held them at their new place of refuge among the sand dunes. The old cutter could not be sailed into a breeze. In the afternoon they tried to get on a little way, by rowing, for their stock of food was scanty, and they feared it would run short before they reached Nassau.

Again they were followed by barracudas, and the women were obliged to restrain the witless Dennis to prevent him from shooting at them. The lad howled and became so headstrong that little Geeta at last confided her private childish opinion to Pote that it would be as well to throw Dennis overboard and let the barracudas have him!

These voracious fish continued swimming about close in to shore, after the voyagers had landed for the night; watching his chance, Covell shot one of them, and succeeded in catching its carcass with the boat hook. Vigorous struggles ensued with the rest of the fish, but with Pote's assistance he drew his catch into shoal water. Covell thought this one would have weighed fifty or

sixty pounds, and said it looked like a huge pickerel.

There was head-wind again next day, and only a few toilsome miles were covered. But on the following day at sunrise a stiff breeze from the southeast sprang up, and they sailed on fast before it—quite too fast for the welfare of the old boat. White caps got up, and Pote judged it safer to put in within the outer cays and reefs and try to navigate the arm of calmer water between these outer barriers and the main shore. Seeing what looked to be a clear passage betwixt the reefs and islets, they entered it without lowering the sail. Pote in fact dared not do so, the waves were running so high; he was afraid of being swamped if he lost headway.

They would have gone through safely, but just where the narrow gut opened on the smoother water inside the boat struck an upstanding rib of wreck that lay there under water. They tore past it, but the shock started the seams between the strakes again, and water began to come in fast. Courra and La Mujer seized their two kettles and began bailing as well as they could, while Pote and Covell got the sail down and started rowing; but they were barely able to cover the short distance to the main shore before the boat so nearly filled that it grounded in a foot or two of water, and they were all compelled to scramble out helter-skelter and get the screaming youngsters to land anyhow they could.

Later their belongings were salvaged, all very wet, and the boat was left where it lay half full of water. But, lest other audacious sponge-diggers should come around and discover their plight, Pote immediately buried the silver packages out of sight in the sand, carefully marking the spot, and bidding Covell and Courra McCarty take notice of it.

Night fell before they had more than attended to these precautions and to the many wants of the little company of voyagers. Driftwood was picked up, a fire kindled, and more barracuda fried. Already their fare was meager, but fortunately the weather was mild, and next morning Covell and Pote again addressed themselves to the task of repairing the infirm old cutter, now nearly full of water.

An insuperable difficulty at once presented itself. Bail as they might, water came in fast; and, although all four of the women as well as little Geeta and Dennis, tugged hard at the line with Pote and Covell, their united strength failed to pull the water-soaked craft up the beach far enough to allow its being turned over for recalking. They were unable to stir it from its bed in the sand; and after two hours of hardest labor they had to relinquish the hope of going on in the cutter.

Courra McCarty was now wholly disheartened; the colored women sat down in silent dejection; Dennis howled like a lost dog; and little Geeta stood with her eyes fixed on Pote, the picture of despair. I am afraid, too, that Covell was not above again reminding Pote that they ought never to have set off with so helpless a party.

"How shall we ever go on? How shall we ever reach Nassau?" exclaimed Courra drearily.

"Looks to me as if we would have to walk," Pote remarked absently and stood back viewing the landscape to northward.

"But, Pote," Covell remonstrated, "we could never get through the mangrove swamps. There's one not half a mile ahead, and they're all alongshore!"

Pote was now looking off to the westward, however, toward the interior of the island. "I must go exploring," he said at length. "You stay here, all of you, till I come back."

He was gone a long time, so long that Covell began to fear he was lost in the forest which appeared to cover all the higher ground back from the shore.

There was very little left to eat that day; and after a time Covell took one of the muskets and followed the beach back to the southward for a mile or more, but saw no game or anything edible except an abalone; and his memories of that comestible did not lead him to set a high value upon it.

On his return, however, he fell in with a pelican, flapping heavily shoreward from the sea. It alighted on the beach only a little way in front of him. Pelicans, like flamingoes there, were very little afraid of mankind. Covell's general idea was that these big, clumsy birds were worthless for food; but, as the colored women often cooked mahas, he thought perhaps they might do something



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[CONTINUED ON PAGE 609]

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Member Malcolm U. Otis Receives a High and Well-deserved Honor

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OVER a year ago there came to the Lab a letter from then Associate Member Malcolm V. Otis (18), of 2880 Paxton Road, Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio, asking for information about the Clipper Ship Flying Cloud. He had, it seemed, already completed a model of the Sea Witch and now desired to try his skill on a reproduction of the most famous clipper of them all.

The plans were sent, and immediately another letter was received which showed the Director of the Lab three things: this boy was the kind that takes the trouble to express appreciation, he was prompt in his actions, and he was sufficiently well informed to know values. He wrote: "I am more than pleased with the plans you sent me, which were received today. I am beginning to realize the advantages of the Y. C. Lab, for a friend of mine just paid \$10.00 for a set of prints of this ship, and they are not nearly as good."

The request for photographs and information concerning the model of the Sea Witch, already built, brought the interesting disclosure that, although only sixteen years old, Member Otis had sold his handicraft for \$125.00, which amount was raised to \$130.00 by the addition of \$5.00 from the Lab's 44th Weekly Award on September 30, 1926,



THE "FLYING CLOUD" TAKES THE TIDE  
It is almost impossible to realize that this is not a photograph of Donald McKay's original masterpiece of clipper-ship construction, so accurately has Member Malcolm V. Otis constructed his model and arranged the composition of this photograph

successful effort is well balanced effort. From time to time as the model progressed there came photographs and letters, but never any foolish questions which could have been quickly answered with the dictionary,

only a little less than a year previous to the announcement of his winning of the sixth Quarterly \$100.00 Award.

This success only served to make Member Otis determined to do even better work. He would not rest on his oars after one triumph. He would build his "Flying Cloud" even more carefully, and he would build her actually to sail! This involved not only the usual rigors of scale construction but the additional difficulties of providing sufficient stability, of floating on the load water line, and of resting on an even keel. Many a boy has started out to do this, only to cut through the side of his hull in a moment of over-enthusiasm during the hollowing out process. Not so Member Otis. He had self-control.

Already the Lab was convinced of his excellence as a craftsman. The next point to be noticed in his favor was his ability to discriminate. School had begun again. This meant less time to work on the model, but it did not mean giving it up entirely. Nor did the model interfere with school. Successful effort is well balanced effort.

never any suggestion of impatience or discouragement. Little by little the Director and the Board of Governors became convinced of this boy's solid merit. He had ideas of his own. He knew how to "try, try again." He had been working with tools ever since he was ten years old, and to some purpose.

Last January he received a letter from the Secretary of the Lab from which he might have inferred that he was being considered for a Quarterly Award. That Award went to some one else. This aroused no disappointment in Member Otis. He redoubled his efforts instead.

That he possessed creative imagination was proved by the diagrams which he sent illustrating how he proposed taking pictures of his model rounding Cape Horn, passing through the Golden Gate, and entering harbor. This result was to be achieved with appropriate cardboard backgrounds. And his sketches themselves showed how carefully he had read and profited by Councilor Townsend's articles on Mechanical Drawing.

How well the idea of showing the famous clipper in her actual element succeeded can be well appreciated. The photograph on this page not only illustrates a completely constructed model—it gives a startling illusion of reality and is, into the bargain, an artistic composition of real beauty. In a companion picture to it Governor Ellery Sedgwick of the Lab points to the suggestion of Turner's "Fighting Temeraire," one of the most famous pictures ever painted.

The tug seen alongside the famous clipper is actually a tug of 1853 and not some impossibly modern craft. Note the one final touch of reality in the smoke (it is cotton batting!) that pours from her funnel.

That Member Otis not only has ideas but can convey them to others is evident from the excellent piece of exposition which he wrote regarding the building of his ship. Navy engineers and technical men underestimate the great value of being able to speak and write well. Of what use is a splendid garden if you lack a means of getting the crop to market? Of what use are excellent ideas if you are unable to give them voice?

You have often heard it said that history repeats itself. Here is an excellent example. As with the "Sea Witch" so with the "Flying Cloud." This last model was sold for \$275.00, to which is now added another \$100.00 from the Y. C. Lab. Little things, well done, grow into big things. The boy of

real ambition, real ability, real resource does not depend for his income on the dimes and quarters contributed by his parents. He does as Member Otis has done—turns his spare time and his knowledge into cash—and reinvests the cash in equipment with which to follow farther in his path.



Member Otis launches his model of the Flying Cloud

Do not imagine that Member Otis received his award for the mere construction of a model ship. Excellent as it is, his ability as a model constructor needed the reinforcement of character and intelligence. It takes the combination of many good qualities to win the Lab's Quarterly Award, as indeed it does to earn any measurable success in life.

F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN, S.B., S.M.  
Instructor in Naval Architecture,  
Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Councilor, Y. C. Lab

## MEMBERSHIP NOW

In the Greater Y. C. Lab

CLOSE to two years ago a great opportunity for all boys everywhere began when the Y. C. Lab was founded. In the months that have followed the Lab has grown from a mere dozen boys to a great organization of almost 15,000 Members and Applicants, whose Society enjoys a world wide authority and prestige in which they share.

I am happy to say that I think no one thing will add so much to the value of the Lab, and render membership in it a privilege to be valued more highly than ever before, as the new monthly publication of The Youth's Companion. It will enable us at headquarters to give you not only Lab Pages, but Lab Departments—each one crammed full of the most interesting and diverse features that come under our eyes during an entire month. The Lab Department in the monthly Companion will give you more than enough material to work on in the intervening thirty days. It will not only be bigger than in the weekly editions—it will, when our schedules are more completely adapted to the new scheme, give you a degree of interest and diversity that you never before believed possible.

Then too the change in schedule will give all of us at Headquarters—Governors, Councilors, Advisers, Secretaries, as well as the Director—a long sought opportunity to stay in closer contact with the membership by personal correspondence, and thus strengthen what has always been a unique feature of the "World-Wide Society for Ingenious Boys."

All in all, it is not possible to view the future of the Lab except with the most enthusiastic belief that within the next year it will double and quadruple its benefits to the steadily widening circle of boys who realize the unique advantages, financial and scientific, of membership.

If you are between the ages of 8 and 18, and interested in the affairs for which the Society stands, I invite you to apply for membership before the influx of Applicants, attracted by the new policy, necessitates a waiting list.

THE DIRECTOR, Y. C. LAB

## ELECTION COUPON

The Director, Y. C. Lab  
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.  
I am a boy . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work.  
Send me full particulars of the Y. C. Lab, and an Election Blank upon which I may submit my name for Associate Membership.

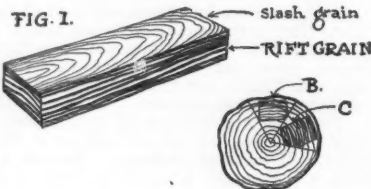
Signature . . . . .  
Address . . . . .  
9-27 . . . . .

## Native Woods for Bows and Arrows

By Edward W. Frentz

**DIRECTOR'S NOTE:** The three articles on making archery tackle, published in the Lab pages last year have called forth so many questions and so many requests for additional information that we have asked Mr. Frentz to prepare several additional articles dealing with other phases of the same subject and answering some of the questions. This is the first of them. The others will appear in early issues. Lab members will profit by referring again to the articles printed in issues for May 13, May 27, and June 17, 1926.

WHAT wood an archer shall choose for his bow must depend somewhat on where he lives. If his home is on or near the Pacific Coast, the king of bow-wood, the yew, grows at his door and can be had for the cutting. He would be foolish to seek any other. But though yew can be had for the cutting, it is not to be had without effort, for that which grows in the lowlands is of little worth. The best grows at an altitude of four or five thousand feet and upward in the Coast Range and the Cascades, from California to Southern Alaska. A hunt for it, therefore, means a trip into the mountains with saddle horse and pack animals and a camping outfit. And even when found, yew trees are usually so full of low-growing branches that it is difficult to find one sufficiently clear to make good bow timber. That is why the few yew bow staves that reach the



Eastern market are priced at five, ten or even fifteen and twenty dollars apiece.

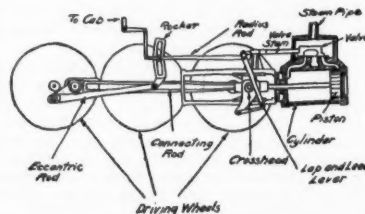
For those who live in the Middle States, especially in the Mississippi valley and as far west and south as Oklahoma and as far east and north as Virginia and Pennsylvania, the most available wood is the osage orange. The early French explorers of the Mississippi waters found the Indians using it, and so named it *bois d'arc*, which means "bow-wood"; hence the common country corruption into "bow-dock." The wood is dense, heavy, very tough and also highly elastic. It makes, therefore, a bow that is durable and well adapted to hunting and roving, since its hardness enables it to withstand knocks and other rough usage. But it has not the softness and "sweetness" of yew in shooting, though it has quite as much

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 603]

## Questions and Answers

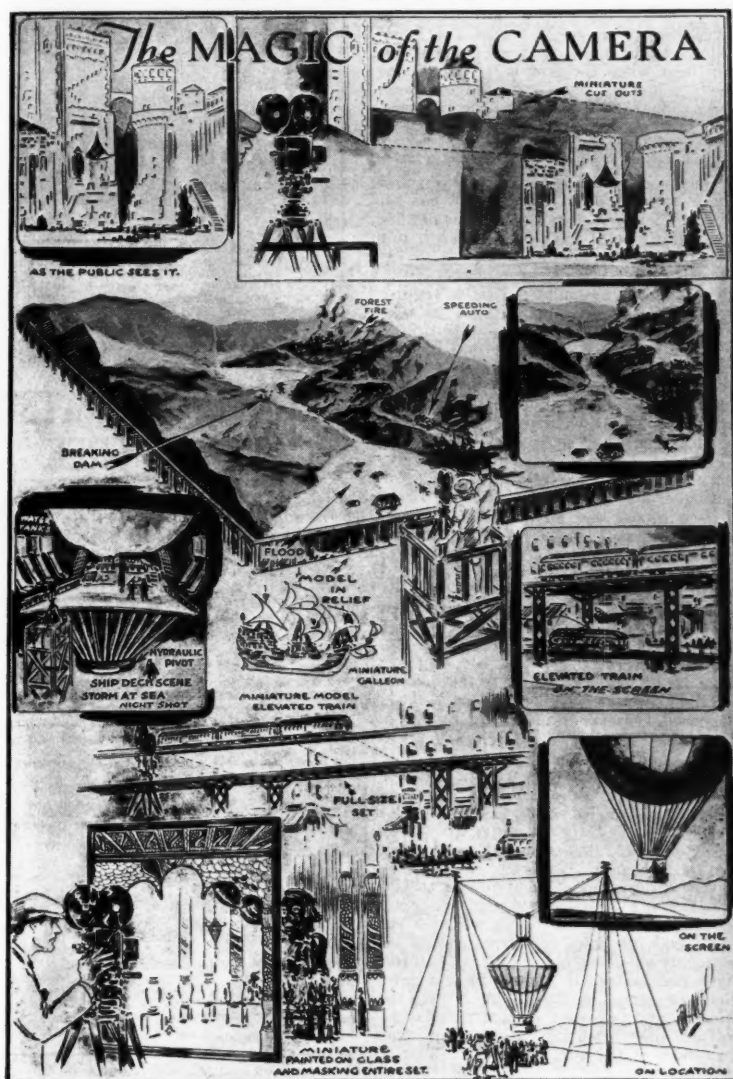
Q.—I would like a diagram of the valve action of a locomotive. Can you furnish me with one? Which is the largest locomotive in the world? D. B. Stevenson, Member, Lumberton, Mississippi.

A.—By Councilor Townsend:—The largest steam locomotive in existence is generally accepted as the Virginian, used for hauling freight trains on the Virginian Railway. It is a Mallet Articulated Compound made by the American Locomotive Company. It has a maximum tractive force of 176,000 pounds, and when running normally of 147,000 pounds. Its weight is 684,000 pounds, and the engine and tender are 90 feet long. Another of about the same size is the Matt Shea on the Erie Railroad. It is a Mallet Triplex Compound, with one set of driving wheels under the tender. This engine has a tractive force of 160,000 pounds and weighs 853,000 pounds. On the accompanying sheet is shown a Walschaert valve gear such as is used on locomotives. This type of gear is found on many of the newer locomotives as well as the older machines. Walschaert gears, however, are being supplanted by such types as the Baker, Southern and Young gears.





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## Y. C. Lab—Continued

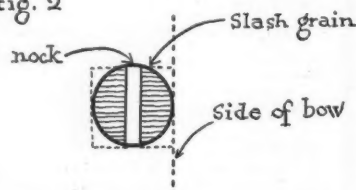
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 602]

power. Its weight makes it inclined to jar or "kick."

In the northeast there are several native woods that make fairly good bows. At the head stands the red cedar of New England. It is light in the hand, which ensures sweetness of cast, and it has a considerable degree of elasticity and of toughness. In fact, it more nearly approaches yew in those qualities than any other native wood. Its only drawback is that after a year or two of use it tends to become brittle. Being light and soft, it requires more bulk to make a bow of any given weight or drawing power. A six-foot forty-pound bow of osage orange would be less than an inch in diameter in the center. One of red cedar would be an inch and a quarter, or more.

Next to red cedar among the native Eastern bowwoods come white ash and mulberry. Both are tough and fairly elastic, and neither is excessively heavy. But mul-

Fig. 2



berry is not a merchantable wood, and unless the young archer can find a tree and cut it himself, he is likely to get none. White ash is therefore his next best choice.

Being a common carriage wood, it is not difficult to find in the yard of dealers in hardwood lumber. That of second growth is usually finer grained and tougher, but not so elastic. A bow made of a fairly fine-grained piece of old growth will usually retain its shape better and cast with more force than one made of second growth.

And now comes hickory, the fetish of everyone who made toy bows in bygone days and has only the memory of them to guide his judgment today. By the inexperienced it is always placed at the head of native bowwoods, whereas its proper place is at the foot. Two things are requisite to a good bow—namely, toughness and elasticity. Hickory has the toughness but not much elas-

ticity, therefore in use it "takes a set" and "follows the string"; that is, tends to remain bent when the bow is unstrung, and therefore has not much cast. Nevertheless, an occasional piece of hickory can be found that, in want of better material, makes a fairly good bow.

Hornbeam is the only other native American bowwood that deserves mention, and only a word or two at that. It has all the characteristics of hickory, and is neither better nor worse. It will serve at a pinch, but is not to be commended.

These various woods must be worked in different ways. Yew and red cedar require that a bow be partly sap and partly heart—about a quarter of an inch of sap for the back, and the rest of heart-wood for the belly. No such distinction is necessary in working osage orange, mulberry, white ash, hickory or hornbeam; but they should be worked if possible with the slash grain at the back. Fig. 1 will show what is meant.

The best wood for arrows depends upon what they are to be used for. If for roving or hunting, where they will meet hard usage, the best woods are hickory, white birch, yellow birch and southern, or hard, pine. Hickory and white birch have the disadvantage that they must be watched and frequently straightened, since they are inclined to "come and go"—that is, to warp—with changes of temperature and humidity. Southern pine is therefore, on the whole, the most satisfactory.

For target arrows, where less weight is desirable, the best woods are Norway pine, red spruce, Douglas fir and hard pine that is close grained and free from pitch, preferably Alabama pine.

In making arrows of any wood it is better to cut the nock, or groove, for the bow string at right angles to the slashway grain, for this reason: all wood is stiffer when bent in a direction parallel to the rift grain, and, since the bow string bends the arrow somewhat in a direction at right angles to the nock, the rift grain should ride the bow. Fig. 2 will make the matter clear.

All wood for bows or arrows should be thoroughly air-dried, not kiln-dried, and the longer the better. It should be cut into billets or strips a little larger than is required, and seasoned in a natural temperature (not artificial) away from the direct rays of the sun, and in an upright position, so that the air will come in contact with it equally on all sides.

## Proceedings, Y. C. Experimental Lab, Wollaston, Mass.

JULY 15: Tested a big set of architectural blocks. Although our working Members are a bit beyond the block-playing age, they found some interest in assembling the blocks into bungalows, garages, etc. We made what we felt was an improvement in them and made some pictures.

JULY 25: Another knocked-down boat came today, the Johnson Baby Stepper, a fourteen-footer put out by the Brooks Boat Co. We lost no time in opening the three boxes and starting to put the boat together. Assembled the ribs and keel.

JULY 26: Put on the chine strips and side battens. The boat is very graceful in appearance, even the frame, and should be handsome when finished. And by the look of its lines it will show its wake to many another craft.

JULY 27: Tried out our land yacht today at Humarock Beach. This was the nearest place where we could get a hard, flat beach at low tide. Wish we might report a howling success, but we only succeeded in finding out why we didn't burn up the beach. There was very little wind; hardly a zephyr. The sail was too small, likewise. But this yacht will really go when we have remedied it.

JULY 28: Put in the aft bottom planks on the Baby Stepper. Nothing difficult here. Just plod along with electric drill and automatic screw driver.

JULY 29: Began the fore planking of the Stepper. Not so simple. There are curves to negotiate. Just as the whistle blew one of these planks split. There were no remarks.

AUG. 1: More planks went on the fore section. Not such fast work as on the aft. But it is looking more like a boat.

AUG. 2: The fore planking progresses. Just a matter of fussy fitting and driving home the screws. Almost monotonous.

AUG. 3: Put on the side planks which have the step cut-out. These run the whole length of the boat. Here we had a difficult job of fitting, these planks taking some queer bends over the

chine strips. Began putting in the clout nails through battens and planks for a tight fit.

AUG. 4: Finished the side planking. When you get a boat job as far as this it always looks more as it should. While it wouldn't hold water, it at least looks as if it might.

AUG. 5: Finished clout-nailing all the battens and planks—quite a job on this boat, because it's full of battens. It ought not to leak. Put in gunwale, breast-hook and stern-board knees.

AUG. 6: Put in the deck combing and side-pole. Then calked the whole hull very lightly. Next sandpaper. Gave the inside a coat of white lead.

AUG. 9: Gave the inside a coat of gray paint. The outside got a coat of white lead. This boat will be painted orange, black and gray. Sides of orange, bottom black and inside gray. Double rub-rail of black. We are going to put the colors on "dead" and then varnish all over with spar varnish.



The Lab assembles the Johnson "Baby Stepper"



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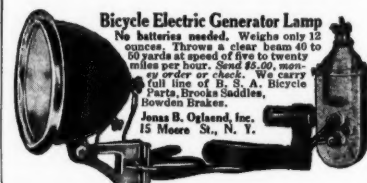
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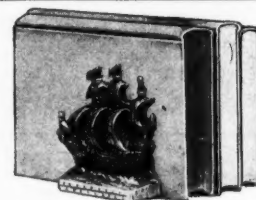
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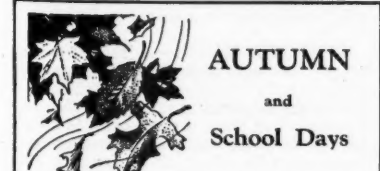


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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 599]

shaking the stiffness out of himself, and then forgot everything else in the thrill of seeing that handful of men—most of them greenhorns in sail—heave the Susquehanna to.

Captain Ferguson had the wheel; his voice boomed back in the wind towards Garth. "Ease off the head sheets—no, not there—that one!" Neil was roaring at them as they hauled up the courses; Garth could just see Barclay, his big shoulders straining, heaving at a rope for dear life. They squared the main yard somehow; the big ship came around slowly, her stride checked. With the slightest headway she drifted down towards the other two boats—Croke's was nowhere in sight. As Garth waited for his boat to be pulled alongside he looked up at the detail of the old ship's stern above him—the scrolls that had doubtless once been golden, now covered by an ugly daub of paint; her name in square yellow letters. She had been rechristened; faintly he could discern the depressions in the wood where the brass letters of her earlier title had been pried away. What did the grooved pattern spell? The light was wrong; Garth squinted up at it. A R R—The rope was being pulled; the boat glided up beside the ladder, but not before Garth, stupefied, had deciphered the whole of her name. The other two boats were alongside. Helpful hands above and below gave Garth a push and a pull, and he stood with the best of them, on deck at last. He almost ran to the captain.

"Can you possibly believe it," he said in an awed whisper, "if I tell you she's the Arran? I made it out, under her new name."

"I was going to ask you to believe it," the captain returned gravely. "I knew it the instant my hand touched the wheel of her and my eye went up to her tops. I served a long, grand, hard apprenticeship in her. I could as soon forget my ain mother." His tone was reverent.

"But it's weird," Garth said. "It's like a ghost."

"Aye, a ghost, coming upon me," the captain agreed. "Why she's here we don't know. She may easily have been on the one tack for a week or more—nothing to hinder, here in the trades. Her boats are gone, you'll remark, but why they've left her's beyond our present knowing. So be it; she's our saviour and our salvage, and we'll take her into Gomba."

She was a deserted ship. Aloft and a low there was no sign of life aboard her. In wonder, Garth watched her new crew take hold of her. They were getting way on again, the whole crowd as excited as children—stokers who had never set foot on a sailing vessel pulling with a will, though they knew not what they pulled. Gleason, nearly bursting, back in his long-forsaken element, was bawling encouragements and sarcasm mingled. Sam, radiant, had the wheel. The Susquehanna—nay, the Arran!—leaped off on her new course as if she had awakened from a trance and was thankful to be done with the loneliness and strangeness of sailing herself.

After the cry of "Bela-a-ay!" everybody but Sam gathered in chattering groups regardless of watch or rank. Garth and the captain went amidships; the cargo hatch stood open. The captain glanced down it and then looked more closely.

"Here's the trouble," he cried. "There's been fire aboard of her! Look you, the cargo's ruined, and they've had the sea-hose at it."

"But if they put it out, why on earth did they abandon ship?" Garth wondered.

"Very likely it burst up in a smother of smoke when the air and water got at it, and they cleared out while they might." The captain shook his head. "Though in my day the Old Man would have stayed aboard till she sank, a flaming thing, beneath his feet. The cowards!"

"And you'd think they'd have stood by with the boats, to see if she really did go down," Garth reasoned, "and not left a sound ship to go sailing off alone."

"It's queer enough," the captain said. "I can't at all explain it. However—here she is. Puir body, she's grown old like the rest of us. She's a ghost-thing. They've been no sailors, the folk that left her. We'd have thought it shame to let her be in such a state. And it's few enough sailors we have now, though we'll make out as well as if we'd shanghaied a lot of Dutchies aboard. We've Gleason, who's been itching to get back to sail these many years; and Dunkirk's been in sail a bit. Sam and Neil are shellbacks, and as for the rest of you lads, we'll soon have you out on the yard-arms like the best. There's no teacher like necessity."

"She doesn't always have very apt pupils, though," Garth said. "Captain, I was ashamed of my stunt in the boat just now—funking that ladder."

"Ech," said the captain, "you're a good lad. That was a devilish task for the nimblest. Let the others risk their necks at the tops, and we'll season you to a long trick at the wheel with the smartest. Now I must get this steamboat crew of mine parceled into watches—and little they'll like a four-hour sail watch, the lazy wharf-head lubbers. Keep a lookout for Mr. Croke's boat, will ye no?" he added, shouting. "For we ought to pick him up soon; though I could be very well doing without him and his friend," the captain remarked half to himself.

Mr. Gleason had been a crack mate in his day. He rounded up his motley crew without delay and gave them to understand in no uncertain terms that they were now aboard a sailing ship, that it was utterly different from a steamer, and that the sooner they found it out with a minimum of kicking the better for all hands. In an amazingly short time the port watch was below in the fo'c'sle squabbling over the best bunks, and the starboard watch, on deck, was learning the rudiments of this new branch of their calling.

The captain, Garth, Dunkirk and Barclay made their way to the cabin. It was in some confusion, with dishes on the table and the master's bunk in disorder as if he had left it hurriedly. But his papers and instruments were gone, and the only things on his desk were a few copies of a nautical journal and a heavy glass inkwell. Garth and Barclay, as juniors, were to share quarters—the Arran had less accommodation than the Tarca.

"Where'll you put Mr. Croke, if we pick him up?" Garth asked the captain. "We've filled her pretty well."

"I've an idea I can find adequate lodging for Mr. Croke," said the captain gravely.

Garth hurried on deck to feast his eyes on the spread of canvas aloft. Dirty and patched it might be, worn and foul might be the decks, everything sadly down at heel—but through her patches and her poverty gleamed the Arran's beauty, like the beauty of a princess whose lineage will not be denied. One of the men was talking to Sam at the wheel.

"I remember this hooker. Passed her oncert, off Patagonia, carryin' on lovely. Ain't many skys'l yarders left."

"You're right there ain't," Sam agreed. "I was in one—New York to Punta Arenas. We had a gentleman skipper an' a bucko mate, one worse tother. Don't she draw pretty? A bit o' luck, hey, meetin' up with the old girl like this? Say, Charley, where's the guy is supposed to relieve me?"

Garth put in a hasty word. "I'm supposed to stand my trick, too. Captain said so."

"You don't want to stand no long trick yet, boy," said Sam. "No, sir, a big beauty like this ain't no child's play. You come around any time you want an' take her fer a spell, by'm'by, but don't you try no reg'lar watch till you're broke in. You've had a night in a boat, mister, an' I 'vise you to turn in, whether it's your watch below or not."

But he did have his trick at the wheel—his first—when darkness had blotted the Arran's decks, and stars were tangled like a swarm of fireflies in her rigging. Neil was silent, sitting on the taffrail, while Garth, in a trance of fulfilled desire, steered the Arran. He kept a star above her swinging main-truck; her sails were great patches of lesser darkness, blotting out half the stars. It seemed to him that he had waited all his life for this moment. The wind hummed softly in the shrouds, a little living tune. Garth swung the wheel ever so little—now this way, now that—meeting the pull and plunge of the Arran's weight; a great, sensitive, live thing, glad of him, answering him. He had forgotten that his parents could possibly, thanks to radio, have heard of the sinking of the Tarca. He did not dream that at that moment his mother was on her knees asking heaven what mercy was left; that his father was wildly asking for leave, to go to her. Garth held the wheel with weary arms, but with steady, wondering eyes on Canopus above the mast, and consuming delight within him. The binnacle lamp shone upward upon his grave, enraptured face. Captain Ferguson, coming up from the chart room for a smoke, saw it and smiled.

Out of the enveloping purple night came a hail to the Arran's moving side-lights.

"Ship ahoy!" A lantern bobbed dimly somewhere out there. "Aho-o-y! S O S! Pick us up!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 614]

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**R**OOMMATES are valuable particularly when it is your turn to be cook at the Simmons Practice House and you own a guaranteed soundless alarm clock. It was my first day at being cook, and after friend roommate had sleepily done her duty by waking me I went down to the spotless new kitchen and began the breakfast. The girl on duty that morning as baker was already on the job in the mixing-room. In the midst of consulting the morning's menu, I stopped to watch her methodically sifting flour for baking-powder biscuits. All the flour is carefully weighed, and at the end of the baker's term of service the flour is again measured to check the amount used. The mixing-room has shelf after shelf of flour bins, sugar bins, and every conceivable shape of pots and pans to make it easy to turn out all the right kinds of bread and rolls. We make all our own. The baker has her own stove, too, which is of particular advantage when something burns, because in that case only one of the cooks need look guilty!

In my excitement over using the toaster



The cook and her assistant preparing luncheon

## The Proof of the Pudding The Practice House at Simmons College

BY JANET COHN, '29 SIMMONS COLLEGE

terribly fussed, though. However, I remembered to put in all the pinches of salt; and, in case you are anxious to know, the food did turn out all right.

Our guests came at 6.30 and promptly won our hearts by duly admiring the winding stairway. If you should ever happen to be invited to our house, please exclaim over the stairway. Then you'll be given the frostingest piece of cake—which is *not* given to the guest who only sees fit to praise such details as the new curtains. Of course the curtains *are* lovely—the whole living-room is, in fact, and I wish you could see it.

Dinner was served amid the oh's and ah's of our very satisfactory guests. They really thought the dining-room looked beautiful, and we did too. Our dining-room is charming with its silver and snowy linen. Every night we eat by candlelight, and to make it even more attractive always have fresh flowers. On party nights we use the guest china. Every night after dinner coffee is served in the drawing-room.

I hate to make your mouths water by telling you of the good things we had to eat; so instead I'll tell you about my housemates. There are twelve of us who live there with a house mother for eleven weeks as part of our Household Economics course at Simmons. As you've probably guessed, we do all the work of the house ourselves (as well as attend our classes at college), even to the polishing of our decidedly New English brass knocker. I said all our own *work*; but when eleven other people are all busy and are shouting encouragement to you, you'd find it more like play—even though it is your turn to be laundress. And I must tell you about the laundry, for we have the most

efficient electric washing-machine, which looks like a grown-up brass tea kettle. The mangle, no less capable, stands next to it; and if you happen to want to use the shiny electric iron, we have one of those pull-me-down-from-the-wall ironing boards.

The rest of our house is quite as interesting. Next to the laundry are the kitchen and a little "Pullman" dining-room at one end, painted in black and gold, where the girls whose turn it is to be cook, dish-washer, baker, and waitress

eat their meals. Next to the kitchen is the mixing-room, about which I have already told you. But I forgot to mention the huge scales—big enough to hold the fatties who surreptitiously weigh themselves, fearful lest the well-balanced meals agree with them too well! We have a model broom closet, too, so completely furnished that any house-to-house agent would be discouraged if he tried to think of something to sell to us.

Upstairs are the girls' rooms—fixed up as "college-y" as you could wish. There is a model linen closet stocked as all self-respecting linen closets should be, and there is also a sewing-machine, to be used when we wish to prove that we have other accomplishments besides cooking. The huge box on a table near the linen closet is not a relic of Captain Kidd's time, but only the money-box over which the poor bookkeeper shakes her head as she tries to make the meals average sixty-five cents a day. The book on top of it, which might have been a journal of the captain's famous adventures, is even more important, for it holds the record of the menus served to us, of the food value in each, and of the quantity of provisions consumed. We all have our turn at being bookkeeper; in fact we do at everything, for there are these twelve different jobs:

Cook—who prepares all the food.  
Substitute—who, besides doing any little extras, sweeps the front porch.  
Assistant Cook—who proves that too many cooks don't spoil the broth.  
Laundress—who keeps us supplied with clean linen.  
Assistant Laundress—who helps the laundress.

Baker—the lucky soul who may work in the well-planned mixing-room.

Waitress—who holds us under her thumb; she may spill soup down our backs!

Upstairs Housekeeper—who sees that our rooms are respectable and that the linen closet is in order.

Dish-washer—"Nuf said!"

Downstairs Housekeeper—who lights the candles, dusts the furniture, and is generally useful.

Hostess—who plans the meals, markets, directs the

cooks, is responsible for the cost of food, and cares for guests.  
Bookkeeper—who has already been described.

We hold each job in turn for six days, so that no one gets tired of one, and originality can be more spontaneously exercised. These main duties take care of most of the work of the house. When the floors need varnishing or the windows need washing, freshmen who have hopes of living in the Practice House during their junior year come over and under supervision do a little tidying up. It is they who insist that the floors be so slippery that poor long-suffering upper classmen who live in the house trip and slide gayly down to meals. It is they, too, who admire the winding stairway and with right good-will and energy polish the mahogany to resemble a dusky mirror.

The Practice House, besides being a source of a good deal of fun, is a splendid and practical method of teaching household management. The girls have found that it is one thing to have a cookbook blithely say, "and leave the bread until it has risen two inches," and another to see it actually rise.

After graduating, most of the girls will get excellent positions as dietitians and lunch-room managers or instructors of household economics, and this application of their learning during their course will be invaluable. To those who are merely taking the course as "the quickest way to a man's heart" these lessons will mean added confidence and a great deal more efficiency.



Dean Mesick having lunch at the Practice House

Miss Emily Bissell, who is an instructor in dietetics at Simmons besides being in charge of the Practice House, says that the girls, in spite of the fact that they do all this work, are quite contented with their internment for eleven weeks in Practice House and find that the added exercise makes them "healthier and happier." The knowledge that they are putting some of their book and laboratory lore into immediate use makes them feel that at last they have found an excellent way to test their capabilities and to prove that a college education is invaluable.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**—A short time ago, when Simmons College added some new property to its dormitory group, the Household Economics Department was offered the use of a house where practice work could be done in addition to the laboratory and theoretical training given at the college. So in January, 1926, the first group of twelve students moved into Pilgrim House, or the Practice House, to take up its residence there for eleven weeks.

The course, which counts toward a degree, is considered especially valuable by the faculty because it is possible to discover from it just how well a girl can do a piece of work which is more complex than what can be arranged in the laboratory.

On the other hand, the girls enjoy doing their work, arranged in such a way that an easy job alternates with a hard one, and consider it less artificial than laboratory work.



Doing accounts at the Practice House

for the first time, I burned the toast just the least bit, but the girls who ate it didn't seem to mind. Perhaps it was because they knew their turn would come eventually, and were afraid of revenge.

After classes at college were over for the afternoon, I came home early because it was guest-night. You see, the Practice House, being a new addition to the Household Economics course at Simmons, excites much interest, and we invite two members of the faculty or other celebrities once a week to have dinner with us. I cooked as well as I could; I cannot deny that I was

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Working the mangle



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1 cup sugar  
1 cup milk

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg. Add sugar and moisten with the egg and milk. Roll out ¼ inch thick on floured board. Cut with doughnut cutter dipped in flour to prevent sticking. Cook golden brown in deep fat hot enough to brown a piece of bread in one minute. Drain on soft paper, and when cold, sugar lightly.

Doughnuts made this way are light, tender, digestible. When made with Rumford the dough need not all be used the same day. Doughnuts cooked the following day will be as good as the original batch.

Be sure to get

# RUMFORD

THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER

It Never Spoils  
A Baking



T-96

## Daffodils --- Jonquils --- Narcissus

Plant These Bulbs in Early Autumn

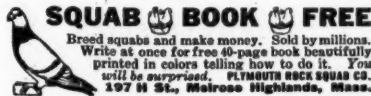
Let them grow as wildflowers do. They are as permanent as your shrubbery and among the earliest blooms of spring. Special Mixture, Extra Hardy Varieties. (Parcel Post or Express Charges Prepaid.)  
30 Bulbs \$2 48 Bulbs \$3 100 Bulbs \$5 250 Bulbs \$10  
Mention This Magazine, Ask for free Catalog. Order Now.  
GEORGE LAWLER, Bulb Grower, Tacoma, Wash.



Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.

## SNOW WHITE ESQUIMO PUPPIES

A beautiful, affectionate dog. A real child's pal and play-fellow. Always playful, peppy and a natural trick dog. Has almost human intelligence. We also have Chows, Collies, and other breeds as well. Send for our new illustrated catalogue on reduced prices, care, feeding and diseases of dogs. We ship on approval, guarantee safe delivery, satisfaction, and can save you money.  
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Breed squabs and make money. Sold by millions. Write at once for free 48-page book beautifully printed in colors telling how to do it. You will be surprised. PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.  
197 N St., Melrose Highlands, Mass.

**COLLIES**—White and Colors. Pedigreed, intelligent workers, loyal companions, reliable guards. Prices reasonable, and satisfaction guaranteed. Box 140, Shomont Kennels, Monticello, Iowa.

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Trial Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, M 45, Herrick, Illinois.

**COLLIES** for sale. Also book on training, 35c. F. R. Clark, Bloomington, Ill.

## Two Workbox Enterprises

### A One-dollar Antique

G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 49

"ROME was not built in a day"—and we are still finding delightful things to add to our little bedroom in the G. Y. C. house. Tucked away in the corner of a second-hand furniture shop was this forsaken table—wobbly in every joint, to be sure, but just the size and shape for a bedside table. A bargain—the table was ours for a dollar!



As soon as it reached the Workbox, varnish remover was applied to take off the last traces of old paint. Then it was thoroughly rubbed over with sandpaper. The shaky joints were glued together and, where they refused to join, Plastic Wood filled up the cracks. With this done, the table looked as strong as if it had just been made.

It took some minutes of discussion to determine the question of a fresh finish. The condition of the table was quite good enough to deserve a stain, but that would hardly have been in harmony with the painted furniture in the room. Since black and gold already predominated, the Workbox voted not to use that color combination again. It was finally decided to paint our table a gay yellow to match the covering of the little packing-box dressing-table and to trim it with a very few touches of black.

We found it hard to get the same tone into the paint as that in the sateen used for the table covering—the yellow lacquer purchased for painting the table turned out to be more than a shade darker, and it did not blend well with the other color. Combining ivory lacquer with the yellow until the desired shade was obtained solved the problem. And the result is a dainty piece of furniture that makes a charming addition to the room and fits perfectly into its color scheme.

### A Runner for the Bedroom Table

G. Y. C. Enterprise No. 50



WHEN our table was finished we were faced with the problem of what to use for a cover for it. There was not a single thing on hand that was suitable. But the Workbox is not easily discouraged. After looking about, a piece of linen left over from another enterprise was found tucked away in one of the drawers of the Workbox chest. The edges of it were evened by drawing threads and cutting along the line left. When the linen was true oblong in shape, more threads were drawn, beginning one inch from the edge, until there was a space three quarters of an inch wide where they came out.

The Danish darning stitch is nothing more than a weaving stitch in the warp of the threads left in the linen. The Workbox used orange, yellow and lavender rope floss to weave with. Linen thread could have been used just as well, but the colors were in keeping with the color scheme of the bedroom. A little group of ten warp threads made the posts in the pattern. To make them the floss was brought over five of the threads and under five, and back over and then under, until each post was finished. The diamond-shaped figures in the runner were worked in the same way. When the size that they were to be was decided upon, one stitch was taken in the center at the bottom of a group of warp threads. Each time across one more stitch was added on either side, until the center of the figure was reached. Then one stitch on each side was omitted, until the diamond ended with one stitch. The four corners were afterward filled in with the same weaving stitch. Last of all, the runner was hemmed with No. 100 white cotton thread. Everybody agreed that the finished runner looked very well indeed on our new table.

The Danish darning stitch is fascinating to do, and the work, which goes fast, is charming when finished. Besides runners, adorable guest towels and chair backs can be made with it. In addition, you can use it on dresser scarfs, luncheon sets, and many other things for the home. There are unlimited opportunities for creating original designs with the Danish darning stitch. By pulling as few or as many threads as you care to in the material you are working on, and weaving over and under after carefully planning your design, you can make all sorts of attractive patterns.

LETITIA VALENTINE

## Fashions for the Young Girl



Photograph by Jamison

Coat from Gildersleeve

Ready for rainy weather

Hookersville

Dear Hazel Grey: Do forgive me for not writing before! I have been having such a busy time ever since vacation began that I have neglected all my correspondence shamefully.

I have just got back from Marion Webster's house party at Crescent Beach, and I am going to try to write some of the letters I owe before I leave with the family on a camping trip. I have been shopping for things to take, and among my purchases is this raincoat. It seems to me that about every article I ever read about camping advised the reader to be sure to take a raincoat along, so I am going prepared.

My coat is blue leatherette and cloth-lined with suede. I think it is good-looking, and it is not only for rainy day wear but is suitable for motoring and just the thing to wear to football games in the fall. Don't you like the tailored lines, the double-breasted effect, and the big, roomy pockets? The facing on the lapels is white leatherette and washable. My coat is three-quarters length, but I could just as easily have had one that was full length by getting a larger size. I am planning to take it back to school with me.

Wasn't Marion Webster a dear to have all of us down to Crescent Beach again this year? In a way it was a farewell party for Betty before she sailed for Europe. Betty was so excited about going abroad to school! And I don't wonder, do you? I rather think I should feel the same way too if I were in her place. I am glad that she was able to stop off in Boston to see you, and later in New York to see Adelaide, before she sailed. I am going to miss her so!

I have been following the G. Y. C. Cooking Contest and can just see the heaps and heaps of recipes on your desk. When "Recipes for G. Y. C. Cooks" is published you may be sure that I am going to be one of the very first to buy a copy!

Lovingly,

*Suzanne*

ABOUT ORDERING: Raincoats like Suzanne's cost \$6.85 and come in red, olive green, light green, navy blue, black and brown, and in sizes 13, 15, 17, and 19. If you would like to order one, send me your money order or check, and I shall be glad to shop for you. Please remember to tell me the color and size in ordering!

HAZEL GREY

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

## THE COOKING CONTEST ENDS!

The G. Y. C. Cooking Contest ended September 1 at midnight. Please be patient while waiting to know who the prize-winners are. As soon as possible the announcement will be on our page

*Hazel Grey*

8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.



WITH one's figure free and uncorseted, how to keep the stockings trim and smooth is a problem. But one that is easily solved by the

## Velvet Grip GIRDLE

Patented Feb. 10, 1925

You know how uncomfortable it is to have anything tight about the waist—that's why the GIRDLE is designed to be worn around the hips and so it will not slip down.

If you cannot find readily, write Miss V. C. Wood, care of this company, giving hip measure and color desired. Shirred ribbon, \$2.00; \$2.50; rayon frill elastic, \$1.50; \$1.75; cotton frill elastic, \$1.00—postpaid.

George Frost Company, Boston  
Makers of Velvet Grip Garters  
for all members of the family



## Callouses

Corns, Callouses, Bunions yield at once to the wonderful medication in this thin, comfortable plaster. You walk, play, dance in comfort. No more nagging foot pains; no dangerous applications of acids and poisons. Medicated COMFITAPE.

### Stops Pain Instantly

Absorbs all hard growths without injury to healthy flesh. Antiseptic, healing. Send \$1 for big equal and I'll not settled after try one, get full refund.

COMFITAPE LAB., Dept. Y, Burlington, Vt.

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.  
Mfrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

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One of  
Eleven  
Styles



A pleasure of the foot and whir-r-r-r goes wheel and needle, driven by a sturdy, tireless electric motor. This compact portable model may be used on any convenient table—in the house or on the porch. A truly modern household necessity.

**THREE MONTHS FREE TRIAL**

Try any of the New Companion models in your home. If not entirely satisfactory we REFUND ENTIRE PURCHASE PRICE. Your saving on one of these machines will range from \$25 to \$40 because it is

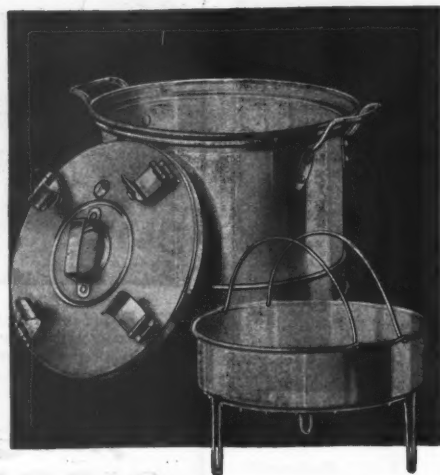
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Send for illustrated booklet and full particulars. Sent FREE.

**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION**  
8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

## Cuticura Talcum Unadulterated Exquisitely Scented

## Enjoy Better Food



## —Cooked in this Waterless Cooker

IMAGINE the howl that would arise if you took the frosting off the cake before serving, and threw it away! Yet taking the "frosting" — the best part of it — from your meat and vegetables is exactly what you do when you cook them in added water. Worst of all, the part you lose is the most nourishing and beneficial — full of priceless vitamins and minerals which the human system demands.

Extensive laboratory tests have demonstrated conclusively that these important elements, together with the flavor, are largely boiled or steamed out of the food when cooked in any but the waterless way. This waste is no longer necessary. Scientists have discovered that *most fresh vegetables, fruits, meats, etc., contain in themselves all the moisture required for cooking them perfectly* if the vessel is of the new type called the waterless cooker.

### Keeps All the Goodness and Flavor in the Food, and Cooks with a Big Saving of Fuel



THE Improved Waterless Cooker combines a variety of practical features and refinements, making it ideal for the housewife who wishes to practice the modern way of more healthful, more economical cooking. Made of pure, hard aluminum, the Improved Waterless Cooker cooks a whole meal at one time over one burner, at one-third the fuel expenditure of ordinary methods. You can use cheaper cuts of meat and less of it, for the waterless cooker softens the tissues and makes even a tough roast most appetizing, and there is little or no shrinkage or loss of weight.

The cooker is made with a rack and pan enabling one to cook several dishes at one time. Requires no attention during cooking. Cooking odors do not escape and fill the house. Adaptable for use on gas, electric, wood, oil or coal ranges. Do not confuse the waterless cooker with the pressure cooker or the steamer, which are in no sense substitutes for the waterless cooker, the most practical and efficient cooking utensil for the modern kitchen.

### You May Secure This Cooker Easily

The Improved Aluminum Waterless Cooker, 7-qt. size, with rack, pudding pan and base, will be given to any Youth's Companion subscriber for only one new yearly subscription at \$2.00 and \$1.50 extra, or for 3 subscriptions. Or, the Cooker will be sold for \$4.25. Also, add postage for a 7-lb. package, to be shipped from Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H.

8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.



### HE KNEW HIS LETTERS ANYWAY

A CERTAIN professor was explaining to a class of freshmen the meaning of  $H_2O$ , or water. "Now what is the formula for water, William?" William: "H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O." Professor: "What?" William: "You said H to O."

—Irvin E. Lunger

### RASTUS FELT THE SAME WAY

A COLORED man persuaded his friend who was an aviator to take him up in his airplane. It was at a county fair and a big crowd was present. When high in the air the aviator looped the loop, took a tail spin, skidded off into space, and, shutting off his motor, turned and said: "Rastus, I'll bet 100 per cent of those people down there thought we were going to fall." "Well," answered Rastus, "I'll bet 50 per cent of the people up here thought so too."

—Donald Arthur

### O'HOOOLIGAN'S LOGIC

ONE Friday Father Murphy visited Mike O'Hooligan and stayed for dinner. Mrs. O'Hooligan served a fine dinner, but when Father Murphy saw the pork sausage he said: "Why, Mike, don't you know it's Friday today, and you shouldn't eat meat?" "Sure and pork sausage ain't meat," said Mike, and Father Murphy was unable to convince him that pork sausage was meat. That afternoon Father Murphy called Mike up at the lumberyard where he worked and said: "Mike, I need some wood. Bring up a load, will you?" Mike agreed, and in about an hour Father Murphy looked out his window and saw Mike unloading a wagon full of sawdust. He ran outside and said: "Why, Mike! I said I wanted wood, not sawdust."

Then Mike said: "Sure an' I told you, didn't I? If pork sausage is meat, then certainly sawdust is wood."

—Howard Krueger

### TOO MANY FEET

LITTLE EDWIN was getting ready for bed. Mother asked him if he was through undressing, and he replied: "I have taken off all of my shoes, except one."

—Mrs. J. E. Lipscombe

### SHE WOULD CHANGE GEOGRAPHY

NANCY was saying her prayers. "Please," she petitioned, "make Boston the capital of Vermont."

"Why, Nancy!" exclaimed her shocked mother. "What in the world made you say that?"

"I made it that on my examination papers today, and I want it to be right!"

—Mrs. E. W. Salsbury

### JUST THE THING

BOY: "Please, sir, I've called to see if I could get a job?" Small-store owner: "But I do nearly all the work myself."

Boy: "That suits me, sir!"

—Selina Engalbertson

### A GOOD TRY

JOHNNY was asked by his school-teacher if he could give a sentence containing the word "animus."

Johnny's answer was, "I have a bad headache, an' I mus' go home."

—Pauline Nelson

### KEEPING PA IN THE DARK

BOY: "Pa, can you write your name with your eyes shut?"

Pa: "Sure."

Boy: "Well, shut your eyes and sign my report card."

—W. O. Black

## NOW YOU TELL ONE



### AND SO HE CAME BACK

THE First National Bank had an old janitor whom the members did not want to employ any more. The old janitor had served them for many years, and it was hard to ask him to leave. However, the bank sent him a check for his pay. Later, one morning, the president saw the janitor about his usual work.

"Why are you here?" said the president. "I thought we told you we didn't need you any longer."

"I thought so too," replied the janitor, "but you sent me a letter, and up in one corner it said, 'After five days return to the First National Bank.'"

—Ethel Robinson

### SHE WANTED SOME INFORMATION

MRS. JONES: "I've come to see you about my husband. He talks in his sleep."

Doctor Smith: "It's a very difficult habit to stop."

Mrs. Jones: "But I don't want him to stop. I want him to talk more distinctly."

—Alfred Sheck

### THE FRIENDLY ACIDS

"IS he a good chemist?" asked the visitor, pointing to a young man cleaning up his desk after one of his most recent explosions. "Is he?" replied the instructor. "Why he has the acids eating right out of his hands!"

—Orland T. Menchhofer

### NOT QUITE WHAT HE MEANT

LITTLE GIRL: "Grandpa, why don't you grow hair on your head?"

Grandpa: "Well, why don't grass grow on a busy street?"

Little Girl: "Oh, I see! It can't get up through the concrete."

—Adam Rigel

### THE CRAFTY CHILD

SCHOLAR: "Miss B, should anyone be blamed for anything he hasn't done?"

The teacher: "Certainly not! Why?" Scholar: "Well, I have not done my geometry."

—A. Davis Goddard

### EXPLAINING HIMSELF

HE had been placed in an embarrassing position when his teacher had asked him a question on the lesson. He hesitated, then answered as best he could.

"Explain yourself," insisted the teacher. "I am a boy nine years old," he said evasively.

—Marian Swanson

### HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT

WALLACE, age six, sat on a stool between his father's knees, at family worship, listening to the reading of a chapter in the Old Testament. In a low, puzzled tone Wallace repeated to himself: "Oshea, the son of Num (none). That's very peculiar!"

—Inez E. A. Parker

### TOMMY GETS EVEN

TOMMY (after visiting the dentist): "Mother, I thought that dentist you sent me to was a painless dentist."

Mother: "That's what he calls himself, dear."

Tommy: "Well, I bit his finger, and he yelled just like any other dentist."

—Lucy Davis

### THE PACIFIST

BOY: "I'm trying to stop a fight." Old gentleman: "Why, I don't see any fight!"

Boy: "No, sir, but there would be if I stopped."

—Roy Mathison



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 601)

with a pelican, and so shot this one and took it along.

La Mujer regarded the bird with complete indifference at first, but suddenly uttered an exclamation and began squeezing the big gray pouch beneath its bill; and from this odd natural creel she presently extracted four fish, resembling hake, each over a foot long and quite thick-bodied. These had every appearance of having been freshly caught, and the colored women did not scruple to fry them for immediate consumption. It was therefore a pelican that furnished them with the better part of a luncheon that day! Covet went off at once to watch for others.

Pote did not return until mid-afternoon, tired indeed, but hopeful, and he had shot a teal. At a little way back from the tropical thickets alongshore, the higher land was covered by a magnificent forest of large, lofty trees, the tops of which wholly shut out the sun's rays. The ground was nearly level, he said, and on account of shade was quite free from undergrowth. The walking there was fairly good, and he believed they might, by going back a little way inland, make their way northward without difficulty. At intervals he had seen hummocks, and he had at length come upon a pretty little pond, or large pool, of fresh water, with sedgy shores where ducks wholly tame were disporting themselves with loud quackings; he had also seen a flamingo's nest here and thought he had heard parrots squawking. What pleased the colored women, Pote had seen two mahas, a fact which was less agreeable to the Irishwoman and Covet; but La Mujer and Bonita were loud in their assurances that a maha was as harmless as a chicken.

POTE'S plan was now to go on by land, taking as many of their belongings as could be carried, and try to reach the north end of Andros. From there they would have to trust to good fortune for some means of crossing over to Nassau. In fact nothing better now offered; there was little else that could be done. What they regretted most was leaving the buried packages of silver behind. Those were much too heavy to attempt to carry with them. All that could be done about this was to line out the place and mark its bearings on the outlying cays and reefs—with a view to returning there in a sailing craft, after reaching Nassau.

Nita continued very ill, and they were unable to set off next day, as they had planned. The boys hunted alongshore and finally shot a young manatee of about a hundred pounds' weight, and another pelican; but the fish in its pouch proved too much decomposed for use. Covet found that the dried flesh of the manatee tasted much like fresh pork.

In the afternoon a schooner was seen passing out to sea beyond the cays; but Pote was afraid to signal to it. Just before sunset the boys went hunting again but secured only four abalones, which the women boiled.

After the moon rose that night, a number of large turtles were seen to emerge from the sea, waddle up the beach and deposit their eggs in the warm sand. They burrowed nearly out of sight, making the sand fly amazingly, like hens dusting themselves. Pote, who knew something of the habits of turtles, followed around and unearthed a bucketful of eggs. Instead of shells, these chelonian eggs were covered with a kind of thick, flexible skin.

Pote meantime had cut a path through the scrub back of the beach to the higher ground where the forest growth began; and as soon as possible he got the party started off afoot, to try its fortunes in the wilderness. All had packs, cooking utensils, guns, or other articles to carry, and progress was necessarily slow.

Covet, who had seen lumbering go on in Maine, was much impressed by the size, height and beauty of the trees in this northern portion of Andros. Their names were mostly unknown to him; but Pote knew many of them and told him as they went on what they were called. There were a great many mahogany trees, often eight feet in diameter, with roots branching out seven feet above the ground; numbers, too, of sturdy lignum-vitæ; also several varieties of yellowwood, or fustic, and another extremely hard tree which bears acorns. Another fine, straight tree was called "horse-flesh," much used, Pote explained, for the frames of vessels as well as houses. Intermixed, too, with these trees was a large evergreen somewhat resembling pine; and, what seemed stranger still, they came at

times where coconut palms raised their tall plumes.

"Pote!" Covet exclaimed. "When I get to be a man I'm coming down here with a big schooner and go into the lumber business. You must come with me. We will make a fortune shipping mahogany up to New York and Boston!"

"Buena," said Pote. "But I reckon we had better get to Nassau first."

Covet never forgot that tramp through the forest of northern Andros. Often he spoke of it in after years, and always cherished a plan of entering the lumber business there.

Toward evening they arrived at the little lake in the forest which Pote had reached the previous day. The same large flock of teal was still there, nearly as bold as before; and three fine birds were secured for their evening meal.

A heavy thunder squall came on during the night, with vivid lightning and rain for an hour or two; but the lofty wood all about the pool largely shielded them from its violence, though several bolts fell not far away with frightful crashes.

Next morning Pote fished in the pond with some little success, and Covet contrived to shoot two birds resembling grouse, flocks of which were running about on the ground under some nut trees. The children, too, had gathered an abundance of a sweet-meated nut not unlike chestnuts.

They proceeded for another day and came to a sluggish bayou, which probably extended to the sea far to eastward. In places it widened to deep black pools of an acre or two in extent, but at no point where they first reached it could it be crossed by fording.

They camped near the bank that night, and Pote tried fishing with not much success; but Covet shot down three coconuts from the palms.

Just at nightfall little Geeta met with an alarming adventure while looking for coconuts along the borders of a pool. She had come upon a mound of dried grass, twigs and loose earth, which looked so queer that the child stopped to examine it. It so piqued Geeta's curiosity that she began digging into it. Before she had made much progress demolishing it, however, she heard a splash in the pool close at hand. A large alligator had risen there and made so swift a rush ashore that the child only escaped it by running away at top speed.

The odd mound was an alligator's nest of eggs, deposited in this heap of compost for hatching and probably for safety's sake. At any rate the reptile was lying up hard by, apparently on the watch for intruders. Pote shot the alligator next day, and they dug the mound open. Near the bottom of it lay fifty-two eggs somewhat resembling those of turtles' and about the size of turkeys' eggs; but they were peaked at both ends. The pools of this forest bayou were no doubt an old-time haunt of alligators; the reptiles were heard "groaning" throughout the entire night.

During the latter part of that night they were also disturbed by the singular whinings of two animals that lingered about the place for an hour or more. Courra McCarty thought they were wolves; but all accounts say that there are no wolves in Andros, so they may have been lost dogs, seeking their masters.

The bayou being too wide, deep, and muddy to be forded, they followed the hither bank of it next forenoon for two or three miles, hoping to reach a practicable crossing-place, and finally did so at a point where a huge tree, blown down perhaps during a hurricane, lay across it. Pote carried the youngsters over on the trunk, and the others followed without much difficulty.

From the bayou they went on, keeping as nearly as they could to what appeared a northerly course, and toward evening came to another small lake with sedgy shores, where again the entire expanse seemed covered by ducks and other waterfowl.

Covet set off with his gun to go one way along the shore, and Pote the other; and within a few minutes each saw ducks close in to the bank and fired almost simultaneously, Pote securing three large black ducks and Covet two teal.

A boisterous episode with Dennis, who had got a bone in his throat, prevented them from continuing their journey next morning. The lad had incautiously attempted to swallow too much of a duck's wing, and a joint of the bone stuck fast in his gullet—to his terrible alarm. He started running, uttering wild howls, but was at last caught and subjugated by Pote and La Mujer. While the colored woman held him fast, Pote hastily

fashioned a little wooden hook with which the offending bone was pulled out.

Dennis's mother, who had been suddenly taken ill during the night, was lying by at the time in much bodily distress; and, her indisposition continuing for two days, they made no effort to move camp.

Meantime a dense mist drove down from northward at night, and, believing they could smell the saline odor of the sea in it, Covet and Pote set off to explore the country ahead. They supposed they must now be approaching the north end of Andros; and in that case some means must needs be found for crossing over to New Providence—that smaller island of the Bahamas on which Nassau is situated.

After skirting the lake the boys went on through the forest for as much as two miles, they thought, and came out unexpectedly, past broken hummocks, on a cove opening out toward the blue water of the sea. Here almost the first objects they perceived were four squalid cabins on the beach and near by a small sloop at anchor, with sail half raised.

"Good!" Covet exclaimed. "We will hire these folks to take us across to Nassau!"

But Pote was scrutinizing the craft more intently. "Get back out of sight!" he suddenly muttered under his breath. "That's the sponge-diggers' sloop! I know it by that dirty patch on the sail, and this is their puerto!"

## CHAPTER SEVEN

POTE and Covet drew hastily back and stole away as fast as possible. The distance from where they had stood down to the cabins on the shore of the cove was hardly more than a stone's throw.

"I'm afraid they saw us!" Pote exclaimed, for they had seen one of the sponge-diggers emerge from a doorway and call across to another of the crew aboard their sloop, which lay at anchor a little way off shore.

"If they did see us, they'll follow us," Pote added, "for I'm pretty sure they got sight of that silver the night they came and overhauled our things on the beach. They're rascals. They would rob us in a moment if they got a chance, and maybe murder us!"

The boys were quite as much afraid of these sponge-diggers as they had been of the Old One and his gang of pirates. They ran nearly all the way back to their camping-place on the lake shore in the forest. Courra McCarty fully shared their alarm, as did the colored women and children. They hurriedly made up their packs and, leaving their fire still smoking, with other signs of recent occupation, went along the lake shore for two or three miles. Then they halted among the huge mahogany trees, near a creek flowing from the lake. Here a sheltered nook on the creek bank, having several large fallen trees behind it, took Pote's fancy as being a good place for defense, and they camped there for several days, always on the watch and in fear of attack.

Food of a sort was plenty in their new camp, however, since the creek abounded in fish somewhat resembling trout, and it was possible to shoot ducks and geese from the lake shore. The nuts there may have been castanas. By looking about, they could pick up coconuts.

A number of days passed in uncertainty; then they were startled one morning by the report of a gun, followed by a whole salvo of reports not far away.

Pote judged from the sounds that one or more persons were shooting ducks on the lake and thought they were likely to be the sponge-diggers. Presently they heard voices at no great distance, as if several men were approaching. The women hastily gathered their belongings and took up the two smaller children, to run farther away along the creek bank. But Pote deemed flight more perilous than to stand at bay and defend themselves. They had three guns which had been kept loaded. Pote handed one of these to the tall Irishwoman.

"Madam Sanchez, can you shoot?" he asked her.

"For home and auld Oirland, yis!" said she.

He bade the other women lie low behind the tree trunks and keep the children quiet. "Don't fire unless I do," Pote said to Covet. "But if I fire, you do the same—and see you get good aim."

The voices were growing louder. Then there was a pause, and soon after a voice which Covet recognized as belonging to the villainous white man among the sponge-diggers cried in loud tones:

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 610]



Outdoors, indoors, Stacomb does the whole job

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The

October

Number of The  
Youth's Companion  
will contain the annual

PREMIUM LIST

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## The Annual PREMIUM LIST

Millions of American men and women can recall the days when as boys and girls they looked forward to the annual appearance of The Youth's Companion Fall Premium List, with its fascinating opportunities to secure countless things dear to the hearts of boys and girls — and older folk as well. A quarter of a million Companion subscribers have for more than fifty years looked to the Premium Number for information of the newest and best in various lines of merchandise — all of which could be secured for a little work for their favorite magazine.

## In the October Number

The next issue of The Companion — the big October issue — will contain the list of premiums to be offered Companion subscribers this Fall and during 1928. Included are items for every member of the family. Brother, Sister, Mother and Dad will each find something in the premium pages that is sure to give them a thrill. But mostly it is for Brother and Sister — wonderful engines driven by steam, trains driven by electricity, tuneful banjo ukes, wrist watches, sets of tools, dolls, skates, windbreakers, games — a host of things that will bring joy and happiness to young folk. And they are so easy to get for your very own! Of course the Premium List tells just how they may be secured.

**Do Not Miss**  
**this Famous**  
**Annual Issue!**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 609]

"Put up your hands, and come out from those trees."

"No!" called Pote.  
A shot was fired from the undergrowth, not fifty yards away. The ball clipped a leaf over Covet's head.

"Come out! I have twenty men here, and we will kill you all."

Covet's finger was twitching with nervousness on the trigger, but Pote whispered to him: "We have only three shots. Save them till the last minute."

Then a volley was fired from the thick cover in which the assailants lurked, unseen. Balls thudded into the branches. Nobody was hit, and yet Pote and Covet knew that a second volley would probably find many victims—perhaps all of them.

"We have no hope," muttered Covet.  
A minute passed, and another. The besiegers were evidently reloading their guns.

Covet braced himself for the shock of the next volley. All his struggles, he told himself, had been in vain. The Providence that had guarded him would do nothing more for him; he would die under these fallen trees. He had done his best, and his best was not good enough. But he resolved to die like a man, without further complaint. He looked at the priming of his gun; and this effort, slight as it was, relaxed the tension.

Still the enemy did not shoot.

Covet resolved to fire at the first burst of smoke that might come from one of the muzzles in the thicket. Perhaps his bullet would find a billet there. He looked around at his companions. The Irishwoman was hugging Dennis in her arms; the negro women were sitting fatalistically on the ground, with their hands over their faces. The young children were crouching here and there, with scared faces. This was the company that Covet had tried to lead to safety. He wondered if he and Pote could, even now, wriggle away to safety. He dismissed the thought. Why did not the attackers pour in another volley and end the battle—and the suspense?

THEN a shot was heard, far away on the left. There was a loud command; an excited reply in Spanish; another shot. Then there seemed to be a brisk skirmish of some kind. Many shots were fired; and there was a crackling sound in the thicket, as of a number of men trying to run rapidly away.

"Who is there, under the trees?" called a voice in English—and Covet knew, with a throb of his heart, that it was the voice of an honest man.

"Here I am!" he shouted, without picking his words; and he scrambled out from under the bushes and faced two young white men carrying duck guns, followed by six or eight colored gun-bearers and other servants.

The two strangers stopped short, stared hard for a moment, and then came forward with smiles.

"You seem to be a white boy," said one of them.

Covet gave his name, and said he was a member of the crew of the shipwrecked schooner Yankee.

"My name's Langmaid," said the taller of the two men. "My father, Colonel Langmaid, is commandant at Nassau. What are you doing here in the bush—with such a party of hangers-on?"

Covet explained briefly that the tattered people in his party were fugitives, except for Pote. Pote came forward and was introduced. Now that the danger was over, he seemed to be almost lost in his own private thoughts.

"Well," said Mr. Langmaid, "we'll hear the whole story later. Is this Mrs. McCarty a British subject? Good. We'll take her, and the rest of you, to Nassau without delay."

On the way to the beach, Covet was able to give a clear account of his adventures. The young Englishmen were incredulous at first, but became warmly sympathetic when the details were all told.

"We came here in the government schooner Watchdog," said Mr. Langmaid, "to explore this end of the island and get some duck-shooting. When we heard all the shots fired, we hurried in your direction and almost stepped on the backs of some hard characters, who were so busy attacking you that they never heard us coming. We drove them off with no trouble. Their leader, Barrett, has a criminal record."

"He'll come to no good end," remarked Mr. Ponsonby, the other Englishman.

He was a smiling young man, and the way he helped the party by carrying the children across creeks and streams on the way to the shore quite won the women's confidence.

"Es bueno hombre!" said little Geeta, wonderingly, to her mother. Good men had been unknown in her childish experience.

They went aboard the Watchdog late that afternoon. The distance across the ship channel to New Providence Island is about forty miles; the schooner arrived early in the morning at the harbor of Nassau. Covet was given hot water in which to bathe, and a clean suit of clothes; and for the first time in months he slept in a comfortable bed.

Nassau in those days was a straggling village of white houses, built along the hillside overlooking the port. The fine hotels and boarding-houses, now so popular with tourists, had not then come into existence. But there was a Government House, a fort, and a wharf with crane and forges where repairs were made on vessels. The Bahamas, then as now, belonged to Great Britain.

COVEL was taken ashore in the morning, presented to the authorities, and given the address of Captain Kidder. The captain was lying in a sailors' boarding-house, weak from long illness, and without funds for his board bill or for a passage home. He had twice written home for money, but, owing to bad postal facilities, no answer had reached him.

"My boy, are you really alive?" he cried, when Covet suddenly rushed in to see him. "I thought you had been killed by the rascals who drove us off the schooner. I had to write to your father that I thought you were dead. Maybe he never got the letter; though," he added, hopefully. "I sent it by way of England."

A United States cruiser, the Hornet, was expected at that time in Nassau. Captain Kidder hoped to go home in her and said he would take Covet. As Covet's thoughts and desires were now firmly directed toward reaching home, he did not accompany Pote and the two young Englishmen on their trip back to Andros Island to recover the silver. Pote found it without trouble, and it was brought to Nassau a few days later. There it was weighed, and the value estimated at two thousand pounds sterling.

The Governor was in doubt as to the proper disposition of this treasure. He wished it to be returned to its rightful owners, from whom the pirates had stolen it. But, as it represented the accumulation of many years and a great many different piracies, this was obviously impossible. The Governor's decision, therefore, was to award the silver to Courra McCarty, British subject, as a compensation for her loss of liberty at the hands of Pedro Sanchez.

"Not all for me!" the good-hearted woman protested at once. "But for these two good, brave boys, niver a bit av it wud ha' been saved at all, and Oi would niver be here, meself!"

A special court, including Langmaid and Ponsonby, was then appointed to judge the merits of the case, and these pleasant young gentlemen finally awarded fifteen hundred pounds to Courra and her son, one hundred and fifty pounds to Pote, one hundred to Covet, a gratuity of ten pounds to bright little Geeta, and the rest was equally divided among the three long-suffering colored women, for whom places as servants were found among the English families of Nassau.

Pote exchanged his share of the silver for gold sovereigns; while Covet contended that American gold is as good or better, he found it expedient to accept English money, too. Now that he was in funds he handed back the sovereigns Pote had entrusted to him on the night they expected to be shot. Pote refused, however, to take them.

"That gift brought us good luck," he said. "Keep it for good luck in future."

Covet furthermore gave half his share to Captain Kidder, greatly to the relief of that distressed mariner. The only other survivor of the Yankee, McCune, was in no need of assistance; he liked the Bustard so well that he enlisted on board her, hoping for more pirate hunts in the future.

Captain Kidder kept Covet's gift for one night, and then handed it back. "You earned it fairly," he said, with a smile. "You stuck by the ship longer than the rest of us. Your father will be proud of you."

Nevertheless, Captain Kidder gratefully accepted some money as a loan, in order to pay his board bill and buy some necessities. He promised to pay this back, and he punctually observed the obligation not many months later.

Some time passed. The Hornet did not come to Nassau, but an English ship, the Azur, cotton laden from Mobile, presently put in there, and Courra McCarty, with

Dennis, embarked on this ship for Liverpool and home.

Her parting from Pote and Covet was dramatic. "I'll niver forgit yez!" she cried again and again. "Two better bhoys niver lived! Say ye'll niver forgit me; and may Hiven watch over yez!"

Covet secured her future address in County Clare, Ireland. "I will write to her and send her a gift," he promised himself. "Poor, brave woman—she saved my life."

A MONTH more passed, during which Covet implored Pote to go home with him to Maine. But Covet's description of the snow and ice of the Maine winters was far from attractive to the Southern boy, who loved warm weather. He shook hands at last, when a vessel touched on her way to New Orleans.

"I want to be a Mississippi pilot," he said to Covet. "I am going there to prepare myself. I will write—some day!"

He smiled, with an enigmatic look. The truth was, no doubt, that he would first have to learn to write. This share of education had been denied him, despite all the gifts—so much less useful in the long run—which his nomadic life had showered upon him. But he did learn to write, and he did become a pilot and one of the very best and bravest of them, as those know who remember reading about the fate of the steamer Dolly Madison. But that must be told another time, when we are thinking, not about boys, but men.

So long was the interval after Covet lost his friend and before a ship arrived to take him home that he and Captain Kidder began to regard themselves as old settlers in Nassau. But the brig Hussar called at last, laden with sugar from Cardenas, Cuba. The Hussar had started leaking during heavy weather on her passage north for Norfolk, Va., and put into Nassau for overhauling.

Covet and Captain Kidder left the Hussar at Norfolk and voyaged to Boston by packet. From there they reached Portland by stage. It was now winter weather, and Covet was glad to purchase an entire new outfit of winter clothing. Two days later a teamster gave him a lift as far as New Gloucester, and he walked up home that afternoon.

Captain Kidder's letter with tidings of Covet, sent by way of England, had reached Maine only a few days before. Covet's parents, the Old Squire and Grandmother Ruth—then young people—were mourning his death. Night had fallen, and the family, including Covet's two younger brothers and a little sister, were at the supper table. The door opened without knocking, and the lost one rushed in!

Little wonder all jumped to their feet, as much terrified as overjoyed by sight of him. He was not the same Covet who had gone away to sea; he was an older, bigger Covet, with his face much changed by the perils through which he had passed. But his shout of "Oh, Mother!" was wholly reassuring, and young Grandmother Ruth folded him in her arms, exclaiming, "The Lord has sent him back!"

"But Captain Kidder wrote that you were shipwrecked—that everything was lost. Where did you get money for such fine new clothes?" his father demanded.

"From the pirates! I've been among pirates!" the boy shouted. "And look here!"

Covet pulled out a bag of gold and poured the yellow coins out on the table cloth. His father and mother sat aghast.

"My son," said his father sternly, "do you mean to tell us you have been consorting with pirates?"

Covet's expression changed. "They were dead pirates," he confessed. "They meant to kill Pote and me—but, in the long run, we buried them!"

He then sat down and ate his supper hurriedly, so that he could sooner begin his story of the shipwreck of the Yankee and of all his adventures on the strange island of Andros—the narrative which has descended to us of a later generation, and which I have faithfully written down for you.

THE END.

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## Stamps to Stick

Our stamp page, which appears each month, contains a summary for expert collectors of the important philatelic events of the month, and a brief word of information specially intended for beginners.



The Parliament Building at Ottawa, on one of the new Canadian commemoratives; a Polish charity stamp used for obtaining educational funds; Ecuador celebrates the opening of the new Quito post-office building

## WHAT DOES "MINT" MEAN?

WHEN the newcomer to philately comes across the description "mint condition" as applying to a stamp he is apt to be puzzled. The simplest interpretation is that a stamp in "mint condition" is in the condition that it was when it originally left the stamp press; that is, not only is it uncanceled, because of never having been used for postage, but also it bears its original gum.

Sometimes a stamp passes through the mails without being obliterated by the post-office cancellation mark, and is "soaked off" from the envelope and on its face has the appearance of never having been utilized to prepay postage. Such a stamp is not a stamp in "mint condition," as the gum is missing from the reverse side.

Nor is any adhesive, even though not canceled, in "mint condition" if it is torn or soiled or has partly destroyed perforations. To be in "mint condition" it must be wholly clean, bear the original gum and be without defects of any kind.

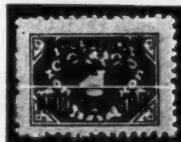
## STAMP NEWS

### Stamps as an Aid to Education

ON two new Polish stamps is the inscription "Na Oswiate," and the design shows a man's head and hand, with a candle, significant of "light," in the hand. The inscription means "For Public Instruction"—and thus the meaning of the candle is obvious. Through the sale of these adhesives—10 groszy plus 5 groszy, chocolate and green, and 20 groszy plus 5 groszy, dark blue and buff—Poland is raising revenue which goes to the funds of the Association of Educational Societies.

### Russia Does Away with Dues

IN Russia the use of postage-due stamps has been discontinued. There remained on hand great stocks of postage-due adhesives, and these have now been converted into "regular" or ordinary stamps by means of overprinting them with a new value, 8 kopeks. The 1, 7, 8, 10, 14 kopek denominations are thus surcharged; and, as they appear both on watermarked and unwatermarked paper, ten varieties are thus produced.



A postal issue made from Russia's abandoned postage dues

### Ecuador Builds a New Post Office

THE inscription "Inauguracion de la Casa de Correos de Quito" on three new Ecuador adhesives explains the significance of this issue—the inauguration of the new post-office building in Quito. A picture of the building is the uniform design, and the values and colors are 5 centavos, orange, 10 centavos, green, and 20 centavos, purple.

### Canberra

NOT until Australia's 1½-penny, red, stamp, commemorating the inauguration of Canberra as the Commonwealth's new capital city, was placed on sale, was the design made public. For a reason as yet unexplained the postal officials chose to keep the design a secret. The stamp shows the new Parliament buildings, with, at left foreground, a feminine figure waving a branch toward the structures.

### Five Commemoratives

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG of Germany will be eighty years old on October 2. In commemoration will appear three special stamps, each bearing his portrait and the date of the month and the year dates 1847 and 1927. There will be three values,—5, 10 and 20 pfennigs,—which will sell at double their face value, the extra revenue to be devoted to a fund for war invalids.

In 1877 Japan officially became a member of the Universal Postal Union. The fiftieth year of that adherence has now been commemorated by the issuing of four stamps—1½, 3, 4 and 10 sen—with a uniform design comprising a portrait of Baron Mayeshima, who was Japan's first minister of communications, and an international map. It was in 1871 that Japan first issued stamps, and collectors will recall that a few years ago the Nippon government put forth commemoratives with a design showing a reproduction



Two values from the Dutch Red Cross issue; on the left the head of King William III and on the right that of Queen Wilhelmina

of that earliest issue, together with the postal and national flags.

Holland's new charity series commemorates the founding of the Dutch Red Cross Society sixty years ago. Values and colors are 2 cents, red, 3 cents, green, 5 cents, dull blue, 7½ cents, bright blue, and 15 cents, bright blue and scarlet. The designs include a portrait of King William III, the head of Queen Wilhelmina and a red cross. Each stamp bears the dates 1867 and 1927.

The Battle of Navarino, a notable engagement in the naval history of Greece, was fought on October 20, 1827. Centenary commemorative stamps will appear soon. The 1 drachma 50 lepta value will present a view of Navarino Bay. A representation of the battle will appear on the 4 drachma. Portraits of the British, French and Russian admirals—Sir Edward Codrington, De Rigny and Heiden—will be shown on the 5 drachma.

Canada's diamond jubilee set, issued on July 1 to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the confederation of the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia under the British North America Act, has designs which appropriately are historical in character. On the 5-cent, purple, is the head of Sir Wilfred Laurier, who became premier in 1896—the first French-Canadian to hold that office. On the 2-cent, green, is a reproduction of the famous picture "Fathers of the Confederation"—the same design which appeared on the 3-cent, brown, stamp issued ten years ago to commemorate the Confederation's fiftieth anniversary. A view of the Parliament Building, at Ottawa, erected after fire in 1916 destroyed the original structure, is presented on the 3-cent, red. Sir John Alexander Macdonald, the Dominion's first premier, who was one of the "Fathers," is honored with his portrait on the 1-cent, orange. The 12-cent, blue, gives us a map of Canada. There is also a 20-cent, red, special-delivery stamp bearing an allegory of the five stages of mail transportation in Canada from 1867 to date.

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Fun in the snow



at a military school

## HO! THE CALL OF SCHOOL AGAIN!

**N**OW that September has come many boys will be asking for military schools.

Last Spring we visited a military school in the country for small boys and were impressed by the individual attention and care that can be given to these boys between the ages of six and sixteen years. Military schools make for neatness and order and, we might say, courtesy, because a young boy who learns to take commands knows how to direct others and is likely to express his thoughts clearly, kindly, and intelligently. Horseback-riding is emphasized and the boys lead a vigorous life, yet the home life is quite in keeping with the homes from which they have come.

We have heard many opinions as to the effect of military schools upon boys, and most boys' fathers and mothers seem to feel that any boy can stand a little discipline without being harmed by it, and the boy learns to like it himself.

### Junior and Senior Divisions

For boys at older military schools, college preparatory courses are offered. The faculty in these schools, who usually have years of experience behind them, have a sympathetic understanding of boys. Students are taught how to study, and any wishing to make up work can do so. The discipline remains subordinate to scholarship and health, but self-respect and self-control are emphasized. Some military schools prepare for West Point and Annapolis, and have the younger boys in junior schools entirely separate from the upper division.

### Co-educational Schools

There are many boys and girls who want schools where they can get a good college preparatory course for a tuition that will be within their means when more individual instruction is needed. Co-educational schools, which are often located in small towns, are usually highly endowed by some kind and interested patron. Some of these schools have continued co-education through the years; some have become boys' schools and some girls'; but all of them on account of their endowments are able to keep their tuition at

a lower price and are a mecca for boys and girls who wish college preparatory work at a good school where they can secure it at a reasonable cost. Most of the oldest institutions are in New England, where boys and girls have been going forth from the same academies, some to fame and fortune, for over a century.

**Co-education Favored in Early Days**  
The dates of their establishment range anywhere from 1689 up to the present day.

Some of them have unusually fine equipment for athletics, and the home life is generally delightful.

Through the halls of one school, which was established in 1849 by five prominent members of the Association of Friends and is still under the control of the Quakers, have passed many successful citizens. This school is still prosperous.

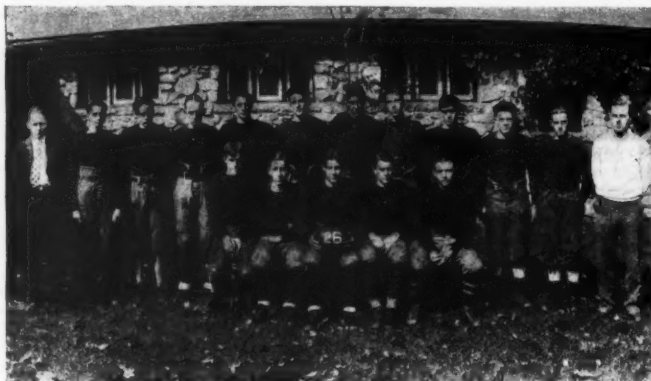
The courses include science and teacher training in some co-educational schools. In fact the idea seems to be to reach the needs of the boy or girl in a practical way that makes for a successful future for his or her individual need.

One school established in 1879 has introduced many modern practices in education and is one of the best and most interesting co-educational schools today.

### Athletic Life

Boys and girls taking the work together at a co-educational school are not handicapped in athletics by intermingling. The boys usually have a vigorous athletic life, as shown by the team in the picture, and the gracious womanly attitude of girls in these schools does not keep them from accomplishing great results in their own athletics. The athletics and many of the classes are separate, yet the social functions they can enjoy together, and a wholesome happy atmosphere prevails.

Whatever the different courses may be in these schools, one object seems to be paramount: to give the boy and girl a training which will fit them for happy, useful lives, with a respect for themselves and their citizenship.



This is a boys' team at a co-educational school. Both boys and girls enjoy organized athletics

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## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### NOW Is the Time to Send Your Garden Club Records

NOW that you are all harvesting in your gardens like Betty and Jane it is time to send your record sheets on which you have been keeping a report of everything you have done in your garden from the beginning of the season. Starting today, September 1, you can mail them to me any day until October 1, when they will go to the Judges who will choose the prize winners. With them send any diagrams or snapshots of your gardens that you have. But please remember that anything to be sent back to you should be accompanied by a request for its return and by return postage. If you need additional record sheets, I shall be glad to send them to you. Order them by number and send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

THE GARDEN CLUB LEADER

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

### Jane and Betty's Garden. V.

THERE isn't much to do in a garden in September except to pick the vegetables you have grown, and to clean up the rows where other vegetables have been taken out. Jane and Betty began to look about for something else to keep them busy. It was Jane who thought of having a roadside stand where they could sell some of their vegetables to people who came by in automobiles, just as they had seen the Brown boys doing in asparagus time. She thought they might earn lots of money that way—perhaps enough to finish out the pony fund.

Mother was not very enthusiastic, but said they might try. There were plenty of vegetables, especially tomatoes. A week of warm, sunny weather seemed to have ripened them all at once, until there were so many that Jane said she could scarcely believe they had all grown on their six little plants. "It's a good thing you don't like them, Betty," she remarked. "We'll have all the more to sell."

"All right," said Betty. But she wasn't listening. She had suddenly thought of something besides vegetables that they might sell on their stand, and was already on her way to the house to get a basket.

"It's for wild grapes," she explained, as she came back, carrying a little blue basket they had had at Easter. "I think people will like them, don't you, if we have them just as fresh as possible?"

"Yes," said Jane, "they're good for jelly. You go pick them while I pull the beets and carrots. Put some grape leaves in the basket. I saw Mother do that once, and it looked awfully pretty."

Betty had already started for the slope behind the hill where the wild grapes grew. While she was gone, Jane pulled beets and carrots, two cauliflowers and a big box of beans and tomatoes. They were all piled together on the wheelbarrow by the time Betty came back.

Betty was hot, but she was happy. She had lined her basket with the freshest

grape leaves she could find, and had it full of purple grapes.

"Put them in the shade, Betty," said Jane. "We've got to get that table downhill to the road."

That was quite hard work. The road was very bumpy, and the table was heavy for people only eight and eleven. They couldn't lift it, so they had to drag it, bumpety-bump, down the road and over the stones.

By the time they had set it up beneath a tree beside the road and had walked back up the hill, the thing they wanted most was lemonade—or something cold to drink. "That's another idea," said Jane. "Let's have a pitcher full of lemonade to sell. Mother will give us lemons."

So they went to ask Mother and found her in the kitchen helping can a lot of tomatoes which Tony had brought in from the big garden the day before. The clean glass jars were standing in a row upon the table, and Mother was dipping

steaming hot tomatoes from a big kettle into them. The children forgot the lemons for a moment and stood by watching her. There was just enough tomato to fill all the jars but the last three. Mother sighed. "Too bad," she said. "I can't fill out that dozen! Do you suppose that Tony could find a few more tomatoes on the vines?"

Jane looked out the window towards daddy's garden, and as she did so her eyes fell on the box of ripe, red tomatoes which she and Betty had put into the wheelbarrow ready for their stand. Then she shut her eyes tightly. She knew she was going to have one of those "conscious thoughts" which are so bothersome because they never let you alone until you do what they tell you.

Pretty soon she slipped outdoors and beckoned Betty to follow her. They whispered together awhile and then came back. Jane whispered something to Mother. Mother laughed and kissed them both. "You're dear children," she said, "to offer me your vegetables when you've



### CREAMER, THE DREAMER

LITTLE Dick Creamer was a great dreamer. One night he dreamed that he caught a sleepy-creepy beetle and rigged up a mast on the beetle's back so he could go cruising over the farm. This was funny, but it wasn't so funny when he also dreamed that a ferocious-atrocious band of pirates had rigged up their ship on wheels so they could sail over the

meadow and capture him. When Creamer, the dreamer, woke up, a few minutes of reasonable-reasonable thought convinced him that there are no pirates any more, and that they couldn't put enough axle grease on their wheels to be able to catch him, anyway.

What is the funniest dream you have had recently?

worked so hard to grow them. But I won't take them, not for anything."

Jane ran out to where Betty stood by the barrow, and together they wheeled it downhill to the table. Mother ran after them with a piece of clean white oilcloth to cover it. When they had put it on and spread out the vegetables in several straight rows, with the basket of grapes in the center, they thought their stand looked very well indeed. They sat down on the fence behind it and waited for customers. Many people drove by in automobiles, but most of them paid no attention at all to the two little girls perched there upon the fence. A few people smiled and waved at them, but none of them stopped. Once a nice old gentleman with a dog walked up and asked what they were playing. He patted Betty's head, but said nothing about buying; and they were too shy to ask him.

When he had gone nothing else happened for a long time. Betty began to turn cart-wheels on the grass to pass away the

time. Jane thought of those empty jars on Mother's table and wished she'd left the tomatoes there to fill them. Finally a neighbor and friend of Mother's saw the children, and came over to ask what they were selling. He saw the basket of grapes and picked it up at once.

"How much for these?" he asked.

"Anything," said Jane. "I don't know how much they are worth."

The neighbor smiled and reached into his pocket. He pulled out two dimes, and gave one to each little girl. Then he nodded and walked away down the road. He had their Easter basket with him! Jane swallowed hard. She picked up her dime and put it into Betty's hand. "You can have it," she said. "It isn't worth the basket. I'm going home."

Mother was a sport. She never even noticed that the vegetables were wilted, and she didn't ask how many they had sold. And she never even mentioned the roadside stand to Betty and Jane.

[Puzzles will be found on page 614]



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 605]

"Crope," said the captain shortly. "Call the watch aft and heave to."

Neil stepped forward and took the wheel from Garth. Dunkirk, whose watch it was, shouted orders to the confused men, and somehow the Arran was hove to, while the slow weary splash of oars broke against the stillness of the night. Presently Crope and his three fire-room companions climbed stiffly over the side. They were dirty and white and unshaven—streaked with grime and sweat and salt water. They stood blinking stupidly at the lantern the second mate held up. Then they grew suddenly whiter as they recognized Dunkirk's face behind it and saw Captain Ferguson step into the circle of light. Familiar faces, like dim ghosts, crowded eerily around.

Crope half screamed, "Where are we?" and one of the men gasped, "My soul, I'm seein' things! Oh, take 'em away!"

"This is the ship *Susquehanna*," said the captain gravely. "Captain Ferguson in command."

It burst suddenly over Garth that of course they could have had no possible idea of the identity of their saviours; they must indeed have thought they had climbed somehow on board the ghost of the Tarca peopled with all her own crew! He stifled a chuckle at the possibilities of the situation. It was too good to be true! Captain Ferguson indicated the two coal-passers.

"Take one of these men for your watch, Mr. Dunkirk," he said, "and send the other below. Mr. Crope and you"—he nodded to the stowaway—"will you please to come to the cabin with me for a short time."

He motioned to Garth to follow, and they all climbed down the narrow stair to the cabin, where the lighted lamp swung gently, making moving circles of shadow spin on the ceiling. The captain sat down at the desk with hands clasped across it. Crope and the stowaway, white and shaken, stood gazing at him as though he were some supernatural presence, something come back from the dead to pronounce judgment.

"Now," said the captain quietly, "will you tell me just which one of you scuttled the Tarca?"

"Will you tell me how you come to be here, skipping this ship?" shouted Crope in an uneven voice. "All of you—it's something terrible!"

"Will you tell me," the captain repeated, "which of you scuttled the Tarca?"

"The Tarca's cargo got hot," Crope said. "Combustion. Didn't you hear the detonation? Ripped a couple of plates out of her."

"There was nothing in the Tarca's cargo to cause spontaneous combustion," the captain remarked. "Spontaneous combustion does not rip plates out of ships. Why were you so anxious to leave us, Mr. Crope? I gave the boats an easterly course. Was your compass in error?"

"I was steering for Loanda—better than where you were headed to. Some chance of getting another ship there."

"But a good deal farther away," the

captain said. "Oh, much farther. Your friend here also preferred Loanda, I suppose?"

"Why do you keep looking at me?" almost screamed Crope. "Why don't you look at him? Did you ever see a stowaway you could trust? Why don't you question him? Is it my fault if he gets into my boat? I can't throw him out, can I? Why don't you ask him—always snooping around in the bilge; I saw him. He did it—I can prove it—I have proof."

The stowaway was gripping the table with dirty, twitching fingers. He looked with wide, glassy eyes from the captain to Crope.

"You're a liar!" he shrieked. "He done it, Captain! He put me up to it! He slipped me the dynamite—"

"Ah, it was dynamite, then," the captain observed.

"I didn't want to," the stowaway moaned. "I come along to New York to bring him a message from somewhere down there, that's all."

"Ah, yes, though you'd never crossed the Line," the captain murmured.

"An' he made me do it! Lissen, Captain," the stowaway cried, "lemme talk—make him quit—shut him up! He'll kill me—he is killin' me; but he was supposed to run the Tarca on the bar at Gomba. Misunderstand the engine-room bell, d'you see? He got cold feet when he saw the kinda guy you was. He slipped me the sticks, honest. He wouldn't do it—he was scared—he made me do it—he promised a getaway. He opened the compartment doors while I touched off the sticks. I never woulda done none of it—honest, Captain, you'll lemme off, wontcha? He's a crook, an' a liar, an' a coward, too, an' a—"

Crope, his flat white face hideous with rage, threw himself halfway across the desk.

"Would you listen to that maniac?" he cried. "He's crazy with the sun, in the boat. It nearly got us all. Can't you see how absolutely absurd and insane it would be for me to risk losing my rating by trying such an impractical thing—even if there were any motive in it? What earthly motive?"

The stowaway burst into a sort of eerie screech of laughter.

"Plenty of motive! But, oh, no, you weren't scared of losing your ticket none, were you? That ain't why you got cold feet over runnin' her ashore, was it? It's a dangerous thing for a chief engineer to misunderstand engine-room signals, ain't it? Much easier to slip a few sticks o' dynamite to a poor guy that just brought you out a message, hey?"

"Mr. Pemberley," said the captain, "will you be so good as to refresh my memory as to what you have seen during the Tarca's passage?"

Garth, who had been watching from the shadows with a sort of horrified fascination, stepped forward.

"The stowaway, when I found him, sir, had dishes beside him, showing he was being fed by some one on board. When he was brought on deck I distinctly saw a signal winked to him by Mr. Crope. I very often saw him and Mr. Crope talking together in the engine-room, in not just the relation you'd expect between a stoker and his chief."

The stowaway got on to my interest in him, I think, and warned me off in very certain terms. I think that's all, sir."

"Precious little, too," Crope growled. "You all know, or ought to, that I haven't normal control over my eyelids. As for talking to the man—I had to lick him into some kind of shape; I never had a worse hand in the fire-room."

"You did it awfully confidentially, then," Garth remarked. "He must have been pleased with such considerate licking into shape."

"Thank you all for your evidence," said the captain.

"You mean to say," cried the chief engineer, clutching the stowaway's arm, "that you'd take the word of this wharf-head rat and that snooping kid against the honor of a certificated officer?"

"Mr. Crope," said the captain, "I've had an eye upon you ever since the hour we sailed, and I've no liked your ways from the first. And neither did I like your haste—your coaling, and your wasteful stoking, and your premeditated hurry. What now is your hurry, Mr. Crope, for I'm afraid whatever it was you'll be late for it now?"

"He won't be in for the pickings now!" sneered the stowaway. "He blowed up more'n my slice with his dynamite."

"Pickings of what," wondered the captain to himself, "with the Tarca's cargo at the bottom?"

The suspects stood in sullen silence, Crope fallen all at once into a sort of apathy, with neither confirmation nor denial on his lips.

"Well," said the captain soberly, "you gentlemen are undoubtedly tired after your exertions in yon wee boat. I'm sorry I can't lodge you very well; she's no a liner, the Arran. Did I tell you she was the *Susquehanna*? She's not. She's gone back to her first name, and that is the Arran. I hope you'll be comfortable, and if we seem to keep something of an eye upon you you'll understand that it's merely a formality until we can get this wee matter of the Tarca straight before the authorities."

He was so completely the courteous gentleman that Garth for a moment was staggered, till he saw Dunkirk and two sturdy fellows come at the captain's call to conduct Crope and the stowaway to a small cabin at the after end of the fo'c'sle, where Garth was pleased to observe Mr. Dunkirk turn the key on them when they were inside.

Garth found it hard to take his watch below that night. What with the certainty of Crope's guilt and the wonderment over what possible motive he could have had in blowing a couple of plates out of the Tarca and sending her to the bottom, sleep seemed loath to come. The close hotness of his cabin struck him like a blow. After an interval of lying awake in the oppressive dark, he took his blanket on deck and curled up below the immense trunk of the mainmast, watching drowsily the bright pattern of stars among the rigging, and listening to the sleepy tune the Arran sang herself as she strolled southward.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

## Nuts & Crack

shows how it can be done, by changing one letter at a time and forming a new word at each change.

### 1. DOUBLE ENIGMA.

My first is to cut,  
My second a parent,  
My third is a little nail.

\*\*\*\*

My first is worn upon the head,  
My second is a tiny word,  
My third is where my first is kept.

The whole of each is a different name for the same tree.

### 2. CHARADE.

My whole depends upon my first,  
Attorneys all agree,  
But whether my last will depends  
On whether my last lasts me.

### 3. WORD-SQUARE.

1. A plot. 2. A cutting tool. 3. Gave an inkling. 4. Wealth. 5. One who attends a meeting. 6. Church officials.

### 4. CHARADE.

I went to the first to meet the ship  
To get the paper sent for me.  
If second were here, I could easily show  
How much that whole has third for me.

### 5. COLONEL PUZZLER.

"Next year," said Colonel Puzzler, "I shall celebrate my ninth birthday."  
When was he born and how old will he be?

### 6. LETTER CHANGING.

1. WARM 4. \*\*\*\* 7. \*\*\*\*  
2. \*\*\*\* 5. \*\*\*\* 8. \*\*\*\*  
3. \*\*\*\* 6. \*\*\*\* 9. COOL

During the summer it is very convenient to know how to change warm weather to cool. This puzzle

### 7. ENIGMA.

My first is to hang,  
My second exist;  
A mineral my third.  
An Indian bold  
From the days of old  
Forms the completed word.

### 8. WORD-SQUARE.

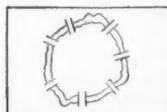
1. Longed for. 2. A musical work. 3. A kind of nut. 4. To remove. 5. Certain Europeans.

### 9. CHARADE.

My first is useful, but if mad  
Many a whole will show.  
My second both stays and goes along  
When wedding parties go.

### 10. COLONEL PUZZLER.

Colonel Puzzler detailed a sentry to guard the bridges leading to an island where the horses were kept. There were seven of these bridges, and the sentry was instructed to select one certain spot and from that point to cross each bridge once only before returning to the starting point. When the sentry protested that it was impossible, the colonel told him that by proper selection of the starting point



the instructions could be carried out.  
How was this accomplished?

### 11. MISSING WORDS.

"My thread may \*\*\*\* and scissors \*\*\*\*,  
Declared the tailor gayly.  
"But I detest the frequent \*\*\*\*  
I get from sharp \*\*\*\* daily."

The missing words in the tailor's outburst are formed from the same four letters.

### 12. WORD-DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A social gathering. 3. Appetizing. 4. Utensils for mixing. 5. A giant of mythology. 6. Agreement. 7. A letter.

### 13. CHARADE.

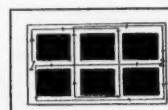
My first will represent a state,  
My second is behind;  
'Tis better third than not at all,  
The wise men seem to find;  
Figure my whole quite readily;  
You do it in your mind.

## ANSWERS TO AUGUST 18th PUZZLES

1. Cor, Roc, Orc.  
2. G, Sec, Venue, Severn, Generator, Curates, Enter, Eos, R.

3. Grubs, Renew, Unite, Beige, Sweep.  
4. Spade, Shade, Shame, Shams, Seams, Sears, Hears, Heart.

5. This route passes each tent on each side, and passes only two sides more than once.



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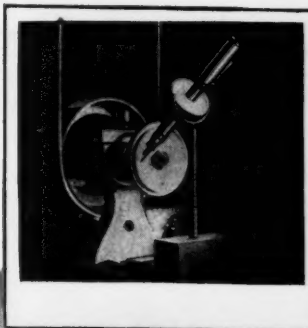
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Ask your dealer to demonstrate on an oilstone the hardness of the pen point he offers you. If it is an INGERSOLL, he will not hesitate.

CHAS. H. INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN CO., 347 North Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J.

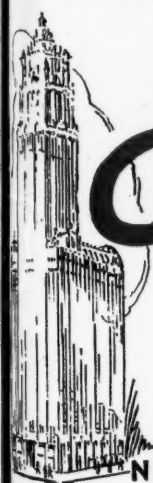


*Ingersoll Iridium-Tipped Pen Points  
show no wear  
after 15 miles on grindstone*

The actual photograph of Ingersoll Pens under test in The Y. C. Lab is reproduced. Each pen was so adjusted that the pressure against the grinding wheel was approximately equal to that exerted by the average writer. Each pen point was also set at a proper distance from the center of the wheel so that the speed of the wheel across the point was 1,300 feet per minute and the total distance travelled in one hour was equal to 15 miles.



Made and Guaranteed by  
CHAS. H. INGERSOLL  
of Dollar Watch Fame.  
Formerly Half Owner  
and General Manager of  
Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.



NEW YORK  
CITY

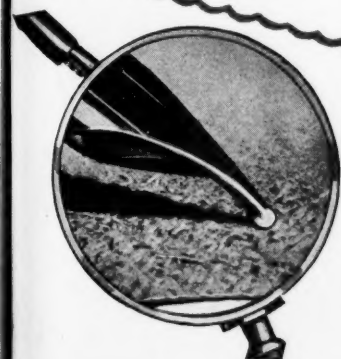
# Ingersoll

## DOLLAR PEN

Standard Nickel-Silver Barrel Ingersoll Pens—Men's, Ladies' or Junior Model . . . . . \$1.00  
Oversize Ingersoll Beauties, Red, Black or Green Durrac Barrels (model shown) . . . . . \$2.00  
Ladies' and Junior size Ingersoll Beauties, Red or Black Durrac Barrels . \$1.50

*Sold by dealers everywhere or sent direct upon receipt of correct price. Specify model and color desired when ordering.*

15 MILES



The surface of all writing paper is rough and gritty. It grinds on the point of a pen like a file because it contains some of the same abrasives as a cutting wheel. That is why ordinary cheap pens with soft points quickly wear out even under normal writing conditions.



NEWARK  
NEW JERSEY

ACTUAL VISITS TO  
P & G HOMES  
No. 10



## When apple trees are castles and gingham is cloth-of-gold

NOT so long ago we walked up a long flagged walk to a pretty little house, lifted the brass knocker on the green painted door, and by these simple means met a most charming mother. Acquaintance began by our explaining that we were asking the women in her town about laundry soap.

"Well, you've come to a good house to talk about soap," Mrs. Barnes\* said. "I have such strenuous children I'm sure my washings are bigger than most women's. And I've tried nearly every kind of soap too."

"And you've never found one that you thought was just right?" we asked.

"Indeed I have!" she exclaimed. "I began to use P and G two years ago and I liked it so much that I've used only P and G ever since!"

"You see, I have three children," she went on. "Nancy is eight, Billy's six, and John is four. Nancy has a genius for leading her brothers into adventures. Only yesterday I found her up in the apple tree being a princess, while John and Billy were two armies down below. By supper time the

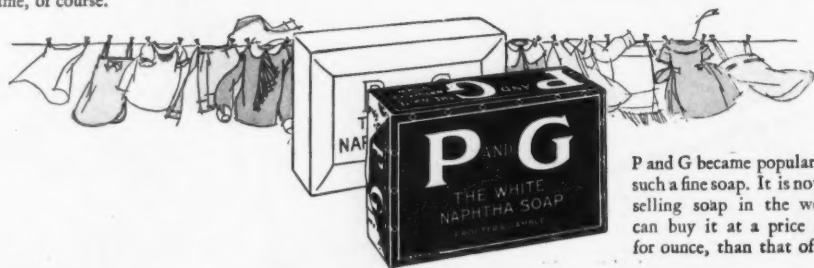
\*Not her real name, of course.

princess and the armies were all as grimy as possible. Things like that happen every day, so I've decided that it's best to let them enjoy themselves and then I wash their clothes with P and G!

"Luckily, I don't have to rub half as much as I used to—and that's a wonderful help. And P and G doesn't fade colors either. Just the other day I was showing my sister a little lavender gingham dress of Nancy's that hasn't faded a bit though it has been washed nearly every week for two years."

Fine, quick suds in any kind of water, hard or soft—hot or cold! Much less rubbing! Safety for colors. Women everywhere are saying things like this about P and G. It cleanses quickly and rinses quickly. Do you wonder that P and G is the largest-selling soap in the world? Don't you think that it should be helping you too?

FREE—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet—"Rescuing Precious Hours." Send a post card to Dept. NY-9, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



P and G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price lower, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

## The largest-selling soap in the world